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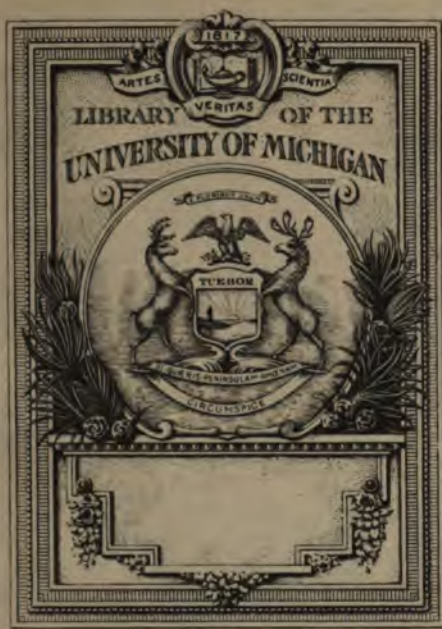
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THE

POETICAL REGISTER,

AND

REPOSITORY

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY,

FOR

1808—1809.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,

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1812.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO the Public, and to his poetical Correspondents, the Editor begs leave to return his sincere thanks for their support, and to express his hopes that he shall in future be favoured with as large a portion of it as he has hitherto been.

In order to bring up the arrear of the Poetical Register, the years 1810 and 1811 will be comprised in the eighth volume, which will be published in the course of the ensuing May. As the time fixed for the publication is so near at hand, the Editor earnestly requests his Correspondents to send him their communications *as early as possible*, addressed to him, to the care of Messrs. Rivingtons. He will likewise thank them to write "Fugitive," on such poems as have before appeared in print; and to retain copies of their compositions, as, in consequence of the immense number of pieces which he receives, he cannot undertake to return to their

authors, or specify in print, those which he is under the disagreeable necessity of rejecting. At the same time, he must inform his correspondents, that the non-appearance of a piece, in the volume for which it was sent, is not always to be considered as a sentence of exclusion. Want of room, and the desire of giving variety to his work, frequently oblige him to postpone the insertion of poems which possess a large share of merit.

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ERRATA.

P. 10, line 16, *for* Cot *read* lot

160, 2, dele the semicolon, which, in a few copies, is to be found in the middle of the line

166, 1, *for* ought, *read* aught

229, "Lips and Eyes," was sent to the Printer by mistake. It is, if I remember right, a poem of Carew's.

339, 5, *for* How *read* Flow.

Original Poetry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HAMPSHIRE COTTAGERS,

A TALE,

BY MISS MITFORD.

How lovely o'er thy vallies gay,
Sweet Hampshire spreads the verdure mild!
How brightly shines the morning ray
That quivers on thy woodlands wild!

Eden of England! thou art fair!
Thine is each soft and awful grace!
A Claude might catch his beauty there,
Or wild Salvator's grandeur trace.

And there beneath "Ytene's oaks,"
Where darkly spreads the forest gloom
That echoes to the woodman's strokes,
The blushing rose delights to bloom.

Fair are thy villas, fairer still
The cots that skirt the green wood side;
Where some lone, shallow, babbling rill
Pours through the vale its silver tide.

And fairest of the cottage train
That decks fair Hampshire's vallies gay,
Of clustering vine and jasmine vain,
Rose the sweet home of Gerard Grey.

All smil'd without the lovely cot,
And all within of comfort spoke;
The happy peasants blest their lot,
And doubly blest the nuptial yoke.

Those walls had witness'd Gerard's birth;
And witness'd thirty years of bliss,
Since she whom best he loved on earth,
Blush'd whilst he gave the bridal kiss.

One only daughter blest the pair;—
On the lone shrub one rose bud beam'd,—
Needs it to say how sweet, how fair,
How pure, this living blossom seem'd?

But not the parent's eye alone
Dwelt on that flower without a stain;
For through the village world was known
The beauty and the worth of Jane.

To win her heart, with rustic wile
Full many a simple peasant strove,
She gave to all a grateful smile,
But William gain'd the blush of love.

A friendless orphan was the youth;
But industry, and strength, and health,
Unblemished virtue, spotless truth,
And faithful love, were William's wealth.

They both were young; but "ye shall wed,"
Joyous, the happy father cried,
"Together will we seek our bread,
"And work for Jane our mutual pride!

" How blest will be the day, to see
" Your lovely babes around you cling,
" Hang fondly on their mother's knee,
" Or infant carols gaily sing!

" Yes ye shall wed! soon June will come
—" Blest witness of our nuptial vows!
" Then shall my cot be William's home;
" My blooming Jane be William's spouse."

Oh! gaily past fair April's day,
'Mid wat'ry suns, and balmy showers!
Now in the pride of early May
Each meadow beams with dewy flowers,
And Jane more fair, more sweet than they,
Trips lightly through the verdant bowers.

To meet her William flies the maid,
William, for three long days unseen!
A truant from his native shade,
To Milbrook fair the youth had been.

He comes,—but, oh! how changed his air!
How gloomy his o'erclouded brow!
To his sad breast he clasps the fair,
Then faltering tells his tale of woe.

Too sad, too common is the tale!
By heat, fatigue and mirth o'ercome;
Whilst quaffing the inspiring ale,
He hears the spirit-stirring drum.

The sergeant's artful tale he hears;
The fatal oaths, are quickly ta'en;—
" And soon,—ah! cease those fruitless tears!
" Must William leave thee, gentle Jane."

I may not tell the mournful scene
When William left her clasping arms,—
Ye that have loved and parted been,
Ah! well ye know her fond alarms!

I may not tell what anguish rent
Her heart, when with the martial train
To injured Lusitania sent,
He sailed upon the distant main.

Oh! drooping was that lovely flower
That bloom'd so fair in April's ray!
Sad and alone the weary hour,
She wept for William far away.

And oft yon tow'ring hill she seeks,
To gaze upon the misty line
That faintly the horizon streaks,
And marks where land and ocean join.

There would she sit, and muse and weep,
Dwell on the light bark's shadowy form,
And as the evening breezes sweep,
Would shudder at th' approaching storm.

But youth and health are buoyant still,
Soon hope display'd her visions gay;
As on the snow-crown'd Alpine hill
The wintry suns resplendent play,
So bright the lovely dreams distill!
So transitory fade away!

Again her dimpled smiles arise,
Her mild eyes beam, her roses bloom—
Ah! fatal are those love-fraught eyes!
Gay witching smiles ye seal her doom!

For Fitzroy saw. Detested name!
Follow'd by curses low and deep;
He boasts the fell seducer's fame,
Through him unnumber'd wretches weep,
Or, happier thus to hide their shame,
Low in the grave his victims sleep.

He saw her fair; and soon his darts
Assiduous the destroyer proves.—
What can avail his thousand arts?
What shaft can pierce a heart that loves?

But nearer, dearer sorrows press;
Fell poverty's malignant train,
Disease, and anguish, and distress,
At once o'erwhelm the drooping Jane.

No longer in his sinewy hands,
Her aged Father holds the plough;
Her Mother's wheel all useless stands;
And Cherry dies; their only cow!

The rent day comes; and many a pang
Pierces the heart of Gerard Grey;
Till seized by sickness' iron fang,
Gerard had still been first to pay.

But now he from his home must go,—
The cherish'd home of sixty years!—
And in the dread abode of woe,
The workhouse! close his days in tears.

Poor hapless Jane! Still Fitzroy prest,
And offer'd stores of glitt'ring gold;
But faithful still that gentle breast,
To every love but William's cold.

She wept her parents' wretched fate,
  But still a ling'ring hope arose;
That her own William, rich and great
  Would come, and banish all their woes.

Toiling and weeping, hoping still,
  The dreary hours slow glided by;
When lo! (the messenger of ill!)
  A Soldier met her eager eye.

He ask'd her name, she answer'd not,
  But, "Where is William?" breathless said,—
His dreadful errand soon she caught,—
  That William, so belov'd, was dead!—

'Vails not to tell Corunna's day,
  When Britain's sons the war-tide stem,
Scatter their foes like ocean spray,
  But mourn, alas! their purest gem:
For ever shorn the brightest ray
  That shone in valour's diadem!—

Then William fell; and, ere he died,
  Gave to his faithful comrade's care,
The ring he destin'd for his bride,
  And a bright ringlet of her hair.

"And ere he died, he bade him say
  "No pang had he in that dread night,
"Save for that sweet one far away,
  "More dear than health, or life, or light!
"For her my parting breath shall pray,
  "And we shall meet in regions bright!"

She sinks subdued; but not in death,
  Though cold and pale as death she lies;
Again revives her quiv'ring breath!
  Again she opes her weary eyes!

To life, to misery, she wakes!
  A heavy sense of endless woe!
Her frame with trembling chillness shakes;
  Or burns with wildly fevered glow.

She names not Him for ever gone!
  Her tears are dried and hush'd her sighs;
Her cold heart seems transform'd to stone;
  But light'ning flashes from her eyes,
And in her wild and hollow tone,
  Despair and madness seem to rise.

O'erclouded was that reason bright,
  That mental vision pure and clear,
Quench'd that mild ray of heavenly light,
  Strong to direct, and warm to chear.

Rose to her eyes that blood-stain'd beach,
  Where William's corse unburied lay;
Rung in her ears the dismal screech
  Of vultures, hov'ring o'er their prey.

Oh! is there none to speak of peace,
  To calm that brain to frenzy driven?
Bid that despairing anguish cease,
  And gently guide her thoughts to Heaven?

Heart-broken, hopeless of relief,
  Her Parents' bitter sorrows flow;
Not William's death their only grief,
  To morrow from their home they go.

Warm from the heart, her mother's tears
Bathe Jane's cold breast and icy cheek;
The sad appeal her bosom hears,
In fondness strong, in reason weak.

Gone is that guiding ray divine,
Unheard Religion's heavenly call,
Wit, virtue, sense, no more ye shine!
But filial love survives ye all!

Again the Tempter comes; nor vain
His offer'd love, his lavish'd gold;
"Give to my parents wealth, and Jane
"Shall Fitzroy find no longer cold."

He came, but fled ere morning ray;
At noon again he sought the cot,—
There Jane a self-slain victim lay,
For ever closed her hapless Cot.

O God! in thine eternal day
May Mercy's tears the record blot!
Her virtues shine in bright array!
Her errors and her end forgot!

TO A LADY,

WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR IF HE COULD REALLY LOVE.

Do you ask me, sweet maid, can I love?
And seek you a certain token?
Ah! Time will the doubt soon remove,
When my sad heart is broken!

B.

THE VALENTINE WREATH.

BY MR. MONTGOMERY.

Rosy red the hills appear
With the light of morning,
Beauteous clouds, in æther clear,
All the East adorning;
White thro' mist the meadows shine;
Wake, my Love, my Valentine!

For thy locks of raven hue,
Flowers with hoar frost pearly,
Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snow-drops drooping early,
With Mezereon-sprigs combine;
Rise, my Love, my Valentine!

O'er the margin of the flood,
Pluck the Daisy peeping;
Thro' the covert of the wood,
Hunt the sorrel creeping;
With the little Celandine,
Crown my Love, my Valentine.

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scatter'd o'er the fallows;
Hazel-buds with crimson gems,
Green and glossy sallows,
Tufted moss and ivy-twine,
Deck my Love, my Valentine.

Few and simple flow'rets these;
Yet to me less glorious
Garden-beds and orchard-trees!
Since this wreath victorious
Binds you now for ever mine,
O my Love, my Valentine.

Sheffield, February, 1811.

SONG.

When far beneath the western wave the orb of day's descended,
And Twilight o'er the tir'd earth her dewy mantle spreads,
And all the birds, save Philomel, their warbled strains have ended,
And, lull'd by whispering zephyr, sleep within their leafy beds;

I fly the sound of human voice, the sight of human dwelling,
A melancholy wanderer, to rove the woods along,
And there, while tears my eyes o'erflow, while grief my heart is swelling,
I break the silence of the night by many a mournful song.

O! ask you, why alone I rove? why ceaselessly I languish?
'Tis Love that saddens all my thoughts, that bids me wander so;
But who the maid, whose magic power has fill'd my soul with anguish,
No mortal ear has ever heard, no mortal ear must know.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

PROLOGUE

To the Tragedy of Douglas, as performed by some young Gentlemen and Ladies at John Barker Church, Esq.'s in Sackville-street, in 1795. Spoken by Mr. Philip Church.

BY MR. SCHOEN.

WHILE Christmas blithe defies the piercing gale,
With social banquet, and with jocund tale,
And, decking with a laugh his ruddy brow,
Lights his brisk fagot 'midst a waste of snow;
While Siddons mourns her perishing command,
As her sweet magic yields to Mago's wand,
And wondering Harlequin frisks round, and feels
Great Shakspeare's head outbalanced by his heels—
Bold is the task your bosoms to assail
With artless efforts, and a simple tale;
To wake the sigh for scenes of mimic woe,
To bid the tear for fancied sorrows flow;
No gesture known, but those which Nature taught;
No labour'd skill, to point the pregnant thought;
New to the smother'd tone of stifling grief,
The sudden burst of woe which brings relief,
The speaking pause, nice break, or frantic start,
And all the player's well envelop'd art.

Bold is the task! yet, should one tear from you
Young Norval's solitary grave bedew,
Well shall we deem those labours crown'd, which strove
To blend instruction with the task we love;
For not in vain awakes the bosom's fire,
Which glows responsive to the poet's lyre:
This trifling scene some energy may wake,
Whose power, matur'd, the realms of Vice shall shake:
Some little spark perchance, emitted hence,
May thaw the stream of frozen eloquence,
Unbind the tongue, whose fetters have consign'd
To barren silence many a gifted mind;
The ponderous thought, to life and vigour warm,
Give to the strong conception vivid form;
Or bid that elemental ardour glow,
Which, playing round the patriot's awful brow,
Bursts in the thunder of the stern debate,
To crush the slave of faction or of state.—
Oh! let your censures bow to views like these;
And all the critic—to our wish to please!

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MISS CHURCH.

'Tis the custom, I'm told, at the end of the play,
With voice tun'd to mirth, and with aspect all gay,
Your woe-stricken hearts of their cares to beguile,
And relieve all your sorrows, at once by a smile.

Just now, as I hinted at this, you've no notion
In the green-room how quickly I rais'd a commotion;
For the men were all *hopes*, and the ladies all *fears*,
That our stage would be drown'd in a deluge of tears;
And, though great were the *fears* of the ladies—by them
I was chid for proposing the torrent to stem;
For their *terror*, it seems, was as anxious for scope
And as nice to the full as the gentlemen's *hope*:
And so—as I found it high time—I withdrew,
And escap'd, by good luck, with my cap on, to you.
Well! peace to them all! how they fretted and fum'd!
Yet did they but know, that the task I assum'd
Was so far from my heart!—with how little delight
I should put all your softer sensations to flight!
Check the tear, which the torpor of fashion defies,
New lustre to lend to the brightest of eyes!
Or strive to repress, when the pulse, beating low,
Attends on the pomp of a story of woe,
The sigh which the sorrows of others impart
To ennoble our nature, and better the heart!—
Did they know but all this!—they would soon be at rest,
And conquer their dread of a perilous jest.
But soft—for methinks, as I chatter, I trace
A sly kind of questioning smile on each face,
Just seeming to say, "If all this is so true,
"And the task you assumed has no pleasure for you;
"What planet, diverg'd from its regular sphere,
"Vouchsafes us the honour of seeing you here?"
Shall I own?—That enchanting applause which, just now,
Shed the sweetest reward on the finishing bow,
With such winning charms has invaded my breast,
That I die to come in, for my share, with the rest.

THE TELLOGRAPH *.

MARK! whilst with bloody banners wide unfurl'd
Infuriate discord ravages the world,
Where yon basaltic coasts remote appear
Sudden she pauses in her dread career,
Starts at the wond'rous forms that guard the shore
And shrinks with terror never felt before:
High on Hibernia's coasts four giants stand,
Silent with arms out-stretch'd they guard the land,
Now black they sternly frown in grim attire,
Now white their glittering helmets glow with fire,
Now to the east their giant arms extend,
Now to the west in airy circles bend,
One magic eye at once informs them all,
With one instinctive voice at once they call;
Unheard by man, unseen by mortal eye,
The winged words in secret silence fly,
Their mystic mandates o'er the globe they roll,
Their spirit fills, their sense informs the whole,
And when still night involves the world in shade,
And takes from forms the robe which nature made,
Bright darts the star of safety through the skies,
From pole to pole the unerring watch-fire flies,
Pleas'd at Hibernia's arts Britannia smiles,
And closer bands unite the kindred isles.

R. L. E.

* A description of which may be found in the second volume of Nicholson's Journal, quarto edition.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY THE APPROACH OF A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS.

When I hear the gay bugle notes sounding from far,
Or the clang of the trumpet from squadrons advancing;
When I see all the pomp and the splendor of war;
In the banners that wave and the plumes that are dancing—
When the sprightly fife and drum
Nearer still and nearer come;
Cymbals mingling clash and ring,
Beating to the soldier's tread,
Swords that meteor flashes fling,
Gleaming o'er each Horseman's head—
Then, oh then! the pride of story
Memory bids in floods to roll;
Then our fathers' deeds of glory
Fill the thought, and fire the soul!
Swift as pass the tramping lines,
Fancy glows, and panting turns;
Distant soon the pageant shines—
Still she muses, still she burns—
—Hark! that roar—the rushing fight!
Battling armies are in sight!
See! 'tis Albion's fire that glows!
See! 'tis Gallia dares oppose!—
Sons of Albion, Britons, on!
Hurl your ardour on the foe!—
Rout their legions—joy!—'tis done!
Sons of Albion, mercy show!

—Cease, cease, my flush'd bosom, these dreams of the battle—
O canst thou see joy in the war-tempest's rattle?
And canst thou exult in the red tide that flows
With the blood of thy brethren—or e'en of thy foes?
Say, should'st thou not rather with awe-restrain'd breath,
Contemplate in tears the wild congress of death;
Ah! should'st thou not weep and lament to the cry
Of the wounded that groan, and the conquer'd that die?
Dreadful war! no more I see
Pomp and glory wait on thee!
O furl the proud banners that float o'er the plain,
Nor stain the green turf with the gore of the slain;
And bare not the steel that with meteor-like rays,
Athwart the bright ether all dreadfully plays,
For mine eye can no longer delight in its blaze.
Ah no! for my bosom now mournfully swells,
With the woes that the breeze from the battle-field tells—
It tells that the sun-beams all brilliant that play'd
On the plumes and the spears of the gay cavalcade;
Of their faulchions and helms that emblazon'd the pride,
Shone as bright on the arms of the thousands who died—
It tells that those beams shone as clear on the day,
When each warrior slept on his death-bed of clay;
And it sighs, that sad breeze, as opprest with the groans,
Which the voice of the dying had mixt with its moans.
—Then how drear came the night o'er the late-swarming heath,
While the grass whistled shrill to the hollow wind's breath;
How silent save that—ah, how solemn and still!
As arose the pale moon from the forest-dark hill:
And shrunk not the beauteous queen of the night,
Ah! shudder'd she not at yon terrible sight?

Alas! for she saw from the far-waving wood,
Her path o'er the plain track'd with horror and blood;
And the lone heath o'er which her soft lustre she shed,
Grimly glanc'd back her ray, bright from arms that were spread,
All broken and gory, beside the cold dead;
And long by the hearth of each warrior's home,
His children shall listen, and wish he were come;
And long shall that wish to each bosom be dear,
Ah! long in each eye shall it combat the tear.
Perhaps that same night, when beneath the keen blast,
Her soldier lay stiffen'd, and chill on the waste,
The wife would look out and contemplate the sky—
Survey the mild moon-beam—and think with a sigh
That it shone on his tent, while he wakeful might lay,
Or be dreaming of her, and his home far away:
Then turning to join the gay ring round the fire,
She would smile with her children and talk of their sire;
If she wept for his boldness, or told of his might,
Each stripling youth glow'd to be with him in fight;
While with fervour more mild the soft daughter would burn,
As she pictur'd the joys of her father's return.
Fond maiden, ah no!—thy lov'd father no more
The threshold shall tread of his own humble door;
Go, comfort thy mother, for desolate now,
A lone widow is she—and an orphan art thou!
And oh! with what anguish your bosoms will wail,
When, all rudely perchance, ye shall hear the sad tale;
Thus reft of your staff, your support, and your stay,
What sorrows may press on the future's dark way;

What tears of affliction may languidly flow,
What nights of despair, and what mornings of woe!
Should poverty all but deny the raw shed,
And pale want and disease ghastly glare round your bed,
And the past rise in contrast—all gay with delight—
Say what will *ye* think of the 'glorious fight?'
Will ye too exult with the conqueror?—no!—
For his laurels are cypress—his victory woe—
And the trophies Ambition so joyous would rear,
Are the widow's lament, and the orphan's lone tear!
Ah! sad war! no more I see
Pomp and glory wait on thee!
These, these are the sorrows that flow from the battle:
—Then heed not my soul the fam'd heroes of story;
—And pant not my bosom to join the war's rattle,
Nor so proudly beat high with wild visions of glory.

J. K. C.

LINES.

Tell me where the herbs do grow
That forbid the tear to flow;
Tell me where the balm to find,
That can heal the wounded mind;
Tell me where the wretch can hide
From the wrongs of power and pride;—
I'll tell the secret to the brave—
They can find them in the grave.

E. L. E.

LINES

On hearing a Bell toll on a tempestuous Night, after having lost a valued Mother.

SPIRIT of the passing storm!
Thou could'st not shake my firm-knit form!
'Tis not the pealing thunder's crash,
'Tis not the light'nings sulphurous flash,
Could blanch my care-worn cheek with fear;
Or gather in my eye the tear.
'Tis but that sound! I know it well,
The measur'd note of funeral bell!
'Tis but that sound, can thrill my heart!
And make me act the trembler's part!
Rings it again? Oh! mid the roar
Of warring winds be heard no more!
Oh, still that voice! which speaks my woe,
The keenest that the mind can know.
Yes! though the blow's by wisdom given
And e'en an Angel's fled to Heaven;
I can but weep: I heed not scorn;
But who would mock? when from me torn,
I mourn for her, so lov'd, rever'd,
By countless kindnesses endear'd.

Oh, she was one who prov'd her care,
Soon as I breath'd the vital air:
Who a poor sickly childhood lov'd,
And e'en my very faults approv'd.
Then 'mid the tempest's rude career,
If I am seen to drop the tear;
Think not I reck the havoc spread,
'Tis the SON weeps the MOTHER dead.

1811. B. C.

EPITAPH FOR A CHILD.

BY PROFESSOR RICHARDSON.

"To me," said Jesus, "little children come,
"To me, as to your friend, and native home.
"O come to me, before th' insidious guile
"Of vice allure you, and her taint defile:
"Preserv'd when living, from her noxious breath,
"I will conduct you thro' the vale of death."
And if he call them while a mortal frame
Confines the freedom of the vital flame,
Will he not guide them when they soar away,
And quit the burden of insensate clay,
Guide them, and at the gates of heaven receive?
—Cease then, afflicted parents, cease to grieve;
Assur'd that He who never gave you pain
But when you laid him in the dust, again
Will bless you. And even now, the lovely boy
Tho' hail'd by cherubs to the realms of joy,
Sighs for your sorrow; mov'd by filial love,
His little arms, behold him! from above
He stretches, reprimands th' incessant tear,
And says, "my parents, I will meet you here."

ODE ON MYRA.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

Of all the Nymphs, beneath the sky
With Myra there is none can vie,
  That lovely nymph at Court *;
Her chaste reserve, her modest air,
Her words, her looks, my soul ensnare,
  And ev'ry sense transport.

There's something in her mien and grace
So far surpassing fairest face,
  It melts ev'n savage hearts;
Were Cowley living, he would swear,
That Love his magazine kept there,
  And thence directs his darts.

But, oh! what language shall I find,
To speak the beauties of her mind,
  Her matchless virtues tell?
Religion pure, untainted Truth,
And Innocence, the guard of Youth,
  Within her bosom dwell.

* Court House, the residence of her Father.

An humble Spirit, hating strife,
A Faith, that looks beyond this life,
With holy Hope are here;
And, chief of all the shining train,
Fair Charity, the friend of Pain,
With smiles brings up the rear.

In vain to wastes, that distant lie,
In vain to lonely woods I fly,
To shun this charming maid;
Her angel-form my steps pursues,
It trips with me the morning dews,
And gilds the ev'ning shade.

In vain from books I seek relief,
Books only aggravate my grief;
For what I here descry,
That rapture'd Poet e'er has said
Of sea-born nymph, or Heav'n-born maid,
I strait to her apply.

If haply sleep invade my eyes,
In sleep I see her phantom rise,
Confest she stands to view;
Instant the killing smart returns,
My breast with raging passion burns,
My wounds all bleed anew.

But, since nor sleep, nor books relieve,
Nor woods, nor wastes, lost peace retrieve,
A diff'rent course I'll take;
I'll boldly to the Fair-one go,
Avow my flame, declare the woe,
I suffer for her sake.

If Heav'n in mercy, should incline
Her generous heart to pity mine
Who then so blest as I?
But, if the pow'rs oppose my bliss,
At least I'll get one parting kiss,
Then bless the Nymph, and die.

EPIGRAM.

TO A LADY, WHO LAMENTED BEING OF THE FEMALE SEX.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIDOU.

Nature, Chloris, when she made you,
With all her choicest gifts array'd you!
A beauteous face, seducing form,
A mind sublime, and feelings warm,
And Sentiment's delicious treasure,
She lavish'd on you without measure!
What's the reward for all her pains
The kind, indulgent mother gains?
Reproaches hard! and scornful slighting
Of graces every heart delighting!
But doating nature should have known,
You would repay her fond endeavour
With murmurs and with frowns alone;
For children spoil'd are ingrates ever.

R. A. D.

AN ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE ROBERT EDEN SCOTT, ESQ.;

Professor of Moral Philosophy in King's College, Old Aberdeen.

BY DR. OGILVIE.

HEARD ye the toll, announcing final doom,
Roll'd o'er the silence of the hollow tomb?
SCOTT, is it thine the swelling sounds proclaim?
Is now the Friend I lov'd, a shade, a name:
The philosophic mind intent to pry,
And bend on nature's laws th' observant eye,
Fled to the source of light, demands no ray
From reason's glimmering lamp, to clear its way;
But mounts elate, to happier climes consign'd;
And leaves on earth, th' impurer mould behind.
Still must those eyes that gaze around the Hall,
Turn'd on thine empty seat, deplore thy fall;
Lopp'd in thy prime of days, a soul endow'd
With native genius, soaring o'er the crowd,
Whose scientific search, (a search unknown
To vulgar ken) explored th' Eternal ONE;
Held to the studious eye, a perfect rule,
To moral duties, gave their just controul;
Look'd in the system, to it's general laws;
And rose from matter to the FIRST GREAT CAUSE.

Such were thy labours for the public weal,
By prudence temper'd, yet enforc'd with zeal.

Ye tendrils, form'd beneath a parent hand,
Young flow'rets, rear'd to grace your native land,
In him, who held in sight the noblest end,
Ye lose your Guide, your Guardian, and your Friend;
He show'd the prize for generous deeds prepared,
And taught that "Virtue is its own Reward *,"

In humbler walks, which thought delights to scan,
We leave the Scholar, to admire the Man.
Here stood the Husband, here, the Friend display'd,
In fairer form disposed, and gentler shade.
Had you a secret counsel to impart,
To tried experience, and a chosen heart?
With *him* your secret lay from all conceal'd,
By Prudence guarded, as by Wisdom veil'd.

Shade of the Man I lov'd, tell where the mind
Now holds its seat, from mortal dross refin'd?
Say, was conjecture right, that stretch'd the line,
From Man to God, from mortal, to divine?
Shrined in pure essence, and etherial light,
Seest thou thy former mates involved in night,
Who deem that darkness day? Or dost thou bend
Thine eye, in pity, on thine aged friend,
Who treads the solitary maze alone,
A time-worn wanderer in a world unknown.

Oft on funereal rites I turn mine eyes:
I hear the widow's wail, the mourner's sighs;
The bell, that tells in slow returning sound
Of mouldering bones, and consecrated ground.

* The Motto engraved on a Wall of Marischal College—
ΑΡΕΤΗΑΥ ΤΑΡΚΗΣ.

I see a throng, in sable weeds array'd,
Invade the peaceful mansions of the dead;
A scene to MAN that speaks, a general call,
In death-ton'd accents, not to one, but ALL.

To thee, now slumbering in thy silent cell,
I bid a last, but not a *long* farewell:
This heart once touch'd with animating fire,
This aged hand, that trembles o'er the lyre,
Shall join thee *Scott*, in yonder blissful Zone,
Now to thine honour'd name, that joins his own.

J. OGILVIE.

TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY CHILD, AN INFANT.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

And is the lovely shadow fled?
Yet stop those fruitless tears;
She, from a thousand pangs is freed,
You, from ten thousand fears.

Though lost, she's lost to earth alone;
Above she will be found,
Amidst the stars, and near the throne,
Which babes, like her, surround.

Look upwards, and your child you'll see
Fixt in her blest abode;
And who then would not childless be,
To give a child to God?

TO MARY.

May 1st, 1810.

BY MISS MITFORD.

AGAIN, sweet Maid, the brilliant ray,
Smiles joyous on the youthful May!
She lies not now in torpor lapt,
In clouds, and gloom, and darkness wrapt,
Despoil'd of all her blooming charms,
Lingering in hoary Winter's arms,
But in her pride of beauty leads,
The rosy Hours on Flora's meads;
With laughing Pleasures in her train,
Trips o'er the gay enamell'd plain;
And health, and joy, and gladness gives,
To all that breathes, and moves, and lives.
How balmy is the fragrant morn
When dew-drops deck the snowy thorn!
How bright, how varying in the beam
Of noon, the flowery vallies gleam!
How sweetly fair the twilight pale
Wraps Nature in her dewy veil!
Far sweeter that illusive charm,
Than radiant beauties gay and warm!

For Fancy decks the lovely scene
With purer floods, and meads more green;
Strews flow'rets of a thousand dies;
Bids the wild copse majestic rise;
Deepens the shadows of the dell;
Gives to the hills a bolder swell;
Laps Nature in her soft controul,
And breathes her magic o'er the soul.
Then evening comes—away, away,
Ye visions of enchantment gay!
Fancy, away! on this blest spot,
In May's sweet eve, we need thee not.
Enough for us fair Nature's power,
Spring's balmy grace, and evening's hour.
Fairer than all that Fancy drew
The living landscape springs to view,
Beneath fair Cynthia's trembling ray,
Silvering the elm's fantastic spray.
'Tis from that hill, whose beech crown'd brow
O'erlooks the smiling vale below;
An amphitheatre around,
High woodlands the fair prospect bound;
Deep in the vale the gathering shade
Adds gloom to each embow'ring glade;
Save where on some lone cottage wall,
The moon's pale beams wild quiv'ring fall,
Cast o'er the Cot their modest light,
Or gleam upon the casement bright;
Save where the shallow, peaceful stream,
A waveless mirror seems to beam;
Now seen, now lost, the woods among,
It winds its devious course along;
The clustering elms, in hoary pride,
The stately oaks, hang o'er the tide,

And yon rude bridge in antique state,
Trembles beneath the peasant's weight.
Save where, amid the general gloom,
One cherish'd spot those rays illume;
It is a modest mansion fair,
And Taste has spread his beauties there;
My Mary, know'st thou not the dome?
The seat of peace,——my lovely home!
Lovely, and most belov'd: though now
Alone I seek the hills fair brow;
Alone I tread the verdant plain,
And sigh for thee, and sigh in vain.
Thee, higher, tenderer duties claim,
A sister's and a daughter's name;
The noble matron's fruitless grief,
Finds only in thy cares relief;
Thy widowed father's anguished soul,
Melts only at thy soft controul.
Ah! Mary thou each woe hast known
And wept all sorrows but thine own;
For close within that gentle breast,
Each selfish sigh is locked to rest;
For other's griefs thy soft tear flows,
For other's bliss thy bosom glows.
Ne'er may that tender bosom feel
The wound of misery's bitter steel!
'Tis thine, with soul-enchanting grace,
To banish pain's malignant trace;
Balm on the mourner's pillow shed,
And sooth declining age's head.
Hard is the task: but blest the deed!
And bright fair Virtue's glorious meed!
Beloved Maid! that Virtue's power
Sustains thee in the trying hour;

Though youth, and health, and beauty, all
In the sad task should fade and fall;
Yet shall thy charms of mind, of soul,
Spurn sorrow's sway and time's controul;
Thy life with purest rays illume,
And soar to bliss beyond the Tomb!

Bertram House.

EPITAPH ON MOLIÈRE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Within this dismal tomb confin'd
Lies him, who laughed at all mankind;
To rich and poor, to youth and age
Taught truth upon the comic stage;
And made the theatre a school,
Where vice was lash'd by ridicule.
When spreading antlers shade the brows
Of rustic or of courtly spouse,
He taught them gracefully to bear
The honors, they were doom'd to wear.
Daring at last to try his wit
Upon the quack and hypocrite
Death took offence, and aim'd a dart
That smote our actor to the heart:
He dies, while only sick in jest,
Denied in holy ground to rest;
Left by the priest and doctor in the lurch,
Without the aid of physic or the Church.

R. L. E.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Amid the incense of a world's applause,
That hails the champion of his country's cause,
By virtue's tears embalm'd, to merit just,
Thy ashes, Washington! return to dust!
But not to death's oblivious shade return
Thy soul's warm energies—they guard thy urn—
When Freedom, shrieking thro' the western sky,
Call'd all her sons to conquer, or to die,
Turn'd her fair face, and shudder'd as she view'd
The kindred hosts with civil blood imbru'd,
Full in the van thy withering arm reveal'd
Its awful sweep—and conquest trod the field.
When torn humanity in sorrow stood
As war's wild vengeance pour'd the crimson flood,
Thine was the boast 'mid ranks with terror lin'd
To blend the feeling and the mighty mind!
In scenes of havoc and devouring flame
No brutal carnage stain'd thy glorious name;
No voice of misery in vain implor'd
The meed of mercy from thy conquering sword:
These were the triumphs whose supporting power
Shed its soft influence on thy dying hour!

To thee! no terrors deepen'd into gloom
The long unfathom'd twilight of the tomb.
—That heart, with virtue's purest feelings warm,
—That arm, the first in battle and alarm,
Still shield thy country—for thy birth was fame,
And latest ages shall adore thy name.

Edinburgh. A. B.

STANZAS

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY, UPON A PAPER ROUND A CARNATION.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

This flower, by Flora's hand array'd,
See, what a lovely dress it wears!
But soon alas! its colours fade,
And ev'ry beauty disappears.

Pass but a few short hours, and all
Those charms our ravish'd eyes behold,
Shall into dusty atoms fall,
And blend and mix with common mould.

Then know this useful truth, my Fair,
This moral learn from what you see;
Such, as this flow'r is now, you are,
Such, as 'tis ten days hence, you'll be.

SONG

OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS *.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

SAY, shall proud Gallia's tyrant dare
Insult the land renown'd of old
For heroes, in Fame's proudest lists enroll'd?
Sunk, and degraded, even beneath
Those who his chains opprobrious wear,
Shall Spaniards, crouching to his throne,
The rights of the Usurper own?
O no! by heaven and earth we swear,
From Honour's path we ne'er will swerve,
Our Country's cause ne'er cease to serve,
Our vows, our choice but one—*Or liberty or death.*

Not our's the unhallow'd rage,
With bids Ambition's sons engage
In ruthless war: no frantic scheme
Of boundless sway; no feverish dream
Of fancied glory false and vain,
Tempts us to the embattl'd plain:
Our Country's weal, our Monarch's fate,
Our swords are drawn to vindicate;

* Written in Dec. 1808.

And teach the insidious chief of Gaul
Whose treacherous acts project our fall,
That when resolv'd to' assert their rights,
A gallant people, like one man, unites,
No power on earth can bar them of their aim,
Or in their bosoms quench the heaven-enkindl'd flame.

From the proud heights of Arragon,
Lead we our conquering legions on;
O'er Andalusia's verdant vales,
Where fragrance scents the vernal gales,
Where richest pastures stretch around;
O'er hills with ruddy vineyards crown'd,
By Tejo's stream, and Ebro's banks,
We march in firm compacted ranks,
Eager to face the foe, and dare
His utmost fury in the war!
Prepar'd to meet the battle shock,
We his vain threats and curses mock;
Driven back in terror and dismay,
His routed hosts shall rue the day,
When by madness urged and guilt,
Our brethren's blood they foully spilt,
And aimed to crush us at a stroke,
And bend our necks beneath the victor-yoke.

O, never shall IBERIA's name
High in honour, high in fame,
Be mark'd with ignominy and shame;
Nor shall the blood of Spaniards slain
To heaven's tribunal cry in vain;
Even now the storm of vengeance lowers,
And soon its fiercest bolts shall fall,
Crushing Ambitions haughty towers,
And Gallia's guilty race appal;

Vain all their boasts!—They proudly thought
To rule the wide-extended realms of earth;
But soon, by dire experience taught,
They shall their arrogance disclaim,
And curse the insanity that gave it birth.

Unmix'd our blood with spurious stain,
The brave descendants of a generous race,
With indignation and disdain,
Spurn we every traitorous aim
In friendship mask'd, to work us shame,
And on our cause to stamp disgrace;
What though, awhile, to sloth a prey,
Our Country's genius dormant lay;
The spirit that, in elder times,
Cherish'd virtues, punish'd crimes,
Again that spirit shall revive!
And like our warlike chiefs of yore,
To lofty Independence soar!
The feats of arms our sires perform'd,
When by heroic ardour warm'd;
Their well-tried valour, manly worth,
That gave to deeds of glory birth,
Again in history's page shall live—
The patriot-passion, while its fires expand,
Shall purge our kingdom's dross and purify the land.

Spaniards! such loyal zeal
Our cause befits; we hasten to fulfil
The holy duties which our parents, wives,
And children claim; their bulwark and defence!
The faithful guardians of their honour, lives,
Against the sons of fraud and violence!

First in the field, and prompt to share
The toils and dangers of the war;
Heart and hand, come on, we cry,
Our's be death or victory!
Thrice arm'd is he whose cause is just,
In God's protecting power we trust,
Nor shall our hopes and vows be vain
To stem Oppression's swelling flood,
The ruthless Tyrant to restrain,
And check his mad career of blood!
Far, far from us be guilt-polluted hands,
The thirst of interest, honours, or commands,
With ev'ry selfish aim.—We burn to prove
One motive sways us all—*Our Country's love;*
Anxious her laws to guard, her wrongs redress,
And build, on Freedom's base, the public happiness!

So help us Heaven!—and for the fight
Arm us with thy own power and might
Such as the foe shall not withstand;
Avail him not his impious blasphemy!
O God of hosts! to whom belongs
To poise the scales of victory and defeat,
Give us, when in the hostile ranks we meet,
Undaunted courage, the contempt of death,
And constancy unshaken: Valiantly,
Give us to chase the base invaders hence,
And perseverance, to our latest breath,
To fight, to conquer, *in our just defence,*
And deeply to revenge our Country's wrongs.

ELEGY

WRITTEN AT KIRKSTALL ABBEY, Dec. 1809.

I.

From Life's vain pageant, its tumultuous fray,
From cares that harass, pleasures that beguile,
From the gay beams of thought-dispersing day,
Receive me, mould'ring, venerable pile.

II.

O! let thy columns hoar, thy scatter'd graves,
Where sorrow sleeps, where toil has reach'd his goal,
Let these dim cloisters, where the rank grass waves,
Diffuse a kindred sadness o'er my soul.

III.

Soft on thy tower the magic moonshine falls,
Through rich-wrought windows pours its silvery light,
Flings their long shadows o'er the moss-grey walls,
To grace the grandeur of advancing night.

IV.

Yes! thus that band, (record, my soul, the truth,
Nor weave a vain, unprofitable lay;)
To Heaven, to peace, who consecrate their youth,
Live mild in age; live reverenced in decay.

V.

Nought stirs the silence, save the low-heard stream,
That ceaseless rushes down the willowy vale;
Or pendant ivy, tipp'd with pale, soft gleam,
That shakes its tendrils in the whisp'ring gale.

VI.

Ah! different once, loved haunt, thy prouder days;
O'er these lone aisles what sacred footsteps trod;
Oft from these cells has burst the voice of praise;
The faith-wing'd wish has sought the throne of God.

VII.

In Fancy's ear still tolls the vesper bell,
'Midst evening's mildness, through yon hallow'd grove,
The choral hymn, the deep-ton'd organ's swell
Still waft th' enthusiast soul to realms above.

VIII.

And whence those shadowy forms that glide along,
From each low vault, revisiting the gloom?
Dread not, my soul: 'tis the departed throng
Have burst th' oblivious slumber of the tomb.

IX.

Fled from a faithless world, a perjured fair,
Slow strays the mourner o'er his sad retreat;
Return'd from Salem's tomb, the pilgrim there,
Hangs up his staff, and rests his way-bruised feet.

X.

Mark! where the murderer seeks in holy book,
To sooth his tortur'd soul with accents bland;
He casts to Heaven an agonized look, [hand,
And lifts, then shudd'ring hides, his blood-stain'd

XI.

Yet but a while; and lo! his fears are fled;
Charmed ev'ry pang, dispersed his anxious woe;
Hail'd the blest font, where guilt, though crimson-red,
Laved into brightness, mocks the drifted snow.

XII.

There trade's adventurous son, from toils retired,
Stills each high passion, bids his wanderings cease;
There the scarred warrior, once by glory fir'd,
Asks but one boon;—to pass away in peace.

XIII.

Nor noised, nor noticed, their departing days,
Soft as the shelter'd stream, in silence flow;
In heaven-bent thought, in penitence and praise,
They find a calm, the world could ne'er bestow.

XIV.

Ah! what that world?—hopes thwarted, vain concerns;
Mirth's poison'd bowl, false friendship's treacherous kiss;
Soon, source of Good, the wearied soul discerns
Alone in thee, contentment, rapture, bliss.

XV.

Say, holy shades, were life's thin flame restor'd,
Say would not wisdom prompt an earlier flight;
The world less prized: th' Eternal more adored?
—They sigh assent, and vanish from my sight.

XVI.

Yes! shall their voice my wayward footsteps bend,
Yet not to rest, remote in Hermit cell;
To fight, not flee, my choice;—my post defend;
Act for mankind;—with Heaven's high circle dwell.

XVII.

And oft, at darkening eve's reflective hour,
From cares that harass, pleasures that beguile;
Stray to thy shade-wrapt courts, thy moss-grown tower,
Thy gloom and grandeur, venerable pile.

LINES

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD JAMES MOIR.

Who departed this Life, July 25, 1810, in the Twentieth Year of his Age, and lies interred in Nazing Church, Essex.

On the dark yew too long the lyre hath hung,
And left, unjustly left, thy loss unsung—
Yet not unfelt—for oft' our tears were shed,
The Muse was silent—but our hearts have bled!
Oh! early summon'd from this lower sphere,
T' enjoy the Heav'n thy virtues won thee here;
Oh! early snatch'd in manhood's opening bloom,
To the still marble slumbers of the tomb,
When we had hop'd to see enlarg'd life's span,
Thy youth of promise ripen into man,
Nor thought, call'd forth by Spring's deceitful breath,
Those buds would feel the wint'ry blast of Death.
My brother! joyous was thy morning scene,
No clouds of care disturb'd the sweet serene;
Hope pleasing smil'd, and Nature kindly grac'd
Thy form with beauty, and thy soul with taste;
Endear'd to all by worth, and manners kind,
And the rich knowledge of a vigorous mind—

No passions there a whelming tide to roll,
To stain thy virgin purity of soul,
But chasten'd wishes, and a temper even,
And piety that lifts the heart to Heaven.
And was thy noon o'ercast?—Oh! sickness shed
Its bitterest vial on thy patient head—
Oh! long the Hydra-headed fiend conspir'd
To mar the calm Religion had inspir'd,
But tried in vain—for though thy heart was rent,
Unstrung thy nerves, and all thy vigour spent,
Thy ardent love, thy native strength of mind,
Thy grace, and gentleness yet staid behind,
And shed around thee, to Affliction giv'n,
The holy radiance of a child of Heav'n.
Oh! can we e'er forget that awful day,
Ere the soul fled its tenement of clay,
When round his bed, we wept, and knelt, and pray'd
For that release by Death so long delay'd.
"Oh! I am thankful still," the sufferer cried,
"Thankful to God for every want supplied—
"For His Son's blood to wash my sins away,
"For His own smiles that beam eternal day,
"My God! my God!"—the lengthening accents died,
But his meek looks spoke what his tongue denied.
—'Tis past—the sickly dream of life is past,
And his freed soul tastes happiness at last!
Yet, oh! forgive, blest shade, if still we pine—
Our's was the loss—the gain alone was thine:
Forgive us if awhile we dew with tears
The blighted promise of thy early years,
And mourn—oh! idly mourn, we could not save
The flow'r that blossom'd only for the grave.

London. A. M.

EPIGRAM *

TO MY INFANT.

From the Latin of Ninian Paterson.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL CALAMY.

WHY so soon do tears arise
Infant! in thy tender eyes?
Has fate presented to thy sight
Misery coeval with the light?
Can shame attend a spotless life,
Or law perplex with madding strife?
No present care, no future fear,
No pangs of love thy bosom tear;
Unmock'd by Hope's suspended vow,
Unscar'd by Poverty's dark brow,
Perhaps (too eloquent for me)
Thy prescient eye my woes may see;
Or Fate alarms with sad presage;
Or sorrows rise with rising age;
Then tears too early! oh delay!
Reserve them for a future day:
But now my age's cordial live,
And transport to thy mother give.

* See Lord Woodhouselee's Life of Lord Kames, Vol. I. Appendix, p. 9.

MARY.

A SONG.

Poor tho' my lot, yet sweet my fare,
Should thy dear hands the meal prepare;
My hut would be a palace rare,
If bless'd with love and thee, Mary.

No light but from thy beamy eyes,
No warmth but what thy love supplies,
No music but thy low-breath'd sighs,
And they shall thrill my soul, Mary.

And when my daily task is done,
And home I hie at setting sun,
What prize so bright was ever won
As thy approving smile, Mary.

No worldly care shall dare intrude
To mar our peaceful solitude,
No vice shall taint with footstep rude
The dwelling grac'd by thee, Mary.

And oh! if e'er by sickness prest
For come it may, unbidden guest,
My pillow shall be thy soft breast,
My bed shall be thy arms, Mary.

Nor long my soul with sorrow riven,
For if a tear of thine be given,
Like the rich dew-drop sent from Heaven
'Twould cheer my drooping heart, Mary.

Thy tear that's shed for grief gone by,
Thy smile that welcomes coming joy
Shall blend a rainbow to my eye,
A pledge of peace to me, Mary.

Thus smooth our lives will flow away,
While love and virtue bear the sway;
Pleasure shall crown each passing day,
Our nights be nights of bliss, Mary.

And when I quit the world and thee,
To sleep beneath the Alder tree,
My latest breath a sigh shall be—
A sigh to Love, and Thee, Mary.

London] A. M.

ON THE PICTURE OF PLATO,

DRAWN BY MISS W.

PLATO, in lines so strong, fair Virtue drew,
That ev'ry eye the lovely Goddess knew;
Fair Virtue now a just return has made,
And call'd up Plato from th' Elysian shade;
Again he breathes, again his form appears,
Safe from the change of any future years;
Such, as in life he shone, the same by thee
To life restor'd the rev'rend Sage we see.
Thy pencil, Nymph, with Hermes' rod may vie,
The dead it raises, makes the living die.

REV. DR. RUSSEL.

IMITATION

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LE DUC DE NIVERNOIS.

THROUGH driving sleet, and drifted snow,
A pious Sire resolv'd to go,
To pay his vows to Jove;
And well I ween much cause he had,
Of hope and fear, of good and bad,
From the decrees above.

His sons were press'd and sent to fight,
A damn'd attorney, wrong or right,
Had hamper'd him in law;
By eager hope of gain allur'd,
His ships at sea were not ensur'd,
His wife was in the straw.

His weary steps the summit gain
Where high in air uprose the fane,
Rock'd by the wintry blast;
Just as he reach'd the portals wide
An ancient friend his entrance spied,
And ask'd him why so fast?

Think'st thou the Gods have power to grant
What foolish mortals wish and want,
In every selfish vow?
As well to Jove the worm might cry,
Whilst the swift share is passing by,
And bid him stop the plough.

The future, present, and the past,
Were form'd at one Almighty cast,
On one unchanging plan,
Shall rapid orbs that whirling pass,
Shall the momentum of the mass,
Stop for the insect Man?

Think'st thou?——Indeed my friend not I,
I know that mighty Jove on high
Superior and alone,
Exempt from human hope and fear,
Sees spaceless time's eternal year
Revolve around his throne.

But man, in every clime and age,
The saint, the savage, and the sage,
When urg'd by joy or care;
Helpless, and to the future blind,
Looks up to the omniscient mind,
And soothes his soul with prayer.

L. L. E.

EPIGRAM

FROM THE GREEK.

Blest, he who sees; who hears thee, trebly blest;
Thy kiss is Paradise; and Heaven the rest.

THE WILL O' WISP.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES.

The frosty sky was bright and still,
The winter moon shone clearly,
Two lovers roam'd o'er heath and hill
That long had lov'd—and dearly.

The blast blew chill, and 'neath their feet
The snow in hills was driven;
Yet past to them those moments sweet,
As 'neath a summer-heaven.

Now at the lonely cottage door
They stood—in murmurs telling,
And looks, that spoke than language more,
What at the heart was swelling.

But they must part—the youth again
Must tread the wild heath over,
For Patty's sire would hear with pain
The whisper of a lover.

For she who had it's day-star been
Had left his bosom lonely;
Had mournful made Life's evening scene;
He liv'd in Patty only.

For she, when on his wither'd face
Her eye it's light directed,
The moon of his benighted days,
Her parent's smile reflected.

She seldom from the cottage stray'd,
Save when, at Love's entreating,
Hid in a well-known hawthorn's shade,
Her shepherd lover meeting.

And there she sung in summer days,
While he, enamour'd leaning,
On those soft eyes would fondly gaze
That beam'd with tenderest meaning.

"Let's meet to-morrow, love," said he,
"And, when thy father's dreaming,
A taper shall my signal be,
Across the white heath streaming."

"Farewell," she said with glistening eye,
"But come," she whisper'd sighing,
"Oh come—or I shall see you lie
Beneath the snow-hills dying.

Shall hear your groan of dying pain,
In dreams of death and sorrow—
I'll never sing to you again,
If you forget to-morrow!"

"Farewell!" they whisper'd mournfully,
Reluctant still to sever;
Their looks reverting with a sigh,
As if it were for ever.

The morrow came; the snow-clouds vast
Gloom'd all the white world over,
As Patty ey'd the dismal waste,
And trembled for her lover.

And oft she ventur'd from the cot,
Returning numb'd and weeping;
And wish'd for once her words forgot,
And he in safety sleeping.

Hark! a shrill sound—it thrills her blood;
"Oh 'tis the *dead-bell* ringing *;"
'Twas only midst the icy wood
Far off, the night wind singing.

There lost in snow did Colin roam,
All wonder'd why he tarried;
Thence to his anxious wife and home,
His purple corpse was carried.

And Harry must that wood-way tread,
When Colin died 'twas lighter;
Her anxious heart beats quick with dread;
Her very breathings fright her!

"Heav'n's grace! who groans so long and deep?"
What breathless terrors fraught her!
Hark! 'tis her father's voice in sleep,
"Oh Patty! oh my daughter,

"Farewell!" it ceas'd—the cricket sung;
But still she listen'd quaking,
So dismally the accents rung;
When lo! th' horizon streaking,

Glad sight, a little lonely star,
Love's beacon light advancing,
It's long long line of radiance far
Across the white heath glancing.

* The Dead-bell is an imaginary sound which superstition in some countries supposes to be heard by survivors at the death of a friend or relative.

But hark! again—"what wake no more,
My child—my child—what never?
Oh let me look again before
You shut the lid for ever!"

"How dismal!" sigh'd her heart appall'd,
"And yet he is but sleeping;"
And tho' that light to rapture call'd,
She left the cottage weeping.

The winds that from the mountains blew,
Benumb'd the beauteous rover;
Her drowsy eye scarce holds in view,
The beacon of her lover.

Within the cot, now seen no more,
Death's watch all night was beating;
The bird of darkness hover'd o'er,
And shriek'd portentous greeting.

Who's he that totters through the snows,
His needful slumbers scorning,
His silver hairs all stiff and frose,
Before a glimpse of morning?

Oh! 'tis a tender father's tear,
His furrow'd cheek o'erflowing;
'Tis for his child, his only dear,
He braves the blast keen blowing.

And who is he that all the night
Has search'd the heath all over,
Pale as a death shroud with affright?
Oh Patty! 'tis thy lover.

"I've search'd" he to the father calls,
"I've search'd where you are going."
As feeble o'er the furze he falls,
Beneath the snow-drifts growing.

"Oh I have had a fearful dream,
I call'd,—I rose,—I sought her;
I only heard the owlet scream;
Oh Harry—where's my daughter?"

"I cannot tell," he wildly cried,
"Last night, the snows descending *,
For safety to the mountain's side,
My flocks I was attending.

"And from that bleak and dismal height
A blue light I discover'd;
Where on the lonely heath all night,
The Jack a lanthorn hover'd.

"And then a voice, as from the hill,
I heard my name repeating;
Oh! on my very heartstrings still
The smother'd sound seems beating.

"Th' abrupt wild cry of Life's last breath,
The farewell sob resembled;
My watch-dog heard the sound of death,
And starting howl'd and trembled.

"Oh I was panic struck and cold,
I thought upon your daughter,
Your door unclos'd her absence told,
And I all night have sought her."

Alas! that mountain echo near
A fenny gulph lay cover'd;
He knew not this—nor knew that there,
That fatal light had hover'd.

* It is usual for shepherds in heavy falls of snow, to drive their flocks to hilly situations, to avoid the drifts of the vallies.

But darkly on the father's mind
It rush'd, and hope was banish'd;
He spoke—and swifter than the wind
The frantic lover vanish'd.

Soon from afar,—"turn back thy head!"
A voice exclaim'd in horror;
The youth rush'd past with Patty dead,
And to the cottage bore her.

And stretch'd her on the hearth, ev'n yet
Not quite of life despairing;
But froze were those blue veins, and set
The glaz'd eye ghastly staring.

Ah mourner grey! tho' sad the change,
Gaze not mistrustful o'er her;
Though sunk those charms, now grimly strange,
Beneath a cloud of horror,

It is that blooming creature fair,
Long cherish'd on thy bosom;
Flow'r of it's warmth, thy evening's star,
Thy winter's cheering blossom!

The harden'd sexton learnt to sigh,
The placid corpse outlaying,
And children wip'd the artless eye,
Her coffin's plate surveying.

The sire look'd down her mansion cold,
Despair of tears bereft him,
He stood upon her burial mould;
Despair alone was left him.

But Harry 'midst the group was not,
That round her grave was sighing;
Far from his home, and native spot,
A maniac he was flying.

Far and more far his lonely flight
He keeps, no tie remaining;
The village hears his voice by night,
Amidst the woods complaining.

And there, when 'midst it's lonely haunts
The moon-light sleeps in mildness,
All night her favourite song he chaunts,
In melancholy wildness.

For oft he hears her whisper there,
His solitude beguiling;
He tells you from what beauteous star,
He saw her spirit smiling.

And he too smiles—but in his eye
'Tis like a tomb-light burning;
That form in spring-tide vigour high
Is fast to dust returning.

Lonely of heart, and wild of brain,
Death's worm is in his bosom;
Harry shall never see again,
The summer heath-flower's blossom.

EPITAPH.

Here lies, consign'd to native dust, a youth
Of softest manners, and unblemish'd truth,
Who knew no vice, no wayward courses ran,
A friend mature, tho' not advanc'd to man;
Duteous, sincere, in ev'ry act approv'd,
But ah! how early from our hopes remov'd!
Yet call we not that life too short a stay,
Whose virtues gain'd him an eternal day.

REV. DR. RUSSEL.

BOILEAU'S

SATIRE VII. TRANSLATED.

Let us now change our stile, and quit Satire, my Muse,
We are badly employ'd when we others abuse;
To an author 'tis fate, be the man whom he will,
And the ill said of others produces but ill:
Oft' a Poet, by rage for detraction misled,
While he seeks for applause, brings disgrace on his head;
And the jest which to pleasure the reader was meant,
Has oft' giv'n to its author just cause to repent.
A dull panegyric, an eulogy cold,
On the bookseller's shelf rots in quiet unsold;
Of reviewers it heeds not the criticism just,
And has nothing to fear but the book worm and dust:
But the arch sneering bard, who our laughter excites,
Whom we blame as we read, and yet read all he writes,
While his fit lasts, thinks licens'd each freedom he takes,
And of those who laugh with him oft enemies makes.
A discourse too sincere is still sure to displease,
Each thinks in the glass his own image he sees;
And the man who while reading delighted appears
With your verse, in his heart both detests you and fears.
'Tis in vain then, my muse, your hand itches to write,
And if we must rhyme, let us praises indite;
Let us seek for some hero of virtue sublime
Who our incense deserves, and is worthy our rhyme.

But in vain to this effort I strain all my wit,
I can ne'er find one rhyme for encomium that's fit.
Each thought I bestow but encreases my pain,
I in vain bite my nails, and my head beat in vain;
From my brain's deep recess I can nothing retail
But some rhymes still more forc'd than those of La Pucelle;
I'm like one on the rack, and, to thwart my design,
In resistance my pen, and my paper combine:
But if Satire's the theme, I succeed to my mind,
And 'tis then that my strength as a Poet I find.
Phœbus, soon as I open my lips, hears my pray'r,
And my words stand arrang'd without trouble or care.
If a wish to pourtray a great knave I should feel,
Without pausing a moment, I write—*Raumaville;*
If a fool who in folly's superior to all,
My pen at the end of the verse finds *Sofal;*
And I feel that with Genius my mind is on fire,
If a poor poetaster to paint I desire.
My rhymes like a torrent the paper o'erflow,
And Rerrin, and Pelletier, instantaneously shew;
Bonnecorse, Titreville, Colletet, and Pradon;
And a thousand I find, where I sought but for one.
I in triumph exult, and in secret my Muse,
With herself quite delighted, her labours pursues.
'Tis in vain, in the height of poetical rage,
To myself I oft times whisper maxims most sage;
'Tis in vain I would favour at least shew to one,
For my mischievous pen will give quarter to none;
And when phrenzy poetic the mast'ry has gain'd,
Thro' the sieve of keen Satire each object is strain'd.
Yet to favour true merit I ever delight,
And a coxcomb could never find grace in my sight;
But I still hunt him down as a hound does his prey,
And as soon as I find him I keep him at bay.

In fine, not to waste on such nonsense my time,
To the tail of some words I can tag a fit rhyme;
Oft an arch piece of prose I in rhyme have exprest,
For in aught if I'm good, 'tis at that I am best.
Thus whether untimely, by Fate's stern decree,
In his flight cruel death should pounce down upon me,
Or a long happy life to my wish heav'n should yield,
Or in Paris or Rome, in the City or Field,
Tho' my Muse should thereby the whole universe spite,
Poor or rich, gay or sad, I still verses will write.

Poor wit, you will say, how thy case I bewail,
Let thy sad ebullitions no longer prevail; [crime,
And beware lest some wretch, thou hast lash'd for his
In thy blood should extinguish thy ardor for rhyme.
What! when Horace, who copied Lucilius's stile,
Breath'd in witty lampoons his redundance of bile;
And fair Virtue avenging, in Satire sublime,
Unmask'd every vice that prevail'd in his time;
Or when keen witty Juvenal, laughing at all,
From his pen pouring torrents of wormwood and gall,
In his wrath the whole city of Rome did offend,
Did either of these meet a tragical end?
What have I then to fear from so idle a strain,
Whilst unknown both my name and poetical vein;
While my rhymes in attempting to rival Montreuil,
Ne'er the Magazine's page, with impunity swell?
'Tis with pain I'm prevail'd on to read them when teiz'd,
To amuse some old friend who with Satire is pleas'd,
Who may flatter, perhaps, and with treacherous glee
Laugh aloud at my work, and in secret at me.
In fine! 'tis my pleasure, I cannot refrain,
Tho' I cannot speak well, I my tongue can't restrain;
And the moment a pleasant thought comes in my head
I can ne'er be at rest 'till 'tis written or said;

I resist not the torrent that bears me away:
But enough—out of breath I must here end my lay,
And my hand quite fatigu'd must relinquish my pen,
But to morrow, my Muse!—we'll resume it again.

R. W. W.

VERSES TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

O Caroline, O Caroline,
O thou hast stol'n this heart of mine.
O Caroline, O Caroline,
'Twas not the lustre of thine eyne,
That stole this foolish heart of mine.
O Caroline, O Caroline,
'Twas not thy form, so slim and fine,
That stole this foolish heart of mine.
'Tis not thy form, 'tis not thy face,
Nor magic voice, nor wit, nor grace,
But something in which all combine
To steal this foolish heart of mine.
'Tis mirth, 'tis humour, fancy, whim,
In every look, in every limb,
In every accent sweet of thine,
Which steal my heart, O Caroline!

G. L. S.

LINES

WRITTEN AT RICHMOND.

BY THE RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

On the same spot where weeping *Thomson* paid
The last sad tribute to his *Talbot's* shade,
An humble Muse, by fond remembrance led,
Bewails the absent where he mourn'd the dead.
Nor differs much the subject of the strain,
Whether of *Death* or *Absence* we complain;
Whether we're sunder'd by the final scene,
Or envious seas disjoining roll between.
Absence, the dire effect, is still the same,
And *Death* and *Distance* differ but in name.
Yet sure they're different if the peaceful grave
From *haunting thoughts* its low laid tenant save!
Alas! my friend, were *Providence* inclin'd,
In unrelenting wrath to human kind,
To take back every blessing that she gave,
From the wide ruin she would *Memory* save;
For *Memory* still, with more than *Egypt's* art
Embalming every grief that wounds the heart,
Sits at the altar she had rais'd to woe,
And feeds the source whence tears must ever flow.

STANZAS

Addressed to the Right Reverend Thomas Lord Bishop of Dromore, January 3, 1811.

BY THE REVEREND H. BOYD.

Now the wide havoc of the year is past:
Like a retiring Host * it spread afar
Of Nature's works a melancholy waste,
And spoils of Spring and Life the ruin share.

While prone, terrestrial minds desponding pore
On the dull soil, and dream the parting soul,
Like withering vegetation, lives no more,
But finds beneath the clod its final goal;

And sensual wassailers, like Circe's crew,
Combine in deep oblivious flood to drown
The heavenly spark, content if Spring renew
The draught of Comus and the rosy crown;

And mole-eyed Sophists, when the mortal form
The time-worn mark of passing years displays,
Contend that, in the reverend sage and worm,
The vital spirit with its dust decays;

Sceptic, that venerable form behold,
To common eyes it bears the marks of time;
Yet the free spirit, active, uncontroll'd,
Still shews its native energy sublime.

* Simile from Davies.

Yes, there are beams that pierce the cloudy vest
Of this damp clime, from no material light
Derived, which round a steady splendour cast,
From Heaven sent down to banish mental night.

Time on the heaven-aspiring soul bestows
New lustre, and improves her beauty still;
Years pass, but in eternal youth she glows,
Like her that nectar to the Gods did fill.

While her existence lasts, she feeds on truth,
The more she feeds her energies improve;
And energy in her is endless youth,
Eternal rapture and Eternal love.

Now Sceptic, look once more, is that a soul
To fleet in vapour, or in dust to lie;
In good more active as more near the Goal,
As nature wakes beneath a dawning sky.

Like * the young prophet erst by Tigris' flood,
Beheld the giant form of empire shook
Without a breath, and, where aloft it stood,
Without a hand in thousand fragments broke;

Thus thro' religion's medium pure he sees
Monarchs deposed, and thrones in ruin hurl'd;
And from the reliques forming by degrees
The beauteous fabric of a nobler world.

Hail him! ye parents, for that youthful train,
Refin'd by him from torpid sloth and sin;
Witness yon hamlets round yon solemn fane,
Which peace protects, while virtue dwells therein.

* See Dan. Chap. ii.—It is hoped that this comparison will not be thought extravagant: the author only meant to express that when the lights of Scripture and of reason are compared by a mind replete with knowledge and matured by time, "his old experience may attain to somewhat like prophetic strain."

And when yon hamlets, and yon solemn fane,
Are pass'd away as if they ne'er had been,
These shall their genúine feature still retain,
The deathless inmates of a nobler scene.

Hail him, ye Muses, on that sacred height
Where palm and laurel mix their friendly shade;
There from your airy seats ye oft would light,
And prompt his musings in the flow'ry glade.

Ye that have shar'd the bounties of his hand,
Hail him—but faltering notes can never sing
What the heart feels; else Fancy would expand
Aloft a more than Pegasean wing. H. B.

EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.

BY DR. JORTIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

O THAT the cruel Fates whose iron sway,
In beauty's prime, my Pœta snatch'd away;
Me too would summon to the fatal shore
Where Phœbus' beams would glad my eyes no more;
That in the tomb by her I might repose
My lifeless corse, and rest from all my woes;
But you my love beware the noxious draught
Of Lethe's numbing stream, and leave unquaff'd
Oblivion's bowl; preserve within thy mind
The thoughts of him whom thou hast left behind;
Who soon will follow; for the torch of Love
The darkness of the journey shall remove.

X. Y.

LINES

TO A LADY VERY FEARFUL OF THUNDER.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

SAY, whence this sudden chill, my fair,
When thunder rattles through the air?
Why quits your blood each distant part,
And hastes to guard the lab'ring heart?
Why all this shiv'ring, panting, crying,
This something little less than dying?
If wretches, stain'd with deadly sin,
Quake at the worm, that gnaws within;
If savage Tyrants trembling fly,
And think the fate, they merit, nigh;
If treach'rous statesmen, who have sold
Their Country and their God for gold,
Are by this solemn sound dismay'd,
And dread his wrath, they've disobey'd;
Yet why does my Eliza fear,
What only should the wicked scare?
The flash that strikes the villain dead,
Is taught to spare the guiltless head;
Or should by this the virtuous die,
'Twere but on lightning's wings to fly,
And gain with greater speed their sky.

THE FIRST DAY OF RAIN

AFTER A LONG DROUGHT.

BY MRS. LE NOIR.

A sallow garb veils Nature o'er,
No friendly moisture giv'n;
And parching meads in vain implore
Refreshing drops of Heav'n;
The thirsty Earth each streamlet drains,
And yawns, and opes her famish'd veins.

Sad, o'er the barren lawn and heath,
The lowing cattle stray,
Pick the rank nettle, or beneath
Dried leaves that strew their way;
For Summer's mantle tarnish'd, torn,
He shakes it from him, as in scorn.

Fair Flora weeps her chaplets gay;
The roses wont to greet,
The blooming Goddess on her way,
Untimely strew her feet;
Yet shorter is their short-liv'd doom,
Alas! they wither ere they bloom.

Sad Zephyr skims the garden round,
And o'er his fav'rites grieves,
And faintly sighs with plaintive sound
'Mong scathed flowers and leaves;
Tir'd bees unwonted distance roam,
And bring but half their lading home.

While Nature burns throughout her frame,
And vapours taint the air,
Can Man alone exemption claim
From ills, all else must share?
Ah, No! he feels her ev'ry pain,
Link'd in the universal chain.

—But soft!—the welcome show'rs arrive,
—How drinks the gladden'd soil!—
—How the flow'rs breathe—the plants revive,
How the gay pastures smile!—
And Man reviving with the earth,
Inhales new health, new joy, new birth!

But ah! in vain, for such whose pow'rs
In lingering pain decay,
In vain kind Heav'n its pity show'rs,
And freshen'd breezes play;
In vain the grateful earth replies,
And breathes her incense to the skies.

They may not trace the silver stream,
Along its winding way,
Nor wander at the setting beam,
To hail declining day;
For Ev'ning's sighs borne on the breeze,
So sweet to Health, were Death to these!—

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL ROMANA.

BY PROFESSOR RICHARDSON.

I.

Lo! in that isle, girt by the Scandian wave,
Romana, with his bold Iberians, brave
Their Gallic foe. Behold them bare
Their manly bosoms! "We will die," they swear,
"Will shield and save our native land, or die."—
The patriot oath was heard, and register'd on high.

II.

That day, in presence of th' Almighty mind,
With holy awe, the Genius of mankind,
Rang'd in the radiant courts of Heaven
With those to whom the gracious charge was given
Of other splendid orbs, with ardent gaze,
Kenn'd, as it roll'd afar, his own fair planet blaze.

III.

And upward as th' unusual radiance flow'd,
The conscious rapture of his bosom glow'd,
While shouts of many nations came,
And loud and clear amid the vast acclaim,
The recent blazon of th' Iberian race
Rose thro' the starry spheres of intermediate space.

IV.

The solemn oath was register'd on high!
And rising, thro' Iberia's troubled sky,
By flame-man'd coursers drawn, behold
Romana wafted in a car of gold!
Whose corruscations bright as they ascend,
With light'ning's flashing wide from Heaven's high portal blend.

V.

And lo! while loose his raven tresses fly,
With the dark lustre of an eagle eye,
Thy Genius, by th' unfolded gate,
With helm and spear, Iberia! deigns to wait,
And greet the stranger.—But, "return," he says,
"Nor yet a while enjoy thy meed of full-earn'd praise.

VI.

"While other warriors in the marshal'd field,
"With patriot zeal, and virtuous ire impell'd,
"Hurl their loud vengeance on the foe,
"Till the red flood-gates of the battle flow;
"Be thine a loftier holier task! descend,
"Inspire, and with their spirits, let thy spirit blend.

VII.

" Go, reinforce them if their fires relent,
" Chill'd by disaster, or unduly spent
" In rash atchievement. Go, impart
" The wisdom of thine own sagacious heart;
" And deeply let these truths their minds impress,
" No sloth can win, no rashness shall controul,
" But wise, and manly perseverance, sole,
" With th' aid of Heaven, shall earn, and ratify success."

VIII.

Nor shall the Cimbrian isle no fame obtain,
That saw Romana rouse the wrath of Spain.
Tho' cold beneath a northern clime,
Veil'd with gray mists, and hoar with frosty rime,
With scant and transient grace thy fields display
The chearful bloom of summer's fair array,
Yet, Funen, shall thy little island claim
Distinction, henceforth class'd with lands of antient name,

IX.

" I saw," the future traveller will relate,
" Ween, Tycho's isle that crowns the Baltic strait,
" And Hamlet's famous Elsinore,
" Hafnia's fair city, Zealand's verdant shore,
" Contrasted with the mountainous array
" That Swedeland's rocks, in gloomy pomp, display,
" And Funen, dear to freedom, where a band
" Of patriots vow'd to die, or free their native land."

TO A BEAUTIFUL BEGGAR*:

(Supposed to have been written by a Clerk to a Magistrate.)

FROM THE SPANISH OF CERVANTES.

Go, beautiful beggar, depart from this door,
Here charity dwells not; 'tis shut on the poor.
The wretched, with age and with sickness decay'd,
Scarcely pick up a crumb when the dogs have been fed,
But thy youth and thy health, thro' thy rags as they smile,
Pronounce thee unwilling yet able to toil.
Thy youth and thy health that with rapture I see,
Through thy rags and thy dirt, as they beam upon me—
Those lips asking kisses, those love-darting eyes—
Ah! how will they speak to the old and the wise?—
I am young, and tho' cold and insensible thought,
I feel I can pity, by loveliness taught:
But what are my feelings, my pity, my love!
Oh! pardon a language you may not approve—

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

SAAVEDRA.

* These verses were intended for insertion in a translation of Cervantes's novel of the Gitanilla. The girl is supposed to read them to a party of young men (before whom she appeared with the company of gypsies, to which she belonged) as a specimen of what productions her charms had given rise to. One of the young men, out of jealousy, snatches them out of her hands before she comes to the end.

JUSTICE JERRY, OR THE WIDOWER.

A WEST OF IRELAND TALE.

In Sleep's warm embraces the Justice lies snoring,
Busy Fancy in dreams his past pleasures restoring!
Up the well-known green hill she shews crowds fast as-
cending,
And a long cavalcade on the Sheriff attending;
The blissful Assizes she pictures before him,
With all the delights that attend on the Quorum;
Grand Juries, grand Dinners, and circling Decanters,
And bus'ness, and bustle, and speeches, and banters;
Now Jobs thick as filberts, she gives in her bounty,
And tickles his palm, with the purse of the County;
Grave Lawyers and Judges she soberly musters,
And points in all corners Attorneys in clusters:
At her magical touch, all the scenery blooms,
And white wigs, like white roses, shed precious per-
fumes.
And now, like Arachne, as Jerry prepares
To fetter poor vagrants in law-woven snares;
Behold to disturb the fine web of his fancy,
Nurse comes to announce the demise of his Nancy;
Slow turning, and stretching, and yawning, he cries,
"Zounds! Nurse is she gone?" "Sure enough" she
replies.
Lack-a-day! as the cock crew, I shut up her eyes:

O! the dear pretty corps! you would swear she's a sleeping,
'Twould comfort your worship to take but a peep in."
"Cease, cease, you old Gossip! with prate to oppress me, [me;
Odds life! I'm so hurried! send Dick here to dress
How unlucky that Nanny should die at this crisis!
Doctor Speed-em declar'd she'd outlive the Assizes;
But wives, young or old, are for ever perplexing,
And living or dying, take pleasure in vexing!"
Thus the Justice exclaims,—as half sleeping, half waking,
Poor Dick staggers down, in a sorrowful taking.
"So Richard! you're there! I approve of your haste!
Alas! my good Fellow! we've no time to waste!
Scarce the moment we're speaking is at our command,
We're all unprepar'd, and the Judge is at hand!"
"O! mercy upon us; and keep us from evil!"
Cries Dick all aghast,—"and from Death and the Devil!
Sure, as the Pray'r says, we are miserable sinners!
And the Judge will soon see, that we're not new beginners;
Though mistress was young, and so good, and so pretty,
Lord bless us, your honour! see Death had no pity;
We're forty years older;—but sure we be stronger,
So, Master, mayhap we may last a bit longer!"
"Why you curs'd sleepy Buzzard! what is't you're a dreaming? [teeming?"
With what nonsense is this that thy numskull's a
Cries the Justice enrag'd—in a voice loud as thunder,
While Dick stands as stiff as the statue of Wonder.
"I sent for you, Sirrah!" continues the Master,
"To assist in repairing this morning's disaster;
But when County affairs my attention engage,
You prate about Death, and the Devil and Age!

Go first to Ned Snip, and bring him in haste,
You rascal! you know I have no time to waste;
Assure him I must have my mourning to day,
For my present condition admits no delay;
Then as you return call on Mrs. Mac Thimble,
And get me a hat band,—be sure you be nimble;
Let my mourning be finished with fashion and fancy,
As a proof of my grief for my dear little Nancy;
Let me see! this is Monday! we'll earth her to mor-
'Tis the only wise method to bury one's sorrow; [row,
I'm too tender hearted for watching and weeping,
And what would my wife be the better for keeping;
Then as soon as we've done with that sneaking dog
To regulate matters we, perhaps, may be able! [Sable,
Then the house may be settled, things put in their places,
Now all's in disorder as often the case is!
On Wednesday in business quite up to the ears,
We must measure our roads and consult overseers:
To the Assizes on Thursday,—away I shall drive!
Or Egad! my *Presentments* would few of them thrive!"
So concluded Old Jerry:—and just as he said,
He got on his mourning and buried his dead;
He settl'd his household,—his roads did he measure,
Then drove to ——— with spirit and pleasure:
But think what a trial awaited him there,
Enough for a Job, or a Jerry to bear!
The Sheriff imagin'd—how wild was his fancy!
That Jerry would stay to lament over Nancy:
So another he placed in his stead on the Jury,
Which rous'd our meek magistrate into a fury.
Thus the Justice, poor man! was excluded from play,
But he watch'd o'er the Game all the length of the day;
And at night with the Judges and Jurors so merry,
Say who was so joking, so jovial as Jerry:

But now, O my Muse, the sad sequel relate!
Lo! a Writ is just issued from the high Court of Fate.
In Law and in Riches, how vain all his trust is!
Influenza arrests him, altho' he's a Justice:
The hard hearted Bailiff the Prisoner apprizes,
To pack up his papers and quit the Assizes—
That on Styx he must sail, without passport or clearance,
Before Chief Justice Minos to make his appearance;
Where no counsel shall plead for, no int'rest can bail him,
Where no Juries are pack'd, and no bribes can avail him.
Now Jerry he finds, as he steps out of life,
That a husband is mortal as well as a wife,
And learns too this truth, as he yields his last breath,
That the sly like the simple are subject to Death!

E. C. K.

EPITAPH

ON A CROSS HOUSEKEEPER.

WRITTEN DURING HER LIFETIME.

HERE lies my good housekeeper, Maggy the old;
Who was, I confess it, a horrible scold;
And I cannot help fearing the Devil will win her,
For I'm sure whilst she liv'd that he always was in her:
Yet to take her e'en he should beware of consenting,
Since a rival he'd find in the Art of Tormenting:
For when she was here I can tell Mr. Devil,
That *his* house and my house were much on a level.
Could he send her above, he at length would be even
With those Angels that kick'd him to Hell out of Heav'n.

S. W. I.

SAPPHO'S ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR.

SCENE.—THE PROMONTORY OF LEUCADIA.

STAR of my soul! if bright thou rise,
To cheer with hope these weeping eyes;
Or come to light the cold wave's breast,
The pillow of thy Sappho's rest;
Still thy blest beam is joy to me,
For I'm thy truest votary.
And oh! if yonder swelling wave,
Is doom'd to be thy Sappho's grave;
Wilt thou upon its bosom sleep,
And charm the tempests of the deep?
That here if Phaon, pity-led,
Should breathe one sigh for Sappho dead;
My hovering shade may hear that sigh,
For then it will be bliss to die!

How oft I've pour'd my soul to thee,
In songs of sweetest melody;
And bade my lyre's soft numbers rove,
In all the luxury of love!
But now the burning blush I steep,
In tears that must for ever weep.

Despair has chill'd the Muse's fire,
And Love bends weeping o'er my lyre;
The Spirit of the dulcet string,
Awakes no more to Rapture's wing;
But sighs with melancholy tone,
" Weep, Sappho, weep! thy Phaon's gone!"

Then, Venus, hasten to bestow
Peace to a soul, where life is woe,
By all the passion of thy breast,
That woo'd Adonis to be blest;
And by those sacred tears that flow'd,
When o'er his pallid form you bow'd;
O pity one who feels like thee,
Whose love, alas! is misery!
—Ev'n the fond breeze that waves my hair,
Moans like an echo to despair;
And sorrow whispers in my breast,
" Die, Sappho, die! for Death is rest!"

Farewell, sweet Star! whose brilliant ray,
Illum'd with joy my early day;
When Rapture, in the Lesbian grove,
Wanton'd with Beauty and with Love,
Thou'rt sinking in the glowing main,
But soon all bright to rise again;
While Hope, that once as thee was bright,
Now trembles on the brink of night!

Come then, all dark and cheerless gloom,
No star remains to light the tomb;
For gloomy clouds tempestuous driven,
Show fury on the front of Heaven;

And loud the wailing spirits cry,
"Victim of Passion! dare to die!"
Yes, I can dare—for o'er my soul,
Still wilder storms of anguish roll;
And welcome are the waves, that steep
My sorrows in eternal sleep!

W. J. ROBERTS *.

CATULLUS ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

O'ER many a wild, o'er many a wave,
My solitary path has been;
Alas! and is a brother's grave,
My mournful journey's closing scene!

Still I had hop'd one joy to prove,
Tho' fate of many has bereft me;
Had fondly hop'd a Brother's love,
To cheer this drooping heart, was left me.

But hoped in vain,—no more renew'd
Is Love's embrace or Friendship's vow;—
—The wreath of death, with tears bedew'd,
Is all that I can give thee now!

Farewell, farewell! tho' fate denied
To clasp thee living to my breast;
Still will I kneel thy tomb beside,
And weeping hail thy peaceful rest!

W. J. ROBERTS.

* The amiable and interesting author died at Bristol, in 1806, in his 21st year. A selection from his various poetical and prose productions has been formed into a volume, which is on the eve of publication.

TO MRS. STUTEVILLE ISAACSON.

ON HER MARRIAGE.

Joy to Victoria! still my Friend
May bliss on all thy paths attend!
What though the loved fraternal door
Shall bound each maiden wish no more,
What though new claims, new duties, rise,
To bind thee with a thousand ties,
Yet in these ties, these duties new,
A thousand blessings spring to view.
And whilst, in all thy virgin charms,
Weeping, thou leav'st a Brother's arms,
Yet, guardian of thy destiny,
Shall Stuteville wipe thy dewy eye,
And hush to rest each pensive sigh.
And well by thee, fair gentle Maid,
Are all his tender cares repaid,
For not thy tuneful skill alone,
Nor brilliant smiles, the feelings own.
Those sounds, within whose magic spell
The soul entranced delights to dwell,
Are but the echoes of a mind
In purest harmony combined.
Those smiles, whose dimpled radiance prove
The force of beauty and of love,
Beam the reflection of a heart
Where Feeling reigns, unspoilt by Art.

That mind, that heart, that humour gay,
They promise many a happy day,
When virtues known and temper tried,
Endear the wife beyond the bride;
Alike in every varying hour
They boast their woe-dispelling pow'r,
Chase ev'ry passing care away,
And brighten Joy's refulgent ray.
Whilst pleasure fills thy gentle breast,
In blessing others doubly blest.

Bertram House,
April 25, 1810.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

DEATH

IMITATED FROM THE DUC DE NIVERNOIS.

Death! I do not fear you;
Death! I dare come near you.
The present good I always seize,
The present ill I bear with ease,
I ne'er look back on passing sorrow,
I never tremble for to-morrow—
I ne'er from harmless pleasure fly,
Nor fill the cup of joy too high;
What nature gives I ne'er abuse,
What nature wants I ne'er refuse:
Thus I secure my tranquil state,
Shun the extremes, and leave the rest to fate.

R. L. E.

A TRUE STORY.

WILL TIPPLE, who *frequently wanted* a place,
Applied to a Gentleman, well recommended,
Who finding *one* failing, was all he could trace,
Engag'd him, the very first time he attended.
I find, quoth the Squire, you are fond of a glass,
So am I, and can readily pardon the crime;
I therefore, unnotic'd, the failing shall pass,—
If you'll promise we sha'n't *both* be drunk at a time.
To this very fair offer, Will quickly assented,
And, with honour, his promise resolv'd to perform:
But before half a year had elaps'd, he repented,
(A period he'd soberly, *weather'd the Storm*,)
He therefore gave warning—the cause may amuse ye—
Quoth the Squire, what reason, Will, do you assign?
Since you came, did I ever of drinking accuse ye?
Or ever lock up, either spirits or wine? [tease ye,
You have had your own way, have had nothing to
Then why can you wish such a service to leave?
Ev'ry servant, I'm sure, is desirous to please ye,
Take my word, if we part, at your folly you'll grieve.
Will replied,—In your service I've had no enjoyment,
For, with truth, I can say that, from March till October,
The time that I've liv'd in your Honor's employment,
You've been ev'ry day drunk, and I, ev'ry day, sober.

T. A.

TO A ROSE BUD

FROM WHICH I HAD MADE A DRAWING.

Sweet Rose-bud! emblem of some modest maid,
Like thee in native loveliness array'd,
Like thee too, blushing, trembling, as afraid
Of lawless gazing;

Thou hast the simple beauty nature gave,
Nor wealth, nor finery, nor fashion's slave;
Unlike the fair with gold from India's wave,
Or jewels, blazing.

Thy tints how soft!—and oh, how fragile too!
For soon thy tender form, so sweet to view,
Thy leaves half fill'd with drops of pearly dew,
So gently bending,

Must fade and die!—but so, sweet bud, 'twould be
Had'st thou still bloom'd upon thy parent tree;
There the rude winds would quickly kill e'en thee,
Thy beauties rending.

What pity seems it that a flower so fair,
Such fate should so inevitably share,
And none prevent, no, not by tend'rest care,
Thy doom delaying;

While this unskilful semblance frail of mine,
Will long in imitative colours shine,
Memento sad of hues no longer thine,
No more displaying.

And yet to think the paper plant will live,
The real flow'r its perfumes cease to give,
Thus nature's copy nature's self outlive,
Is purest pleasure:

Thus too, perchance the moralist might say,
Life's blooming sweets departing fade away,
And Memory's pencil only can pourtray
The passing treasure.

J. K. C.

STANZAS

FROM THE FRENCH OF PANNARD.

O how soft beam your eyes! O how tender's their gaze!
If I dare to believe them, you love me most dearly.
But does your heart feel what I learn from their rays;
O tell me, dear youth, are they speaking sincerely.

If you love not, alas! with my peace do not play:
To allure me, no longer thus cruelly seek:
And if that your heart has got nothing to say,
O let not your eyes with such eloquence speak.

R. A. D.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Versified to the 104th Psalm-tune, composed by Handel.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

PRAISE, praise we the Lord, high thron'd 'bove all height,
Praise him all ye host, who dwell in his sight:
Ye rays of his glory, sun, moon, stars, and light,
Him praise in your courses, by beaming more bright.

Earth, air, sea, and sky, his praise be your theme
Whose goodness, whose power, whose will is supreme;
The world's vast foundation in wisdom who laid,
Who spoke the great mandate, and all things were made.

Soft murmur his praise, each fountain and rill,
Ye storms sound his praise whose laws ye fulfil;
Ye mountains your summits with reverence raise,
Ye vales, let your verdure smile forth to his praise.

Ye flocks, while ye bleat, your shepherd proclaim;
Ye herds, as ye graze, still publish the same;
Ye trees, wave your branches in homage on high,
Ye birds, waft your praises to heav'n as ye fly.

Let princes and kings, who rule on this earth,
Let youth and old age,—let all, from their birth,
To praise their Creator, with heart and with tongue,
Unite in one concert, and join in one song.

To GOD, our sole Lord, all praises be giv'n
By men upon earth, by angels in Heav'n!
Praise him all ye nations, from pole unto pole,
Praise him all ye people, praise GOD, O my soul!

T. PARR.

LINES

Written in a Young Lady's Bible bound up with the Common Prayer-book.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

WHILST here you read, what Saints have wrote,
And heav'nly inspiration taught;
Know, bright Eudocia, many a maid
These doctrines learn'd, these truths obey'd,
And, arm'd with Prayers such as these,
'Midst burning tortures dy'd in peace.
Nor wonder, they to death were true,
They read, and pray'd, and liv'd like you;
Like your's the faith, that bade them die;
And such as your's their constancy.

LINES

On the Death of H. John O'Donnel, a Youth of 16, *who, on the loss of the Crescent Frigate, 5th Dec.* 1808, *in the North Seas, Captain John Temple, Commander, resolutely refused to quit the Captain, his Friend and Patron, though urged to save himself, which was practicable, and went down with the Vessel.*

BY THE REV. T. MAURICE.

EXTINGUISH'D hope!—his ship a mighty wreck,
Undaunted TEMPLE scorns to quit his deck,—
Scorns—though each billow yawns an op'ning grave—
To quit the sacred charge his country gave.
While mountain-billows dash their foam around,
And from the rocks the shatter'd planks rebound;
While the pale mariners,—a ghastly band!
Strain ev'ry nerve to gain th' inviting strand;
Lo! one bold youth, on Fate's tremendous verge,
Impell'd by friendship, braves th' advancing surge;
Displays the dauntless breast, where Honour burns,
And Death's accumulated horrors spurns.
By the strong chain of warm affection bound,
They sink together in the dread profound;
But only sink, on happier shores to rise,
Where never storms obscure the cloudless skies;
Through seas of purer azure cleave their way,
And bathe for ever in the fount of Day!

STANZAS

Written in a blank Leaf of a Lady's Music Book, being a Collection of Airs and Dances, which the possessor had severally sung to, or danced with, the Author.

Oh! sweet are thy strains, and thy melodies sweet,
And, oft to their magic shall glance the lithe feet
Of Tibby, the buxom and fair;
In the chill Autumn eve, when the northern winds blow,
And when Winter resumes his hoar mantle of snow,
And Spring breathes her odorous air.

When sorrows intrude, and serenity's smile
Flees her roseate cheek, and the tear-drop awhile
Glistens bright in her languishing eye;
When, nor love, nor solicitous friend, can impart
Ought of peace to the sorrow that dwells at her heart;
And frequent, and deep, is the sigh;

Thy mystical notes and thy magical lore
To her cheek shall the fleeting false blossom restore,
From her eye lure the eloquent tear;
And sooth'd by thy dulcet enchantment divine,
No more shall her heart in anxiety pine,
Nor her breast heave with tremulous fear.

And, often, perchance, from the clamorous throng,
Where circles the jest, and the mirth-inspir'd song,
She'll turn with reflection to you;
She may think, and the thought may be blest with a smile,
On one, a lorn exile, and weary the while,
On the friend who has whisper'd adieu.

For, Fancy full oft with cameleon hues
Will deck ev'ry page, and her magic diffuse
O'er thy measures transcendently sweet;
And the visions of far-distant days shall recall,
The walks of the morn, and the feats of the ball,
And the charms of the Sylvan retreat.

Oh! then shall thy notes be far dearer to me;
A solace when, toss'd on vicissitude's sea,
An exile forlorn and depress'd;
Thy talisman strains, faithful record, shall last,
Shall picture the shadows of bliss that is past,
And awhile lull my sorrows to rest.

LOVE'S LABRYNTH.

Tom falls with Kate o'er head and ears in love,
But dreads his artless suit will fruitless prove.
Well he may fear her looks, for I have hints
The darling object of his passion squints;
And he, poor fellow, stammers so, 'tis vain
One sentence in an hundred to explain.
Thus, She cannot his sentiments define,
Nor He, the language of her eyes divine:
Good reader tell me, out of pure compassion,
How Tom and Kitty should declare their passion.

T. A.

STANZAS,

Written in the blank Leaves of "Hymns for Infant Minds, by the Author of Original Poems, Rhymes for the Nursery, &c.

Addressed to Ann and Jane.

BY MR. MONTGOMERY.

WHEN the shades of night retire
From the morn's advancing beams,
Ere the hills are tipt with fire,
And the radiance lights the streams;
Lo! the Lark begins her song,
Early on the wing and long.

Summon'd by the signal notes,
Soon her sisters quit the lawn,
With their wildly warbling throats,
Soaring in the dappled dawn;
Brighter, warmer spread the rays,
Louder, sweeter swell their lays.

Nestlings in their grassy beds,
Hearkening to the joyful sound,
Heavenward point their little heads,
Lowly twittering from the ground;
'Till their wings are fledg'd to fly
To the Chorus in the sky.

Thus, fair Minstrels! while ye sing,
Teaching Infant minds to raise
To the universal king
Humble hymns of prayer and praise,—
O may all who hear your voice,
Look, and listen, and rejoice!

Fault'ring like the sky-lark's young,
While your numbers they record,
Soon may ev'ery heart and tongue
Learn to magnify the Lord;
And your strains divinely sweet,
Unborn Millions thus repeat.

Minstrels! what reward is due
For this labour of your love?
—Thro' eternity, may you,
In the Paradise above,
Round the dear Redeemer's feet,
All your infant readers meet.

Sheffield, Nov. 5, 1810.

ON ONE INSENSIBLE OF THE PASSION HE HAD EXCITED.

Thus by some stream's reflecting tide,
The passing Traveller often waits;
Views, unconcern'd, the waters glide,
Nor heeds the image he creates.

* * * * *

TO MASTER PARR.

April, 1810.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Let lofty Bards, whose towering lay
Aspiring mounts on high,
Like eagles drink the brilliant ray,
And soar along the sky;

Let Fame await their tuneful toil,
Unfading laurels crown,
Still beam the Critic's fav'ring smile,
Unfelt his awful frown;—

Springs not for them a joy so sweet,
From all their vaunted lays,
As my rude harp's wild warblings greet
When Nature deigns to praise.

Yes, Nature's self!—enchanting child,
Thy bosom is her cell;
And musing soft, or sporting wild,
With thee she loves to dwell.

'Tis she who teaches thee each tear
To shed on that fair breast,
Whose fondest hope, whose tenderest care,
On thee for ever rest.

Thy softly dimpled smiles she sends
When Wit's bright arrows part,
And Taste her sweet enchantment lends
To charm thy little heart.

O happy Boy! for Wit and Taste
With Virtue's self combine
To guide thee through the world's wide waste,
And lead thee to her shrine.

Still may each fair propitious hour
Thy Friends' fond wishes bless!—
The Muse can scarcely wish thee more
Than such rare tenderness.

May ev'ry tear that dews thine eye
For others' sorrows flow,
And in each smile that sparkles high
Thy own soft transports glow!

PROLOGUE TO LA FÉE URGELE,

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Power is the highest pleasure of the sex;
When pleas'd, the power to please; when vex'd, to vex:
But different feelings, different fancies fit;
We think the pleasure sweetest, to submit.

R. L. E.

EDWIN AND AMELIA.

BENEATH this humble turf, the cold remains
Of Edwin and his lov'd Amelia rest.
Here oft the village youth, at Eve's lone hour,
Shall bring the earliest blossoms of the Spring
To deck their lowly grave; and while the gloom
Steals disregarded on, shall linger round
To hear the tale, that speaks their hapless loves
Beneath yon mossy roof, whose little casements
Gleam with the setting sun, Amelia liv'd—
Fair as the beams of Morn,—her pious task
To smooth her aged Mother's sickly pillow,
And gild her passage to the silent grave.
First of the swains, that woo'd the gentle maid,
Young Edwin vow'd, and told his artless tale;
They look'd, they lov'd,—a smile, long stranger there,
Gleam'd o'er her Parent's cheek, as she survey'd
And blest the mutual flame. Each passing moment
Was wing'd with joy, while Edwin hung enamour'd
O'er Beauty's downcast eye, and talk'd of love.
Now laughing May, led by the circling Hours,
Danc'd forth with rosy feet, and wak'd to life
The yellow-bosom'd flow'r that bears her name;
And now to hail her glad return, and cull
The waste of sweets she flung o'er ev'ry vale,

The happy villagers, at early dawn,
In joyous groups rove o'er the flow'ry turf
Still wet with Morning's tears,—amidst a troop
Of lovely Virgins, lovelier far than all,
Amelia mov'd,—and as she threw around
A fearful glance, to seek her youthful lover,
She saw, and blush'd to see, each roving eye
Fix'd on her angel form,—ah! little deem'd
The beauteous Maid, that she no more should hear
The music of his voice, no more delight
To trace the dawning of her infant passion,
And bless that happy fate, which gave her Edwin.
He, hapless youth! as o'er the Mersey's banks,
Near whose fair waves his humble cottage stood,
Love wing'd his steps, to meet the pensive nymph
Who haply mourn'd his absence, paus'd awhile
To view that lovely stream, whose sounds so oft
Had sooth'd his list'ning ear, now, like a torrent,
Roll its vast tide, and thunder o'er the vale!
One tender lamb, nurs'd by Amelia's care,
A sudden swell swept from the verdant bank,
And bore the prize away.—When Edwin heard
It's piteous cries, and saw the little mourner
Call for her Guardian aid, yet call in vain,
He flung his flower-embellish'd crook aside,
(If haply he could save the struggling victim,)
And plung'd into the flood. Awhile his arm
With nervous vigour stem'd the rapid torrent,
And seem'd to mock its rage,—yet ere he reach'd
The dying innocent, enfeebled nature
Faint and more faint oppos'd the swelling tide
That wildly roar'd, and laugh'd to see his efforts—
Fate hover'd o'er him,—soon an icy chill
Stiffen'd his limbs, and clos'd his eyes for ever!

On the lone beach, the heaving billows flung
His mangled corse, yet lovely e'en in death.
From this sad scene, the weeping Muse averts
Her tearful eyes, to view yon busy plain,
On whose gay bosom dance the village youth,
While Mirth, which loves the haunts of Innocence,
Glows in each cheek, and laughs in ev'ry eye;
Save where Amelia mourn'd her Edwin's absence,
And pensive wand'ring, cull'd the rising flow'rs
That pour'd their sweetness round, and bade them blush
Wreath'd round her auburn hair; yet vain the effort
E'en by this pleasing task, to chace the gloom
That sadden'd o'er her mind. Oft as she heard
The voice of joy, that echoed o'er the green,
A starting tear would tremble in her eye,
And her white bosom heave with frequent sighs.
" Where lingers Edwin? Oh! what fav'rite bow'r
" O'ershadows thee, my love, while, whisp'ring soft,
" The cooling zephyr wantons round thy brow?
" Or dost thou slumber by that lovely stream
" Where we so oft have wander'd, and whose waves
" So oft have listen'd to thy vows of truth?
" Oh! if some happier maiden haunt thy dreams,
" Or should'st thou breathe to any ear but mine
" Thy tale of love, this woe-fraught heart would break,—
" Where lingers Edwin? oh! why comes he not
" To still these fears, and with his magic voice,
" Chace the dark visions, that oppress my soul?"
The beauteous mourner wept,—when, loud and dread,
A cry of horror smote her startled ear!
She gaz'd, she listen'd; o'er the distant plain
The vacant laugh the song of Mirth, was hush'd.
Dismay chill'd ev'ry face,—she saw each youth
With steps impatient quit the festive scene,

And hasten to the shore. Her sickening heart
Foreboded evil, and with fainting feet
She hurried on—In vain with eager look
She ask'd the dreadful cause;—the averted eye,
Or look of pity, her enquiries met,
Struck terror to her soul. She caught the name
Of Edwin! at that much lov'd sound she shriek'd,
Flew to the crowded shore, alas! poor Maid
Thy frantic eye rests upon Edwin's corse!
In silent awe the circling rustics stood,
And as they watch'd her pale and frenzied looks,
Their rugged nature soften'd into tears.
By her unconscious Lover knelt the Maid,
And flung her white arms round him. As she gaz'd
Upon his fix'd and beamless eye, no sound,
No sigh escap'd her—Ill her gentle bosom
Could bear so rude a shock; it's panting tenant
Burst from its frail abode,—then, like the lily
Which hangs its silver cup, surcharg'd with dew,
She sunk upon his breast, and slept for ever! H. I.

LINES

Written in Ashbourne Church, at the Tomb of Penelope, Daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL CALAMY.

THOUGH now no longer life's warm current glides
Through the fair frame which this cold marble hides,
Oh! let not man in ignorance complain,
That beauty fades, that innocence is vain!
She lives—where angels shall a sister greet;
Where parted friends, to part no more, shall meet;
And where, as Heaven's blest inmates undefil'd,
Ere long the father shall behold his child.

PART OF HORACE'S 15th EPODE

TRANSLATED

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

'Twas thus unto his darling care
The wise prophetic Chiron sung,
"Oh! youth nor born, nor taught, to fear,
Illustrious youth from Thetis sprung.

"Thee to those realms thy lot ordains
Where Hector's sire the sceptre wields,
Where Xanthus' stream divides the plain,
And Simöis murmurs thro' the fields.

"There, there, at length, thy thousands slain,
Ev'n thou shalt fall by Phœbus' shaft;
Nor, ah! shall e'er thy kindred main,
Thee, to thy native Pthia waft.

"Whatever then thy soul shall vex,
Let sprightly sounds its tumult quell;
Whatever cares thy mind perplex,
Let sparkling bowls those cares repell.

"If wine and song thy life employ,
When future times record it's date,
They'll eternize what you enjoy,
And only leave the rest to Fate."

LEGEND.

The moon shines full, and cold and bright
Her lustre gleams on Mora's hill;
The stars which gem the robe of night
Quiver in yon reflecting rill.

Yet blows the wind;—the flitting cloud
Rides thwart the pale and silver moon;
And wraps her in a sable shroud—
—Mantle of blood shall veil her soon!

Hark! hear ye not the footsteps sounding
Along high Mora's rugged side;
And see ye not the death-light bounding,
And o'er the shelfy chasms glide?

And see ye not, in warlike vesture,
A silent band come marching on;
See ye not him of frantic gesture?
'Tis Dersa's brother, Campbell's son.

See ye not yonder cavern drear,
Wide Ocean beating at it's base?
There moonbeams shine on many a spear
Of brave Macdonald's armour'd race.

Their chieftain woo'd a white-arm'd maid,
With snowy bosom, raven hair;
And 'mid her darken'd lashes play'd
The love-glance of the melting fair.

But deadly feud of thousand years
Forbade his kindling hope to rise;
But Dersa scorn'd a woman's fears,
She blushes, trembles, loves and flies.

Macdonald's arms receiv'd his love,
And sooth'd her beating heart to rest;
(While shelt'ring spears around them move)
And onward to the ocean prest.

Morn would have seen their white sail bend
Towards distant Erin's friendly shore;
But Morn was never to ascend
With peace and light on Dersa more.

Yet rose the Morn:—ah! what a sight
Burst on the purple eye of day!
Victims of vengeance and of night,
The Campbell and Macdonald lay.

And o'er them bends a female form,
Her bosom bare, her dark locks flowing;
And her eyes bathe with tear-drops warm
Each corpse where life no more is glowing.

Then sinking still, as still she weeps,
Faint grows her weakly-fluttering breath:—
By Campbell's side his sister sleeps,
And clasps Macdonald's hand in death.

* * * * *

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V.

Ever faithful to pursue
Injustice with requital due;
She will with equal zeal redress
Their wrongs whom fraud and violence oppress

VI.

She will recompence the grief
Of those who pine, and seek relief,
Rescue from outrage, and preserve,
Exalt, and honour as their deeds deserve.

VII.

Holy Nemesis! when death
Shall waft away our fleeting breath,
We trust that Thou, securely trust,
From insult will preserve our buried dust *.

Glasgow. B.

TO A LADY,

Who by a grave Magistrate was pronounced to be "Matchless."

I.

How I trembled, sweet Maid, when her solemn opinion
Stern Justice deliver'd, "thou'rt matchless," she cries!
Ah! the youth, then, I murmur'd, who owns thy do-
Is doom'd to despair, and poor Celadon dies! [minion,

II.

But Hope, that assuages the keenest of sorrow,
And almost to Despair a fond confidence gives,
From stern Justice's self, consolation will borrow,
Thou'rt matchless in *pity* and Celadon lives! B.

* This, also, was held to be one of the offices of Nemesis.

MAN.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

I.

MAN that is of Woman born *,
Few his days, and full of sorrow;
He comes up, like the flower of morn!
The dew hangs glittering on the grass †,
The flowers, the leaves, they quickly pass,
And man—he dies to-morrow!

II.

Soon bleak Misfortune nips his bloom,
And like the Autumn's sickly fall,
Old Age comes on, a silent foe,
And lays his summer-glories low,
Withering his strength and beauty all!
Now past his vigour, past his bloom,
Short is his passage to the tomb!

* Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery; he cometh up and is cut down like a flower, &c. Burial Service.

† The dew lay all night upon my branch. B. of Job.
All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass: the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. 1 Pet. i. 24.

III.

Pilgrim! who with tresses grey,
Journeyest on thy lonely way,
No friend, no lov'd companion dear,
Thy dark and wildering steps to cheer,
Weary, heart-broken, rest at last,
Soon shall all thy woes be past:
Gently shalt thou resign thy breath,
And sweet shall be thy sleep of death;
Dry then thy tears,—and banish sorrow,
For there shall rise—ANOTHER MORROW.

LOVE DIFFERENTLY EXPRESSED.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

When lovely Damon first she spies,
His courtly mien, and winning grace,
Fond Celia checks her wand'ring eyes,
And bids them fix on Damon's face.

Not so young Chloe's are employ'd,
They, studious, bend a diff'rent way;
'Tis Damon only they avoid,
And unreserv'd o'er others stray.

But say, what cause the virgins moves
A conduct so unlike to use?
One, shuns his looks, because she loves,
And one, because she loves, pursues.

THE SECRET.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

FROM morn till noon, VENTOSO on me hung,
And nimbly plied his never-ceasing tongue:
Rare news he had, and secrets told by dozens;
How it falls out that brothers' sons are cousins;
That some folks strangely close their eyes at night;
And blind men stumble through their lack of sight;
That boys, in time, grow up to men's estate;
And new-dropp'd calves, through instinct, suck the teat.
These wonders he, in confidence, made known
To me;—and oft he said "*to me alone.*"——
Grateful for this, with looks of anxious fear,
I grasp'd his hand and whisper'd in his ear,
"These kind disclosures equal frankness claim,
"But, on your life, your author never name:
"I have a secret too."—On tip-toe rais'd,
With neck out-stretch'd, and open mouth, he gaz'd,
And with a solemn pledge, his promise gave,
To keep the matter silent as the grave.
Still, doubtful whether I could trust the man,
I paus'd awhile, his countenance to scan;
Then forth, with trembling hand, my watch I drew,
And begg'd again, he would his pledge renew,
He vow'd, he swore,—"What is it?" stammering cried:
"It is, my Friend,"—I fault'ringly replied,
"It is, but as a Christian bear the shock—
"It is, indeed, it is *past one o'clock.*"

LINES

TO WILLIAM HAYWARD, ESQ. OF WATLINGTON,

HAYWARD! the blooming sweets of Spring
Bright Health and laughing Pleasures bring;
All Nature hails their balmy power,
And wantons in May's rosy hour.
But to the courser's heart more dear
The fading beauties of the year:
He seeks, 'mid chill November's gloom,
The brown heath fring'd with dusky broom,
Braves, on bleak hill and dreary plain,
The wintry wind, the driving rain;
For there, delighted, he can view
The triumphs of his greyhounds true;
Still closer turn to turn succeed,
Hare after hare successive bleed,
And home returning, proudly tell
How long they ran, how true, how well!
These joys are past—The brilliant ray
Brings Puss her summer's holiday.
Yet in description still they live,
And joys prospective still can give.
And well I know Maria's fame
Will much of pride and pleasure claim,

For of that cherish'd race she sprang
" Most fleet of foot and sure of fang,"
That race which Hebe once adorned,
Thy Hebe yet so proudly mourned!
That race which still on Sherborne's plain
In speed and beauty matchless reign.
Long may they reign, unrivall'd still
By all who course on dale or hill!
Long may'st thou share their high renown,
And health and bliss thy wishes crown!

Bertram House,
May 1, 1810. MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

EPIGRAM

FROM THE GREEK.

To make the boy a scholar, to my care
An advertising Doctor gave his heir.
We got to Homer*; and " that wrath, the spring
" Of woes unnumber'd," soon he learnt to sing;
Then in due course, " to Pluto's gloomy reign
" Hurl'd many a gallant soul untimely slain."
But now he came no longer. In the street
It shortly was my luck the Sire to meet;
And " thanks my friend," he cried, but to be free,
" What you were teaching he may learn of me.
" I, ere their time, hurl many a soul below;
" Yet not one word of Homer need to know"

† ↓

* There is a propriety in the original, which could not be preserved in the " Imitation." Homer was the first book taught in the Grammar Schools of Greece.

TO THE MOON.

Lone wanderer of the midnight sky,
I mark thee through my casement gleam;
And, stretch'd upon a sleepless couch,
I bless thy paly beam.

Oh! com'st thou here with silent foot,
When all is hush'd in deep repose,
To whisper to my troubled heart
A solace for its woes.

Impart to me that placid mien,
That tranced look, as when on high
Thou pausest for a while to list
The spheres' wild harmony.

What means that blush? Sure, modest Queen,
Thron'd on thy fleecy clouds above,
The young God hath not with thy rays
Lighted his torch of love!

Yet, if thy soul has felt his power,
Come, thou art here a welcome guest,
For young Desire hath kindled too
A flame within this breast.

Yes, I will sympathize with thee,
(And mutual cares will each endear)
Thy beams can speak most eloquent;
I'll answer with a tear.

Be Love our theme—its visions warm,
Its balmy sighs and stolen joy,
And feelings trembling on the brink
Of bliss and agony.

Come, thou shalt say what raptures stole
O'er every sense, at dead of night,
When first the breeze pour'd on thy ear
Endymion and delight.

And I will tell—if words can tell—
Oh no! this tear and frequent sigh
Can best express what I have felt
From Mary's love-fraught eye.

Oh might that blue eye's tender languish
Beam but on me, what bliss were mine;
'Twould o'er my soul diffuse a ray
Of happiness divine.

But why that blush again, sweet Maid?
Why 'thwart thy face, so shining fair,
Roll clouds so dark, that Fancy reads
In them the page of Care?

Alas! they say Love's but a dream,
Fleeting and few its happy hours;
That Life's at best a thorny wild,
And never strew'd with flowers.

Sweet moralist! I know it well;
Man onward toils in pain and sorrow;
Yet fondly hopes a glimpse of joy
Will bless him on the morrow.

Vain is the hope—yet should that glimpse
Strike on his mind, in mercy given,
It but reveals the darkness round,
Like the light'ning flash of Heaven.

Cease, throbbing breaſt! But thou, pale Queen,
Come, soothe my heart with grief opprest;
Say, that the sleep of Death is sweet
To those who sigh for rest.

London. A. M.

VOLA.

From youth to youth, from friend to friend,
Inconstant Vola flies;
"My love," she swears, "shall never end;"
But as she speaks it dies.

No milder flame, no mediate state,
Her fervid bosom knows;
Worship is love, dislike is hate,
And all are friends or foes.

Thus in an oriental clime,
When Heav'n withdraws its light,
Unknown is twilight's shadowy time,
But day is sunk in night.

*****.

ON A WATCH-PAPER CUT BY A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

Long had I liv'd fair Chloe's slave,
And with a fruitless passion strove,
When fondly to the nymph I gave
A weapon, to dispatch my love;
These scissars, Chloe, from your swain
Accept, said I, and ease my pain.

Restore, unkind, my foolish heart,
Restore it to my widow'd breast;
Too long I've borne the killing smart,
Too long been deſtitute of rest;
Take, Chloe, take this shining steel,
And end that love you cannot feel.

The glitt'ring gift the fair one took,
And strait the engine wide extends,
With careless air, and smiling look,
Upon her snowy fingers' ends;
Then, pleas'd to shew her matchless art,
In paper cut a trembling Heart.

Amidst a shady silent wood,
  Form'd for the tim'rous herd's repose,
The stately creature list'ning stood;
  Beneath th' untasted herbage rose;
With gentle breezes bent the grove,
The new creation seem'd to move.

I saw; and ah! dear maid, I cry'd,
  Is this the freedom I obtain?
That gift in any hand beside
  Had loos'd a captive from his chain;
But, in those fingers plac'd, the toy
Improves the love it should destroy.

EPIGRAM

FROM THE FRENCH.

One day a Justice much enlarg'd
On industry, as he discharg'd
A thief from jail: "Go work," he said,
"Go, prithee, learn some better trade;
  "Or, mark my words, you'll rue it."
"My trade's as good," replied the knave,
"As any man need wish to have;
"And if it don't succeed, d'ye see,
"The fault, Sir, lies with you, not me;
  "You won't let me pursue it."

ELEGY,

On the Death of Mr. W. Cunningham, late of Magherabeg, near Dromore.

GLIDE on, limpid Lagan! still smooth mayst thou flow!
Let thy rills weep responsive to murmurs of woe;
Near that bank gently heaving curl softly thy wave,
For sacred the verdure of Cunningham's grave.

Disperse, gloomy vapours! thou fair Queen of light,
Deck with silvery robe the black shoulders of Night!
Play thy beams on the bank where the Bard lies at rest,
For holy the dust is that covers his breast.

In the stillnesss of midnight, while men are asleep,
For his premature death the sad Muses shall weep;
And soft songs of sorrow repeat round his bed,
For sacred the turf is that pillows his head.

For thy child, Nature, mourn! here thy gifts early strew,
And thy tears shed pellucid in showers of dew;
Let the grave of thy son with fresh flow'rets be drest,
And green let the sod be that covers his breast.

See! crown'd with sad cypress, meek Pity draws nigh,
And his name on the head-stone she reads with a sigh,
Bids the Sylphs and the Elves on the bank lightly tread,
Nor bend the grass waving so green round his bed.

See May's* fair attendants expect the bright morn,
And the urn of their bard with fresh chaplets adorn;
Their smiles chang'd to sorrow, their gaiety fled,
For low, low the turf lies that pillows his head.

The sp'rits of young poets here frenzied shall rove,
And with sounds more than mortal shall fill the dark grove;
At the tomb, near the stream, magic strains shall be heard,
Singing "Hallow'd! oh hallow'd! the grave of the bard."

INSCRIPTION

Intended for the Monument to be erected in Glasgow in honour of General Moore.

In Glasgow born, Moore, and his right to fame,
Glasgow would by this monument proclaim.
She knew his patriot zeal, bold to inspire,
And warm to animate heroic fire:
Knew too, that wisdom, when in danger try'd,
Would rule his ardour, and his valour guide.
Corunna saw him, thus endow'd, defy,
And vanquish Gaul's superior force, and die!
Vanquish and die! But tho' untimely slain,
Striving, so Britain will'd, for injur'd Spain,
Recording Truth to future times shall tell,
"Moore nobly conquered, as he bravely fell."

* Alluding to a Poem entitled "the Queen of the May," written by Mr. Cunningham, and published in the Belfast News Letter in May, 1804.

THE SHEPHERDS OF LEBANON.

BY THE REV. H. BOYD.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Address to the Sun. Progress of Sciences from East to West. General tendency of Migrations and Conquests to the Southern and Eastern Climates. Final cause of the phenomenon, the propagation of Religion and Science. Examples of this given from the History of the Scythians, Scandinavians, Goths, and more particularly in the Crusaders. Episode of the Paulicians. Effects of their Appearance in Europe.

BEYOND the Atlantic borne, the wand'ring Muse
Her former proeme tun'd *, on steady wing
Far sailing to the late discover'd shores,
† Where Britain and Iberia meet in arms
On Nature's utmost verge. With rested wing
Now sunward she ascends, and climbs the sky
Against the current of the monsoon gale,
That tends the triumphs of Hyperion's car.
Hail, glorious luminant of Ether, hail!
Light, life, and exultation, on thy wheels
Attend! the chorus of the woods to thee
Their matin warblings tune! To thee ascends
The better harmony of mind, sublim'd
By thy fine chemistry. ‡ Fair Science spread,
In days of yore, her many-colour'd wings,
Last of the band that tends thy moving throne,

* See the "Ruins of Athens." P. Register, vol. vi. p. 66.
† Written in the year 1790.
‡ Progress of Science and Empire from East to West.

Successive as the radiant signs, that gild
Thy way. To thee yon oriental tribes
Lifted th' imperial standard, borne along
From nation still to nation, as thou led'st
The pomp; till now, beyond th' Atlantic main
It waves sublime, and spreads its gorgeous folds
High on the Western gale. With thee arose
The dawn of Science in her native East,
And, still, we hope thy beam shall lead it on
With endless march, and gird the pendant world
With one broad Cæstus, one Athenian zone,
All sculptur'd over with transcendant forms
Of holy truth, religion, public faith,
And public honour, till thy wide domain
On earth resemble thy long range above,
With many a radiant shape, in order bright,
And many a constellation thick bestrown!
Where from thy fabled couch, beneath the wave
Of Indian Thetis (where, as poets tell,
Thou nightly court'st repose) thy splendid march
At morn begins, * the tendant breezes blow,
And whisper joy to waken'd Nature round,
Still as their pinions flag, by thy warm beams
Languid, relaxt, and wasted in their flight,
A fresh recruit of gales, on vigorous wing,
Unwearied, from the North and South, attend,
Spontaneous coming, and the vacant space,
Forsaken by their languid brethren, fill,
Till THEY regain their vigour, and relieve
In turn the length'ned labour, still renew'd.
Thus to thy track, along the burning line,
Still points the stream of nations, from the North,

* The rarefaction of the air under the Line, is the cause of the trade winds; as the dense air from behind, and from the North and South, continually rushes into the place of that which has been rarified.

(Bellona's hive) more frequent and more full;
For yet the Southern bands are scarce awake.
There, as thy nearest tribes, who bask supine
Beneath thy fervid wheels, with limbs and minds
Relaxt, beneath their palmy coverts laid,
Forgot their active powers, renounce the name
And dignity of man, a manlier horde
Sweeps them away, and riots in their room
Triumphant, till the deep Circæan charm
Invades *them* too: then active hands behind
The recreants seize, and bind the willing slaves
In flowery trammels. Hither in wild bands,
Southward, the quiver'd Scythian forc'd his way
From bleak Siberia down to Ganges flood,
Like a dark tempest, o'er the frighted zones.
In days of yore, from cold Imaus' ridge
They swept the plains of Asia, scour'd the hills
Of Palestine, and down on Egypt came
Like locusts, warping on an Eastern wind.
We sing not Uther's son, his fabled fields
Of glory on the Rhine, or Tyber's shore;
Nor Brennus, nor Belinus old, we sing;
The graver theme no gaudy colour needs
Of fiction. From the records of the past,
Authentic proofs and documents are drawn;
These tell—and ravag'd realms, and antient signs
Of desolation and migration, tell—
That to the rising, or the noon-day sun,
The Northern rovers pointed still their march.
Witness the sack of Rome; the purple plains
Of Lombardy, manur'd by Cimbrian dead,
Beneath the hand of Marius. Ages thence
Remov'd, in more tremendous bands succeed
Huns, Alans, Suevi, and the dreaded name
Of Goths and Vandals. From th' incumbent shade,

The double shade of ignorance and night,
A deep Cimmerian gloom, they hurried on
By fatal instinct led, to seek the dawn
Of intellectual day, and gladly taste
The fruit of richer climes. Collected now
Within the verge of fame, they felt her pow'r
Attractive, and the glowing impulse knew,
Which led them to renounce their savage forms,
And brighten into men. As those damp glooms
Which weep away the night in ceaseless flow
Heavy, and damp and cold; but when the sun
Touches the dawning hills, they speed away,
With light foot spurn the mountain tops, and rise
In figur'd march, or singly borne, and show
Their gaudy bosoms to the rising beam;
With fluid gold and purple to the morn,
High flaming, they surround his sapphire throne,
In umber'd files, wide multiplied around
In all the bright diversities of day,
His radiant looks returning: Or, as floods
Drawn to a current by some powerful cause
From the reposing lake, or water'd vale,
Over the dizzy verge in sheets descend,
Bright sparkling to the sun and thund'ring loud,
While many a rainbow from the rising mist,
The silver thread of orient light untwines,
And renders back the glories of the day,
In gorgeous colours of fantastic woof:
So they by love of Truth, or Science warm'd
Or rais'd on Contemplation's holy wing,
(Tho' first perhaps, by love of plunder fir'd,)
Or by the TIGRIS, or redundant NILE,
Or palmy JORDAN, from the genial source
Of light, new light deriv'd, in fiction's veil,
Or allegory cloth'd, or the quaint form
Of MEMPHIAN type, or symbol. Truth commixt

With error oft they glean'd. Be witness they
Who bore their gods to Athens, from the strand
* Of old CANOPUS, and DODONA's grove
Made vocal by THEBAIS: ODIN's rites
From old Choaspes to the frozen realms
Of wide SARMATIA wafted o'er the plains
Of SCYTHIA clad with snows. Fair Science lur'd
By the MILESIAN † from the Red Sea coast;
And what the SAMIAN ‡ from Ganges brought,
Whose pupils from TARENTUM stretch'd their lore,
To the deep murmurs of the Euxine wave.
§ Thee too, bright Regent of ascending day,
The Northern eagle saw, and soaring, led
Her nestlings to salute the fount of light,
And meet thy splendours with unblemish'd beam;
What time the pilgrim from the wasted bourne
Of Jericho returning, told a tale
Of violence, oppression, bonds, and blood,
And rous'd the North and banded West to arms,
Like their own tempests in destruction leagu'd.
Thither, from petty cares, from petty broils,
Or from the soft lap of Lethæan ease,
And more Lethæan ignorance arous'd,
In one great cause combining, on they came,
Like all the levied hurricanes, that long
Had slumber'd on the bosom of the deep,
For many a sickly moon. Though bigot Zeal,
And blindfold Superstition led them on,
Precipitated on the Asian world
In dread collision; yet their torpid minds
(Though wak'd at first alone by martial fame,)
Soon found their native energies expand,
And felt superior power, superior claims.

* Egypt. † Thales, who brought geometry to Greece.
‡ Pythagoras. § The Crusades, and their effects upon the religion and liberty of Europe.

Tho' half devour'd by the insatiate gorge
Of all-consuming War, their troops return'd
From the dire triumphs of the burning East,
Dispirited and thin; yet back they came,
All baffled and dejected as they were,
To nobler conquests on their native shores.
There oft the despot to the frugal hands
Had barter'd privilege for the rich loan,
That furnish'd him for war*. *These* still retain'd
The purchas'd privilege; and thence deriv'd,
As from a genial root, the rising stem
Of Freedom, overshadow'd all the land
At last. Their wide domains the warriors sold,
And where old Tyranny had domineer'd
In solitary and unquestioned pride,
For many a league, now parcell'd out, and broke
In small possessions, with a smiling face
Of culture gay, with population blest,
The alter'd scene rejoic'd.
Freedom was giv'n for necessary gold,
The price of luxury, as late of arms;
Thence o'er the champaign rose, by slow degrees,
A race of independent swains, whose sires
Were slaves; but little to the burden'd beast
Preferr'd in estimation. Oft for them
The reverend Flamen from their soften'd Lord
(Proud of his saintly influence) obtain'd
The boon of liberty. Unthinking priests
Forbear! Ye little think what unborn woes,
What tempests, and what overbearing tides
From this indulgence, threat the lordly pile
Of Superstition, tho' it proudly raise
Its pinnacles among the curtain'd clouds;
And, like the pyramids of Memphis, seem

* Origin of the freedom of corporations and alienations of the feudal possessions.

All ruin to defy! A time will come
When it shall moulder to the base! You loose
The trammels of the body; soon the slave
Will fling away the trammels of the mind,
Nor need your help! * The Pontiff bends his look,
Still to the tumults of the East; from thence
Expecting glorious harvests of his toil
He sees the pride of Christendom in arms,
Under his ensigns; nor perceives behind
A fiercer tempest gathering in the West,
Tho' now it only seems a cloudy speck
Of small regard, o'er yonder distant hills.
While Persecution o'er his bloody spoils
Slumbers at ease, or on his sanguine car
The long tumultuous march to Jordan's flood
Pursues, * the pallid victims of his rage,
Though panting from the deadly chace, again
Convene, and breathe awhile from bloody toils;
Mild Hope once more illumes the dreary vales,
The cottage they rebuild, and rear anew
The simple honours of the rustic fane
By apostolic, pure, primæval rites
Frequented only. Here, by angel hands
Transplanted from celestial mould, fair Truth,
Spreads in the transient gleam her blossoms gay,
And shakes her dewy locks, by many a storm
Sore ruffled, but a milder season comes;
The timely showers, which bade the lovely rose
Of Sharon to the morning beam display
Her virgin bosom, soon shall visit thee.
  As Rome, victorious o'er the silken sons
Of Asia, led in bands her legions gay,
And gloried in the long, successive pomp

* The imperceptible growth of the Waldenses and Albigenses (the forerunners of the Reformation) while the attention of the Popes was confined to their Oriental expeditions.

Of plunder'd stores along the SACRED WAY
In triumph borne; the pictures, vases, piles
Of silver and of gold, nor yet beheld
The sister fiends, that taint the sacred soul
And breathe contagion through the darkened mind,
Bring their battalions up in viewless march
Attendant on the victor's figur'd car,
But in their public counsels soon perceiv'd
The bane fast spreading; thus from Asia's strand
Amid the spoils of war, to Europe sent
By the brave champions of the CROSS, arriv'd
The mightier sov'reign of the willing soul,
Tho' then obscure, unknown, yet doom'd to change
The fate of nations, in succeeding times.
Where ancient Lebanon's majestic brow
With her associate hills, a fortress form,
(Here, 'gainst the gale that sweeps the midland wave,
And there, against the dry and withering blast
That lifts the desart on its sounding wing,)
By the brown horrours of impending woods
And marble mounds secur'd, (a lofty pile
That scorn'd invasive rage), from dangers far
Far from corruption dwelt a sinless tribe,
* PAULICIANS nam'd, from him, whose saintly zeal
Here planted heavenly truth. For many an age
Here had they lived, nor other changes knew
In this sublunar theatre, besides
The changes of the moon, when thro' their groves
Full orb'd she rose, and woke the nightly song
To him who combs her beamy locks with gold,
Or, when her gentle radiance led along
The vernal months, or when, with visage wan

* See Gibbon's History, vol. x. 147, &c. A few poetical licences are taken with the story of the Paulicians, but the purity of their doctrines, and their migrations into Europe in considerable numbers, about the time of the Crusades, are facts well certified.

Or flush'd with red distemper, she foretold
The coming storm. The Seasons well they knew
In their majestic progress, what they brought,
And what they took away. The magic breath
Of Spring, soft-whispering, when she clad the bowers
In beauty, and her broad pavilions rais'd
Of solemn scenery, with melodious strains
Of birds, thick warbling all the live-long day:
Or, when the forest, or the rising hill
Was cloth'd in summer's pride, or, when severe
And like a fickle friend, with slow disgust
Gradual estrang'd, the gentle breeze became
A keen and cutting gale, whose envious breath
Contagious, touch'd at first with sickly hue
The gay embroidery of the varied scene;
And (while the welkin wept the change to see)
Disclos'd the parting sun, the sentence breath'd
Of sad divorce, and bade fair Nature leave
Her spousal robes, and in more seemly weeds
Fitting her fortune, mourn her distant lord.
  This they beheld, nor knew what changes else
Eclips'd our varying planet. Whether war
Her visage ting'd with sanguinary stains,
Or deep tranquillity for ever sate
On her bland aspect. Many an age unknown
To them was Mecca's fane, the saintly zeal
That from the bowers of Araby the blest,
From soft repose the visionary led *
Over Petræ's barren sands to blow
The trump of discord, and extend his sway
O'er the chain'd body and the mind at once.
They neither knew, that conquest's purple wing
Spread all around them, nor the trumpet's clang
Pierc'd their umbrageous world. The rising flame

* Mahomet.

From the sack'd city ne'er within their view
Ting'd the nocturnal sky with dismal red,
Nor did the cry of slaughter down the vale
A fearful summons send. They never heard
The heavy sound of Rome's gigantic fall
Across the deep. Nor how Byzantium rose
With emulative splendour on the strand
Of Thrace. The long-extended, Gothic range
Of victory to them was lost. Unknown
Persia's reviving fame, or how, before
The Tartar, now triumphant, southward fled
The Saracen with all his baffled powers;
How the contending crescent, and the cross
Like the red signs of heaven, alternate rose,
And fell alternate. To the neighb'ring tribes
On either side, no human trace was seen;
Nought, but the forests' long, majestic sweep,
And rocks embattl'd high, in pendent clouds
Deep veil'd: the treasures of the space within
Heaven kept in sacred charge till time proclaim'd
The moment of disclosure. Led by fate
A wand'ring European found a pass
By the steep margin of a devious rill.
By thirst, by famine, or the stronger love
Of knowledge led, he won his uncouth way.
Delighted with the sinless tribes, he saw
(Nor less astonish'd) how celestial truth
The change of many an age had here surviv'd;
(However varying in the nether world)
Immortal and the same, like yonder sun
Whose aspect, tho' it often seems to shew
A dim disguise, when vapours dense or rare
Fleet over his immortal charms, yet still
With native splendour shines above, and fills
With unabated glory, the fair fields
Of Æther far removed. Their peerless faith

With wond'ring eyes the martial stranger saw
Reflected in their deeds: innoxious, pure,
The tenor of their lives. No serpent guile
Here tainted the fair source of social bliss,
Nor discord here, nor violence was known.
Smit with the blessed beam of heavenly light
The sister fiends, that stimulate the soul
To deeds of blood, with envious look askance,
Fled the pure emanation, and retired
Back to their native and congenial gloom,
Or sought congenial bosoms. Here, no hopes
Of high ambition touch'd the pastor's mind,
Fix'd o'er his flock for tenets like their own,
And apostolic manners: with his flock
In love fraternal still he walk'd, nor swerv'd
After the pleasures of the world, nor fear'd
Its frowns. With kind and hospitable love
The stranger they receiv'd, tho' at his garb
Manners, and language, much amaz'd, nor less
Was he at theirs, But soon the social rite
Assur'd him of their friendship. He, (like them
Of old, on Lotos fed, as fables tell
Who quite forgot their homes) forgot the call
Of martial honors; doff'd his shining arms,
And there, among the swains, a rustic swain,
Linger'd for many a moon. He soon acquir'd
Their language, soon was able to unfold
His own disastrous fortunes. How, allur'd
By syren images of heavenly joys,
Of praise below, and paradise above,
He left his native home, domestic bliss,
His prattling infants, and his faithful spouse,
To march in arms beneath the fervid skies
Of Palestine, and mingle with the wave
Of Jordan, his devoted blood. For this
All ties of kindred he renounc'd; for this

Renounc'd his native clime; nor deem'd it less
Than the full consummation of all worth,
To bathe in slaughter for the trivial prize
Of a long range of desolated hills
Erst by apostles and by prophets trod,
Altho' he never took the pains to learn
The path they pointed out. The rustic band
Some lifted up their guiltless eyes to heaven
In deep amaze; some wept the tale to hear,
Others with virtuous indignation burn'd
At human follies and at human crimes
Combin'd. Nor less the champion of the cross,
Whether deep smit with moral charms, or touch'd
With sacred influence, began to see
And feel his martial folly, and to know
The worth of pure religion, never seen
Before, or not respected. Here he saw
Virtue bedeck'd with native charms, and grew
Enamour'd at the sight: nor did he wish
With selfish or ungenerous love to taste
Her bliss alone, but to his social bands
The blessing long'd to publish. Nor the swains
Refused to join the mission. Thoughtless men!
Oh! had you known what flames of furious zeal
And persecuting rage your presence brings
Among the champions of the cross, your homes,
Your happy, rural and untroubled homes,
Perhaps ye ne'er had left! Soon to the camp
Of Christendom, on Palæstina's strand
By the new convert led, they came, nor met
A cold salute; for now, with arms fatigu'd,
Their military ardour cool'd. The bands
Distinguish'd by the cross, began to mourn
Their absence from their native homes. No more
The sanguinary forms of martial fame
Their ancient charms retain'd, by length of time

And cool reflection tarnish'd. Soon beheld
In Truth's clear mirrour, they forgot to please,
And show'd their native turpitude, beneath
The mask of public honour, and the zeal
Of superstition, hid. Amaz'd, they saw
The GENUINE glories of the CROSS display'd
Among the woods of Lebanon; a scene
Which bade their triumphs weep, and quite defac'd
Their desolating fame and crested pride.
They saw the fount of sacred truth, in vain
By schoolmen and by sages long explor'd,
Open'd at last, by casual hands, like his
Who delves the mountain for a niggard boon
His toil-worn members to sustain, and finds
A vein of gold. And now in haste they furl
The martial standard, and embarking soon
The naval flag expand. The Syrian swains
Persuaded by the soldiers, or impell'd
By genuine zeal, the distant voyage dare,
Tho' new to all the terrours of the main,
And a worse storm by land, then deeply lull'd
In grim repose, till, by pontific pride
Awak'd, at length it burst in tenfold rage.
It yet was dubious peace, for deep conceal'd
* Among Tolosa's and Gebenna's woods
The strangers dwelt, and to their martial friends
Who led them from the Syrian vales, dispens'd
In secrecy th' immortal word—it stole
Gradual, from mind to mind, like the strong fume
That bears the latent fire, The TROMBADOR †
Forgot his woodland Madrigal, and found
New fervours from the heavenly theme sublime

* Rise of the Reformation in the South of France.

† *Trombadors*, the Italian name of the Troubadours or Provençal Poets, authors of some of the earliest invectives against the Papal Power.

His Muse enflame. The Muses soon to light
The secret subject gave. In lonely vales
No more content, it sought the haunts of men,
And in strong cities triumph'd, long debas'd
And trampled by pontific pride and power
Imperial. Now at length the rights of men
Began to rear their heads. The cloudy veil
Drawn down by Superstition's magic hand,
To hide celestial Truth, dissolv'd at last
In air, and gave the long-expected morn
To shine. Incenst, and storming, but in vain,
Fell Superstition call'd her Stygian fogs
Again to dim the day: again her spells
With incantation foul eclipst the light
Of reason and religion: While the charm
Lasted, her Stygian Bacchanals she call'd,
Headed by Persecution and mad Zeal,
To pour destruction on her guiltless foes.
Forth from their native hell, the savage band,
With their associates bad, fell Cruelty,
Deceit, and many a lying wonder, came,
And ravag'd all before them. Now secure
And firmly fix'd upon her sable throne
Fell Superstition seem'd. Her pæan sung
O'er vanquish'd Truth, foretold eternal night,
And with redoubl'd witcheries she strove
The darkness to prolong. For many a moon
Her spells prevail'd; and now the world had sunk
In tenfold gloom, but full security
Engender'd pride; the old magician hop'd
In this dim twilight of the soul, to climb
Unnotic'd to the imperial height *, or seize
At least her noblest privilege, and reave

* Encroachment of the Papal upon the Imperial power, and the long contest between them, which ultimately tended to shake the fabric of superstition.

From the bright round of Cæsar's * diadem,
Its most distinguished gem. Her avarice
Betray'd her vile hypocrisy. At last
The northern Eagle rous'd, and shook his plumes
Tremendous: at the wafture of his wings
The clouds disperst that muffled up the dawn,
And day began to peer. The friends of light
And life again began to lift their heads,
Rous'd from their torpid trance; again the woods
Resounded with the rural Minstrelsie
That hail'd the coming day-star, as he rose
With healing in his wings. The messengers
Of Hades on their utmost limits, now
Thought to outface the dawn with Stygian frowns,
And turn th' affrighted charioteer of day
Back to his native East. But now the charm
Almost had spent its force, and only kept
Some small remains of magic influence,
With some pestiferous vapours fuming round
Th' horizon dim. Some phantoms yet were seen
To wander in the dubious dawn, and scowl
With smile infernal on the blessed beam.
Exulting Freedom, now at last, has found
Her best ally, Religion. Oft by foes
(Tho' seeming friends) to fatal errour led,
† She deem'd her an inveterate foe, and oft
With blinded frenzy, bent her utmost rage
Against a phantom by the Stygian spell
Of the old wizard skilfully disguis'd
In fair Religion's garb. Thus MULLA's bard
The ancient wiles of ARCHIMAGO sung
Against the Red-cross knight, whom, in the form

* The Emperor.

† Causeless prejudices entertained against religion, by the real or pretended friends to independence.

Of UNA fair the false DUESSA led
To foul misdeemings of his plighted spouse.
He thought her false, but soon a mightier hand
Baffled the charm, the slanders were dispell'd,
The Stygian imp that in her 'semblance long
With superstitious rites the world beguil'd,
Touch'd by her presence, like a shape of snow,
Or cloud-wrapt Phantom in a morning dream,
Evanish'd into nought. Thus FREEDOM saw
Religion's charms. He saw the wizard's wile
That long deceiv'd his sight. A suppliant now
He own'd her power, confest his sad mistake,
And courted reconcilement *; nor was she
Averse. Applauding angels in their orbs,
And heavenly choirs the Hymenean sung,
Join'd by a symphony of happy swains.
Instead of palaces and towns, the haunts
Of luxury, the happy woodlands saw
The blessed nuptials, and among the hinds
Their elder progeny was nurst, a race,
Manly, robust, and bold, for hardihood
Long celebrated, but uncultur'd, stern,
More from their father's rough austerity
Than from their mother's soft benevolence
And manners bland inheriting. But soon
A generous tendril on the savage stock
Ingrafted, from its vigour wild inhal'd
Due nourishment, which, mellow'd by the lapse
Of genial years, to coming times shall bear
Fruits worthy of paradise, if culture due,
The liberal breath of heaven, the chemic sun,
And timely showers, their friendly aid combine.

* Union of religion and liberty under some particular governments, and the mutual support they give each other.

THE SHEPHERDS OF LEBANON,

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

Objections against a Religion established by law, and teachers imposed by Government. Allegations in favour of elected pastors, from the consideration of the probable effects of a free choice on the pastors, the people, and the seminaries of learning. Defence of an Establishment, and an answer to the preceding arguments, from a recollection of the effects of a Democratic spirit at Athens in similar circumstances; and a direct appeal to its influence in more modern times.

And now, long sought amid the wilderness
Of this wide waste, at length the golden bough,
The passport to th' Elysian world, is found!
It blooms in sight! the Amaranthine flower
Which sprung of old beside the fount of life,
And scents the noisome air! but who shall bid
The fragrant stem, beneath the blasting change
Of this ungenial and uncertain clime,
Preserve its pristine bloom; what potent vows
Can bring the blessing down to bid it grow
As when it flourish'd fair in Eden's bowers?
Primæval zephyrs fann'd its tender leaves,
And whisper'd whence they stole the balmy sweets.
O blest Religion! thro' the various climes
Of earth, long wand'ring, oft despis'd, and poor,
By savages in shape of men pursu'd
With most inveterate malice; or carest
Enthron'd and sceptred by the fickle crowd
With transient adulation, 'till the foe *,

* Superstition.

The antient rival of thy reign, adorn'd
In borrow'd majesty, usurp'd thy seat,
Thy diadem and crozier, then in turn,
Spite of thy genuine charms, thine awful plea,
Thou wert believ'd th' impostor, and expell'd
From palaces and humble roofs alike;
While Superstition, with audacious brow
The lineal honours of thy name obtains,
And in thy name the prostrate nations fills
With deeds of violence and blood; whilst thou
Poor lonely anchoret! must bear the blame,
Exploded and revil'd; but Truth supports,
And gentle Hope the languid pilgrim chears.
But now the crisis comes, the crowd begins
To sicken at the sight, and spy at last
The hateful imposition; in their zeal
To fling away the pond'rous yoke, too oft
Licence and anarchy usurp the throne;
Their wak'd suspicions of th' usurper's guile
Affect the genuine heiress. * She who late
Her temporal dignity abus'd, and stain'd
Her ample jurisdiction, late bestow'd
By the incautious multitude, entails
Reproach upon the guiltless, doubts and fears
Unseemly, as unfounded. Hence they meet
The heavenly visitant (who comes to soothe
Their num'rous ills and lead them to the path
Of life,) with hard conditions: her, who late
A pilgrim roam'd, their parsimonious care
Would keep a pilgrim still, content to share
Her visits once a moon. *For ease might bring*
Security, and height again recall
High thoughts. Or, should the vestal still remain
Taintless of manners, as of old, the boon

* Superstition.

Of royalty and independant power
(Which by her birth she claims) again bestowed
Might tempt again some subtle delegate
To practise on her singleness of heart,
And play the tyrant in her name. Ye sons
Of Gaul*! ye generous, independant train
(Who, like the fabled progeny of earth
Started at once from infants into men,
And taught high Jove on his Olympian hill
At your tremendous altitude to quake)
By you these specious pleas are urged, by you
Who groaning long beneath the wild excess
Of temporal tyrants, and the Flamen's rod
(A double scourge!) with like excess perhaps
May hurry on to opposite extremes,
And steer upon the shoals you meant to shun:
Like Sylla, when he thought to quench the flame
Of discord and debate in conquer'd Rome
With deluges of Marian blood, that ting'd
The waves of Tiber to the Tuscan shore.
He was a master artist, and well knew
To amputate the limb, and save the life.
Ye too are skilful surgeons of the state;
But trust your *skill*, the gentle art employ
Of alterative medicines, nor attempt
With desperate hand to lop the limb away,
Until at least the creeping gangrene shew
The symptoms of still worse to come! ye joy
To see the mitre and the coronet
Depos'd, the splendid crozier in the dust,
Its gemmy lustre trampled on and soil'd
By base Plebeian feet. Your cause of joy
Is rational, for oft you felt its weight
On your bare shoulders laid with right good will,

* Written in 1790.

A most unconscionable load! But now
(While the wild hurricanes of passion pause)
Stand still, reflect, and weigh, before you fling
These venerable symbols (tho' abus'd
By tyranny) among the common mass
Of rubbish for th' exterminating flame!
Beware! lest for that angel LIBERTY
Ye worship LICENCE (a familiar fiend!
Which oft usurps her semblance:) she o'erturns
Whate'er is orderly or just, beneath
The fair pretext of reformation, made
The sanction to barbaric zeal, that spurns
What ancestry ador'd and bought with blood.
But now, a youthful delegate appears,
His fancy glowing with celestial scenes
Of all the virtues from their radiant orbs
Unspher'd, and led to live with man below,
Gilding the glooms of this sublunar scene,
Subliming every impulse, mixing deep
Th' imperishable principle of life
Immortal, with the patriot's noble thought.
He to this stage of mutability
Would give th' eternal tenor of those spheres
Where tragical reverse was never known;
Nor sad vicissitude, with baleful wing,
Arrives to blast their glory. Hear his plea
Upon the plausive crowd with all the zeal,
With all the well supported confidence,
Of full persuasion, urg'd! "As well might man
"Presume to tread his daily round of cares
"Without the ætherial gift of light, as live
"In the close contact of society
"Where all the passions germinate at large,
"(Oft a pernicious crop,) without the curb
"Of pure religion, heaven's peculiar boon!
"Without *her* sov'reign, intellectual beam,

" The source of inward light, th' elastic spring
" Of life, is but a fev'rous pulse, that beats
" With mortal symptoms. Even the blessed sun
" Without it, shines in vain, and yonder cope
" Æthereal (where in gay, romantic shapes
" And gaudy liv'ries clad, the vapours fleet
" With lavish art, with proud magnificence
" Built on the circling deep), were but a scene,
" An ample theatre for tragic deeds,
" And ruffian violence to range at large!—
" We know the value of the heavenly boon,
" We feel its influence! but wish to share
" Her blessings unsophisticate and pure;
" Not caudled for our taste with dregs terrene,
" Not filter'd thro' state engines 'till it comes
" To us, the vapid and exhausted *dregs*
" Of what it was! Or if it still retain
" Its purity, by indolence and pride
" Dispens'd, its holy UNCTION all is lost.
" Batt'ning in ease and plenty, by the state
" Without their care provided, oft perhaps
" By graces and accomplishments obtain'd,
" Not of the genuine apostolic stamp,
" Our pastors well endow'd, and arm'd by law,
" Secure the fleeces of the flock, and leave
" Their nourishment to hirelings. This, perhaps
" May seem exaggeration. Still the course
" Of things is hardly to this wretched ebb,
" This sad perversion of the noblest boon
" That ever blest the world, arriv'd,—we grant
" Th' apology in all its genuine force;
" Nay, we allow the present state of things
" Whate'er perfection ye may chuse to claim;
" Yet still, (the laws remaining as they are)
" Things have a *downward* tendency from good
" To bad, from bad to worse, by fate decreed.

" *Your* reverend pastors are not those of old,
" Chosen by their audience; but, with haughty hand,
" With all the weight of a proud hierachy
" (Enforc'd by legal sanction), on the flock,
" (The mute, obedient, slavish flock) impos'd.
" Their golden revenues upon the love
" Or the respect of those beneath their rule
" Depend not. To an higher power they lift
" The grateful eye; a power, whose voice is law.
" By the behest of law, as fancy sways,
" Or caprice, on his proud TRIUMPHAL car,
" The rich spoils of the decimated field,
" (If aught obstruct his claims) his delegates
" Can bear away.—Now, mark the consequence
" Of this disunion, when religion pleads
" For closer union, cordial amity
" And *single* interest, preserv'd with care
" Between the teacher and the taught—For him—
" It is not to be thought, not to be found
" In human nature, that a man, mere man,
" Would drudge to gain what, without toil or care
" Or common diligence, his genial star
" Already has bestow'd. Supinely stretch'd
" At leisure in the shade, the swain may pipe
" Or not, as likes him best, the sheering time
" Will come without his care, and in his stores
" Arcturus rising will behold the fleece
" Well pil'd; and hence he nothing has to mind
" Beneath the radiant sky, but bind his crook
" With flowers, or crown his locks that breathe perfume
" With garlands gay, or spend the summer suns,
" Or 'mongst the Oread or the Dryad train
" The Naiads or the nymphs of Dian's band,
" Or in the hippodrome, or circus tend
" The fortunes of the race; or in the bowl
" Of Comus drown reflection. This may seem

" A picture sketch'd beyond the size of truth,
" And with Gorgonean touches heighten'd far
" Above the decent limits that bespeak
" Order, and fair proportion—take we then
" The line which candour bids, and grant that all
" Or most, perform the duties of their charge
" With apostolic vigilance, and care
" That speaks the conscientious priest—the flock
" Will gain but little from his toils. For man,
" Such is his nature, so the hand divine
" Has mix'd the seeds of INDEPENDENCY
" With his first atoms, that he ne'er can learn
" With due emolument, a lesson taught
" By lips despotic, which superior power
" Without *his* vote, impos'd upon his choice,
" As a director of his life. The mind
" Repulsive, from the frore, narcotic touch
" Of such a tutor, all convolv'd, and cold,
" Shrinks, like the tendrils of the gentle plant
" That mimics life. But to the pastor's lore,
" Whom ITS OWN CHOICE endears, the mind expands.
" Its opening faculties in general blow
" All gratulant, receive the genial ray
" And flourish in the beam. *His* lessons seem
" Their *own;* from favour'd lips mellifluous sent,
" Like Hybla's dew they fall; whate'er applause
" He gains, redounds to *them:* Without a blush
" They praise their own sagacity, which spy'd
" Such worth, and rais'd it to the splendid sphere
" For which it seem'd design'd. Their lives reflect
" His lessons, for they deem them half their own;
" Such is our general nature, tho' it seems
" All ductile to pursue, whatever leads
" The choice to good or ill; yet here a tint
" Of salutary, stern, repulsive pride
" Is given us at our birth, which whispers still

" *To follow our own reason, and the choice*
" *Our heart approves, nor suffer to be led*
" *Like mere automatons, who boast no will,*
" *No freedom of their own.* 'Tis hence, we spurn
" At counsel, when all undisguis'd it comes
" In the stern shape of precept; for to us
" Precept implies superiority,
" And that, contempt. But, when, in close disguise
" Of adulation, or th' embroider'd mask
" Of flowery fiction, to our hearts it finds
" An easy way; or, if it be convey'd
" So as to seem our own, the due result
" Of our own sapience, then, and not till then,
" It gains its end upon the ductile mind,
" (Self-gratulant) with heart-felt energy,
" And wins the man entire. A noble growth
" Of clust'ring virtues, on an alien stock
" Of pride engrafted by a skilful hand,
" * Raise high their flourish'd heads, and fume the air
" With pure Elysian scents. An end like this
" To gain by generous policy, would crown
" The legislator with a wreath unworn
" By modern sage or old, and this to gain
" No deep investigation needs, no search
" Into the venerable, musty rolls
" Of antientry, to find what methods rais'd
" Athens and Rome to their meridian heighth
" Of glory: this great cause, and this alone,
" The former rais'd, and bade her take the lead
" Alike in scientific lore, and arts
" That sweeten or embellish life. On them
" No master was impos'd, no sophist there
" A slave of state, with delegated hand

* Milton.

" Pointed the path of life, or op'd the stores
" Of wisdom to th' enlighten'd mind. But CHOICE,
" Election free, and uncontroll'd as air,
" Sagacious, and as vivid as the glance
" Of Heaven's own light'ning, pierc'd the yielding crowd,
" Rous'd up the kindred spirit, and at once
" Evok'd it forth to mount the public stage,
" And deal around the intellectual boon.
" Hence, ne'er was merit overlook'd and lost
" Among that race, nor from the modest head
" Presumption snatch'd the falling wreath, and wore
" The ill-beseeming honours. Hence the mind
" Of the rais'd public, with keen appetite
" Imbib'd the lessons by her FAVOURITE given,
" The man of her election. Hence, their fame
" In every art and science, o'er the world
" Wafted on every wind. For, once awak'd
" By some grand theme, th' elastic mind extends
" With ease to others, till its angel grasp
" Spans the wide universe. * Ye tranquil groves
" Of Academus! hail! Ye bowery seats
" Of Science, hail! No more in idle dreams,
" Or sunk in formless ease, ingenuous youth,
" Meant for the awful Evangelic charge
" Shall waste the long probationary moons
" Beneath your solemn scenery! lo! the gale
" The salutary gale Etesian blows,
" Which from your cloister'd glooms shall purge away
" The long collected damp, that sickens life
" And smothers science! From your lazy haunts
" No more the hand pontific now shall call
" His sleek-fed favourites for the awful charge
" Of souls, as caprice or as chance directs.—
" The voice of nations, as the sound of seas

* Influence of clerical election on academical education.

" Asserts their sovereign claim! prepare! prepare!
" And trim the midnight lamp! nor at the hour
" Of fervid noon repose! collect the wealth
" Of ages in your minds! Your reasoning powers
" Employ in just arrangement! Then away
" To public haunts, where expectation stands
" On tiptoe, till the * power that shakes the soul
" Awakes her sleeping thunders! There exert
" Your Ciceronian gifts—for lo! the voice
" Of public favour or rejection comes,
" Comes in the breeze, which soon shall sweep away
" The useless chaff, and leave the golden grain.
" Thrice happy ages! when the peoples' voice
" Bestow'd the stamp of merit and the palm
" Of genuine worth, unprejudic'd and pure
" From every selfish aim, or secret cause
" That warps the mind! Even Gaul obeys the charm,
" Feels how it opens all the soul, and gives
" The active powers, a more elastic spring
" Above controll or fear, exertions grand
" And various!—Be the people free to chuse
" Their pure dispensers of heaven's choicest boon,
" (The awful dictates of eternal truth)
" Soon would our consecrated domes resound
" With voices more than human! Other PAULS
" Would single from the multitude, and deal
" Their fulminations round, would rouse the spark
" Dormant within, and bid the flame expand
" A conflagration of pure godly zeal!"
The willing Muse to this exalted theme
Could give her chearful verdict. She could tell
What recent glory from the union sprung
Even in the rear of this degenerate age.
She too could mount the monsoons, and, above

* Eloquence.

The broad Atlantic borne on sounding wing,
Could tell the unsuppressive might of soul
That scorn'd subjection to the mental yoke
And crost the world-dividing surge, to shun
The trammels of the pontiff. She could sing
How when their intellectual liberty
Her exiles gain'd, they scorn'd to bend the neck
To mortal despots, or obey the laws
They had not join'd in general vote to frame.
She too could tell, how, (like two fuel'd mines
That under some tall mount, in pillar'd pride
Meet in mid gloom, till by collision wak'd
Or casual falling of some fated spark
They send the shatter'd fabric to the moon
In loud displosion thund'ring wide around)
Thus oft religious *zeal* and *liberty*
In their dread combination shook the globe,
And flung the rich materials far abroad,
Which to the renovated surface gave
Another aspect, bright with vernal charms.
But yet, let man abstain, nor dare to mix
These strong ingredients with unskilful hand;
Let him not wake the crowd's ungovern'd zeal,
Nor 'midst the settled calm of antient peace
Call the dread power of innovation down,
Unfixing old foundations, lest the flaw
Bear in its rage the formless wreck away,
Or dire convulsive storms unhinge the state,
And lay its orders all in havoc round;
As when fanatic rage of old awoke
And dealt destruction thro' her sainted shrines.
See old Experience * shakes his hoary locks,

* It may be objected, that from the instance of the PAULICIANS given in the first part, it appears that an established hierarchy is in its nature inimical to religious and moral improvement, *at all times, and in all circumstances*; but this is founded on a supposition

And, with a glance that chills untimely zeal,
Like lurid Winter, when he looks askance
On Autumn's golden hopes, expands at large

that the state of society, in a moral point of view, requires that a door should be opened for endless innovation, which is but another name for universal scepticism. As the question is not with unbelievers, but with professed christians, it is clear that, if revelation be the standard of orthodoxy, there is no danger now (when its doctrines are open to all) that the secular power in giving a religion necessary protection, should turn to ecclesiastical tyranny, when universal toleration, and the liberty of the press mutually support each other. Public teachers should have the same interests with the state: this may not be the case of those who depend upon popular election. Besides, the temptation they are under to pervert the scriptures, and flatter human depravity, what obligation are they under, to prevent their broaching the most dangerous political opinions both in pamphlets and sermons? Instances of this are too recent, and too alarming, to be soon forgotten. As our constitution is secured on one side by the strength of the executive power, and on the other, by the privileges of the people; so, by analogy the church, (as that signifies the general system of belief and practice) is supported on one side by the independency of our pastors and on the other, by the free circulation of sentiment, (under the control of parliament,) and its gradual influence on the public mind.

Much may be urged, in defence of popular elections, from a variety of cases, and instances may be given in which this mode is not only found perfectly innocent, but even beneficial. But I apprehend, these cases may be reduced under the following heads: 1st, where a number of small republics or cantons are connected together by a common legislature, composed of members chosen *from* or *by* their respective assemblies: and here it is plain, that teachers are under a double restriction; any dangerous innovator, will in the first instance be controlled, by the assembly of his *respective* canton; or if a new sect shall be enabled to spread their new theological or political opinions through some obscure district, they are still under the control of the *general* legislature; whereas, in extensive monarchies, or undivided republics, the dissemination of mischievous doctrines of either kind, (i. e. where there is no established hierarchical subordination,) may, before the legislature is aware, acquire such force, as that the national council itself, will be obliged to fall into the vortex. It is an argument against re-

His long historic rolls, with symbols dire
And mystic characters of fate inscribed;
Disasters of revolving suns, that warm'd

publics in *general*, that this order may be reversed, and that, a popular member of an assembly, (where the legislature and executive powers are lodged in the same hands,) may start some novel, and plausible opinion, which however pernicious in its consequences, may be adopted, in a hurry, and forced upon the nation at the point of the bayonet.

The popular election of pastors, may in a *second* instance appear less dangerous to public welfare, in its general tendency; when its native innovating spirit is kept at bay, by the counteraction of established teachers; in that case, when the two parties are nearly of equal numbers, their emulation in point of diligence, and strict morality, may produce very desirable effects. Something analogous to this was the case of Rome, when on the first admission of the Plebeians, to public honours, they and the Patricians vied with each other in public virtue, and the result was, the most astonishing exertion of real patriotism. But when the popular teachers get the ascendency, so far as they did in the days of the *solemn league and covenant*, or when two bodies of sectaries join their forces together against the state, then the most pernicious consequences, have been felt and extended not only to the church but to every branch of the state.

A *third* instance may occur, when the poverty of a state precludes any decent provision by establishment for the clergy; in that case, as their provision depends upon the people, it will be only a bare competence, and they will have small temptation to leave the humble line of parochial duty; for there is no ample provision to excite that envy or nourish that ambition, which is natural to man, when he sees what he deems equal, or perhaps inferior, merit in the enjoyment of superior emolument.

But it may be asked—and it will be triumphantly asked, where is the necessity of such ample emoluments to the clergy? To this, I conceive, an easy and obvious answer may be given—the middle ranks of society preserve the balance between the highest order and the lowest, and give stability to the constitution. In this rank, therefore, it is necessary, that a very large proportion of virtue and respectability should find a place. It is of high importance to the common interest, that a body of men should be found in this order, who, from their education, and the nature of their function, should be peculiarly obliged to pay a regard to the best interests

Ages long past. And with a warning voice
Authoritative, bids the soaring soul
Of Public Spirit leave her giant range
Amid her kindred stars, and deign at length
In humbler sphere to move, within the bounds
Of general life, or by the cool restraint
Of prudence kept in awe. He marks those ills
Which from unbounded liberty arise;
And from past errors, with a sapient look,
Prognosticates the future. "Sons of earth!"
(He says,) "I see and I commend your zeal
"Which bids you struggle for a nobler post,
"And claim the native dignity allow'd
"To your immortal faculties, sublim'd
"By virtue, and by freedom! Heavenly boons!
"Their value well I know—And much I wish
"(As each on other always has bestow'd
"The surest aid) that *both* could be secur'd;

of society. The benefits of a liberal education, they neither can enjoy themselves, nor communicate to others, without a liberal provision secured by law. The body of established clergy answer this description; without a mixture of such men among the middle ranks of the laity, it is hard to calculate in the present state of society, how far corruption and depravity of manners might spread, or how long civilization, literature, and even morality, might be preserved amongst us. From the nature of their vocation, the clergy are obliged to set a good example, and it is probable, at least, that in the education of their families, they will attend in a peculiar manner to the improvement of the mind and the formation of the morals, by the precepts of religion. If the influence of religion be of importance to society, here is a provision made, by which in all human probability, a succession will be kept up of men who form a large and respectable proportion of society, and whose example must be extensive and salutary, as far as a proper attention has been paid to their education; it must however, be allowed, that the due circulation of these advantages, depends in a great measure on the conduct of those, who have the superintendence of our ecclesiastical establishments.

" For neither is secure alone. Too oft
" Alas! these aged eyes have wept to see
" Some fiery spirits, eager in the chase
" Of the fair mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,
" Who knew to seize, but knew not how to hold
" The heavenly stranger, at the near approach
" Of sin's pestiferous vapour soon alarm'd,
" Nor less, at every littleness of soul
" Disgusted. To your minds again recall
" The fate of Athens, and the dark degrees
" By which she fell; how in her glorious morn
" Grew that dark spot which dim'd her future day,
" Even when her democratic spirit soar'd
" To most exalted height. With trembling hope
" The demagogue, (tho' kindling with the flame
" Of public love) his periods learn'd to weigh,
" And poise his thunders ere he launch'd them forth
" Before that awful tribunal (whose ear
" Nor thought incongruous, nor discordant tone
" E'er with impunity assail'd,) to gain
" The plaudit of Plebeians, hardly won.
" Nor less by kindred emulation led
" The sophists labour'd to obtain the palm
" Of reasoning, and of deep research. Before
" Their Attic judges, sect with sect engag'd
" In conflict, while to each they gave the boon
" Of audience in succession. But, alas!
" In this perpetual vertigo of thought
" Where sentiment to sentiment oppos'd,
" In dubious combat met, amidst the shock
" Of warring arguments, where specious art
" Adorn'd the forms of fallacy, in guise
" Like truth itself; then, even the judge forgot
" His place and purpose, and to these, or those,
" Partial and wav'ring, lent the crown by turns.
" Or in his dotage, with degenerate palm

" The sensual bribe receiv'd, and for the herd
" Of Epicurus gave the last award.
" Affronted Reason left the dark'ned scene,
" And LIBERTY to LICENCE gave the throne,
" And with her kindred virtues, fled to heaven.
" Then oh! permit not to the general voice
" Th' election of the reverend tribe, ordain'd
" To teach the dictates of eternal truth.
" It gives to specious, or dishonest arts
" An inlet wide. Ambition then would strive
" With the deep charm of novelty to mix,
" And taint the heavenly boon, to gain a name,
" Or viler arts will make the holy word
" A pandar to the passions."
" This to us
" (The advocate for boundless freedom cries)
" Applies not. By the venerable code
" (Delivered by the eternal word) we try
" The spirit of our teachers. This of old
" To Athens was deny'd. No standard there
" But reason (often fallible) was lent
" The dark profound of falsehood to explore,
" And disenvolve the toils of sophistry.
" Hence, blindfold all, teachers and taught, alike
" They wander'd on the verge of endless night,
" Till the bright harbinger of mental day
" Upon the nations dawn'd."
Even since the sun
Of righteousness with healing in his wings
Arose, how many have profan'd his light
Or, ting'd by falsehood, thro' their magic prisms
Convey'd it to the nations? When these isles
As yet unvisited by papal arts,
Their venerable teachers' lore enjoyed,
A simple race, but faithful, long they liv'd
In gospel light, but in a fatal hour

Rome's hirelings came, and to the gaping crowd
The mould'ring bones of their pretended saints,
By some fictitious miracle preserv'd
For ages past, display'd. From mute respect
They fell to worship, while the juggling priest
Extoll'd his patron's merits in a strain
Of heavenly seeming zeal. Nor left forgot
His influence on the counsels of the sky;
A powerful intercessor *He*, when won
Their aspirations to present before
The seat of mercy. Soon, his aid to gain,
To superstitious cares and blandishments,
To *him* address't, they chang'd their simple rites,
And learn'd in such observances to trust
Above the virtues of a blameless life.
  On the gross multitude by arts as gross
(Broad glaring frauds, if any eye had mark'd
The fraud) their ends these old impostors gain'd,
And from their fixt allegiance won the crowd
To put their trust in Rome. But much more strong
Tho' subtler is the texture, which entwines
Their sons! Almost too fine for common eyes,
Scarce to the feeling palpable, it cheats
The sight and touch at once. Beneath the mask
Of sanctity, the multitude is lur'd
With golden dreams and tales of rapturous joys
Unfelt, and visionary gleams of bliss
Unseen; the wild enthusiast's darling test.
And oftentimes, the quick malignant shaft
Of obloquy, with keen invective gall
Envenom'd, at the *appointed swain* they dart
Who tends the flock, and with paternal care
Leads them the rugged path he treads himself
To promis'd joys. On him the hated name
Of HIRELING they bestow; because the law

Securing *his* subsistence, gives him thence
Upright integrity, unapt to soothe
The passions of the multitude with tales
Of *meritorious faith* that wafts the soul
Direct to heaven, and scorns the feeble aid
Of poor, despised morality. The law
Which gives him *independence*, thence bestows
Authority (if he perform his task)
To bid his precepts on their ductile minds
Sink deep, and long remain. But he who trusts
To popular applause, must learn to soothe
Th' elector for his vote, by arts, well known
To each successful candidate. What tho'
For him the Gallic vintage does not flow
Round the gay Bacchanalian shire, to buy
The curule chair? what tho' the fuming feast,
No venal voices buys for him? No less
The flowing period and mimetic start,
His transports and his zeal, intoxicate
The deep fermenting mind. Not yon fair star
Which rolls the tides, and on the seething brain
Stamps with a strange and wonder-working spell
Demonian visions, rules the frantic mind
With more despotic sway, than he who deals
Ideal portions of heaven's spirit round,
And opens the celestial sluice at will,
"Or shuts the gates of mercy on mankind."
But, are there some whose mental energy
Repells the Syren pest with manly scorn?
To them, with other arts, with other wiles
The Flamens of the populace apply.
Sly Masqueraders! in another shape
They gain their votes, no more enthusiasts now,
* But cool, deliberate sophists; they pervert

* Priestley and his followers.

And warp the holy evangelic word.
Its awful doctrines they deny, or change,
To soothe the speculative pride of man;
Deny the FALL and RANSOM; nay, debase
The fiery essence of the human soul,
(Which ranges thro' creation, and connects
Things present, past and future) with the clod
Material, which we tread, as best befits
Their views of glory, or of gain. Is then
The state to suffer obloquy, which chose
Beneath the hierarchal rule to curb
Such hurtful wand'rings? She forbids the crowd
Of pastors in their flocks at large to trust
For food and raiment to reward their toil.
For well she knew, what ills would thence arise
Which oft have shaken, oft again may shake,
The public weal. The demagogue, whose all
Upon the populace depends, must soothe
The populace, or all his labours lose;
'Tis not the plain and awful precept given
Beneath the FIAT of the state, will serve,
(They have their simple fare each sabbath morn
And scorn it) but a rhapsody of grace
Effectual, *overpowering* grace, well tim'd
Well *tun'd*, the FULL ASSURANCE of the saints
Above temptation, scorning chance or change,
Insisted on with zeal, will gain the hearts
Even of the seeming sober man and maid.
Such are the men, on whom the lot would fall,
(For such are public favourites of the crowd)
From press and pulpit. While the legal sons
Of unsophisticated gospel lore,
(The pupils of the fathers) are contemn'd
As obsolete. But cease advent'rous muse!
Thou tread'st on smother'd fires, enough for me
This rude preamble.—Some superior hand
Perhaps may touch the master chords in time.

THE WARNING.

No longer cry " I vow I'll leave you!"
You deceive you,
  If you think to fright me so;
Let the whining silly lover
Fears discover,
  No such fears my breast can know.

Never will I, crown'd with willow,
On my pillow,
  Sadly sighing, lay my head;
Nor sing, inspiring scorn or pity,
Many a ditty,
  Mourning for a false one fled.

While the vows you freely plighted
Are unslighted,
  Constant ever will I be;
But if once, the rover playing,
You are straying,
  Truer loves shall solace me!

R. A. D.

THE LOVER OF NATURE.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

DARK on my view the evening landscape lowers,
And drear the woods that clothe yon distant hills,
Embosoming the valley! On yon cliff
Th' old castle frowns defiance, as if still
Its walls some siege were battering, and the storm
Of war, rung shrilly on its jutting towers,
Mishapen, and moss-turretted! The winds
Through the rent battlements strange music make,
In mystic echoes, breathing soft or loud,
As 'twere some spirit harping! But the stream,
Below glides tranquil, as though not a breath
Stirred on its surface.
And lo! how yon long line of silver light
Stretches athwart the waste and fallows brown,
In bright, transparent, tints, marking distinct
The village-church and hamlet. Lovely scene!
Well might your warm and brilliant contrasts charm
The eye of him, who on the dazzling heap
Of hoarded gold, with joyless luxury, gloies,
Or ransacks Ocean's bed, and Earth's deep womb,
For costly gems, or glittering ores; him too,
Who on the tints of Claude, or Raphael's forms,

Gazes, in silent rapture. But can Art
With Nature vie, or so enchant the mind,
By Fashion's fopperies unsophisticate,
As her grand scenery? Come then with me,
And let us view her awful shrine, and pierce
Her dark recesses, the wild, wizard haunts
Of Inspiration: then shalt thou behold,
And learn to prize that which is truly great;
Then shalt thou know and feel, how sweet it is
To walk with Nature 'midst her boundless reign,
To muse, her lonely votary, and to live,
As though the world, its broad, and bending shores,
Its mountains, vallies, and resounding streams,
And all the pomp and pageantry of heaven,
Were made for *thee alone*, to soothe and charm
Thy pensive thought: nor *selfish* such delight
Nor the effect of narrow Ignorance:
For what can so expand the heart, and wake
Generous emotions, as the love of thee,
Benignant Nature? What can fill the soul,
Or elevate it with such transports high
Of pure enjoyment? Intellectual feast!
Banquet of mind! therefore will I not cease
To woo thee, Goddess! At thy hallowed shrine
Oft will I hang garlands of freshest flowers,
And 'midst the solemn sanctuary of woods,
'Midst rocks abrupt, and murmuring water-falls,
Rear thee an altar. Thither oft shall come
Some young enthusiast, by rapt Fancy led,
To meditate the Muse's lofty theme:
There shall he gaze upon thy mystic form,
Insatiate. Not alone thy features mild,
The soft blue sky, green mead, and silvery stream,
The zephyr's gentle sigh, the breath of flowers,

Their fragrance and their bloom; not these alone
Shall thrill his throbbing breast: he shall exult
To list the voice of storms, when the broad main
Is maddened into fury. The deep roar
Of warring winds and waves shall calm his soul;
Cradled in Nature's lap, her wildest scenes,
And most terrific shall have charms for him,
And like the infant who, with wistful gaze,
Beholds its mother, he shall smile, or weep,
With untaught passion, and mild sympathy.

SONG.

Why declare how much I love thee?
Words may feebly tell a part;
Let a stronger language move thee,
Every throb that heaves my heart.

Would'st thou hear a lover's story?
Listen to each whispering sigh;
Would'st thou know how I adore thee?
Mark the homage of mine eye.

Be these revealers of my passion,
Let them plead for love and me,
And tell, on every dear occasion,
All I think, and feel for thee.

Feigned love may soothe and flatter,
And betray with words of art:
Mine can boast a nobler nature,
It seeks to speak from heart to heart!

Edinburgh. A. M.

PART OF THE 7th ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE TRANSLATED.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

As breezes from the southern main
Disperse the clouds and cleanse the air,
Nor always bring descending rain,
But sometimes settled calm and fair.

So, Plancus, with the grape's soft juice
Should you the toils of life dispel,
Whether the glitt'ring camp you chuse,
Or at your shady Tibur dwell.

When Teucer from his father fled,
His native land, and Gods forsook,
He crown'd with poplar wreaths his head,
And in his hand the goblet took.

And, "Come, said he, my noble friends,
Where Fortune leads, we'll boldly on;
Fortune, will make us full amends
For all that Telamon has done.

"'Tis Teucer leads, let none despair;
The destin'd spot before us lies,
Where great Apollo's priests declare,
Another Salamis shall rise.

" Then wisely snatch the precious now,
We've oft endur'd severer sorrow;
Let wine to day, unbend each brow,
And bie away for sea to morrow."

THE AMULET.

Young Henry sate in Julia's bower
And bent to Beauty's witching power;
A magic Talisman he brought,
Charm'd to enchain the roving thought;
And Julia fix'd her eye of jet
On Henry's mystic Amulet.

A dove which held a bleeding heart,
A rose-bud glow'd in mimic art,
" In that fair rose, thy emblem see!
" In that fond bird, O think of me!
" Should you my faithful love forget
" Look on this little Amulet."

The rose, all sad and drooping, now
Hangs withering on its parent bough;
The Dove has dropt the bleeding heart,
Regardless of the seeking smart.—
O that the Maiden could forget
Young Henry and his Amulet.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE FIRM RESOLUTION.

Yes, you may sigh, and pout, and fret!
Vain are your efforts to secure me;
For since, at last, I've broke the net,
There's nothing shall again allure me.

Not the dark lustre of those eyes,
At once so brilliant and so tender,
Though by each glance a lover dies,
Shall make my heart its peace surrender.

Nor care I for those coral lips,
Nor checks suffus'd with blushes roseal,
Though he who tastes them surely sips
Of more, far more, than sweets ambrosial.

So free am I, that even thy voice,
Whose tones might charm the angry ocean,
And bid the soul of woe rejoice,
Wakes in my breast no wild emotion.

I'll not be snar'd by any wile
That once before in bondage brought me,
Ah! idle boast! that witching smile,
That witching smile again has caught me!

R. A. D.

TO BERTRAM MITFORD, ESQ.
OF MITFORD CASTLE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

MEMORIALS fair of ancient time,
Thy moss-grown turrets rise sublime;
They tell a tale of days long by,
And pomp and pride of Chivalry.
From yonder castle-steep around
The Norman Barons sternly frown'd,
For Normans rul'd those massy walls,
And feasted in De Mitford's halls.
In feudal power and haughty state,
The martial Chieftains proudly sate;
The hapless vassals of the land
They swayed with unrelenting hand,
Faithful, yet murmuring, still they moved,
All were obeyed, and none beloved.
How different now! the feudal day
Lives only in the minstrel's lay;
Save in some cot, by the pale beam
That quivers on fair Wansbeck's stream,
Tradition, still, at evening hour,
Exerts her half expiring power:

Tells of the wrongs their fathers bore,
Exulting tells, those wrongs are o'er,
With blessings crown the circling tale,
For Mitford rules in Mitford Vale.

May 23, 181 .

BURLESQUE EPITAPH

ON A VERY BEAUTIFUL BUT HIGH SPIRITED LADY.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RUSSEL.

Here, underneath, inclos'd in wood,
Lies Mary, wife of Doctor Clark;
Her face was fair, her spirit good,
But death has laid them in the dark.

Oh! Sexton, should it be thy fate,
When time has moulder'd this her stone,
To light upon that uncouth pate,
Which once in pride of beauty shone;

Shed, prithee Sexton, shed a tear,
In memory of her sex's merit;
But gently use her bones, for fear
You chance to rouse her sleeping spirit.

THE SNOW-DROP.

TO ELIZA.

FLED is the storm, and hush'd the blast,
Rude Winter's sullen frown is past;
Again the murmuring streamlets play,
And chilling snows dissolve away.
But cold and mournful is the breeze
That whispers thro' the leafless trees;
Joyless and drear the faded bower,
Listless and dull the languid hour,
When peeping from its humble bed,
The Snow-drop lifts its lowly head.
While yet the zephyr's breath is chill,
And angry clouds are low'ring still,
Ere yet the primrose pale appears,
Or Cuckoo's voice the valley cheers,
It comes! the harbinger of spring
It comes! the tidings dear to bring
That summer, and her smiling train,
Again shall gladden all the plain;
And verdure deck the leafless trees,
And fragrance swell the sighing breeze,
And ev'ry sweet, and blooming flower
Again shall dress the faded bower.

Thus when Affliction's hand unkind
Has fill'd with care the youthful mind,
With clouds obscured soft Pleasure's ray,
And stolen ev'ry joy away;
The tender visions of the breast,
By doubts, by chilling fears, opprest
Have perish'd by the breath of care,
As blossoms die in wintry air;
'Tis then, amid this wild of woe,
Where not a flow'ret dares to blow,
Slow rising from its cheerless bed
HOPE! like the snow drop lifts its head,
And, glitt'ring sweet in sorrow's tears,
Smiling amid the wild appears:
It comes! in beauty's soft array
To chase the shades of grief away;
It comes, to hush the murm'ring sigh,
And fill with smiles the tear-dim'd eye;
To lull to peace the troubled breast,
And bid each anxious sorrow rest.

ELIZA, though thy placid way
Content has bless'd with smiling ray,
And love and friendship's mingled beam
Play sweetly on Life's tranquil stream,
Yet Life is but an April day;
A sullen cloud, a cheering ray,
Their fitful course alternate wing,
And tears and smiles alternate bring!—
A time *may* come when fate's rude frown
Thy happy path in tears may drown;
And thou may'st taste the cup of woe,
The bitter lot of all below.
But yet, when sorrow shall invade,
And ev'ry tender pleasure fade,

When care shall nip the bud of joy,
And all the bosom's sweets destroy;
Though Hope may droop in Sorrow's hour,
Like violets in the summer shower;
Oh! never may the flower divine
A moment quit its sainted shrine;
Nor sink beneath the sky o'ercast;
Nor perish in the chilling blast;
But when the wintry storm has fled,
Uprear again its drooping head;
And, glistning sweet in sorrow's tear,
Smiling amid the wild appear.

* WHISTON BRISTOW.

EPIGRAM

ON AN AVARICIOUS QUACK.

Crowds of patients ev'ry hour
Sordid Galen's aid demand,
And guineas, without ceasing, shower
Into his still-extended hand.

Yet those he takes he dares not spend;
But to his useless heap still heaps them!
Say, who's the greatest fool, my friend,
You who *give*, or *he* who *keeps* them?

S. W. L.

* A volume of Poems, by the author of "the Snow-drop," is now in the Press.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A FIT OF ILLNESS.

THE lark, the cheerful harbinger of day
  Calls from refreshing sleep the vig'rous swain,
The balmy breath of incense-breathing May
  Brings life and fragrance to the world again.
"But not for me the lark ascends and sings,"
  But not for me the balmy spring returns,
The Zephyrs bear no healing on their wings,
  And every sighing gale of summer mourns.
Around my couch, to Fancy's tortured eyes,
  The shapeless visions of disease advance,
Unholy forms in dread succession rise,
  And Death terrific shakes his shadowy lance,
Strike, tyrant! Strike! my wearied soul release,
This feverish being end, and give my spirit peace.

R. L. E.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.

BY R. P. GILLIES, ESQ.

How wild thy woodlands, Autumn, all inrolled
In the dense canopy of vapours white;
Save when a transient gleam of partial light
Rests on the trembling foliage of gold!
But now, fair morn advances; and behold!
The wild deer sporting slowly come in view,
The silent groves are hung with chrystal dew,
And rising beams their brighter tints unfold.
While the glad hunter wakes the cheering horn,
And the loud echoes o'er the mountain swell,
Pensive I wander through the leaf-strown dell,
And hear the music o'er the forest borne,—
With tears I bid the falling leaves farewell,
And for the year's departing splendours mourn.

SONNET

TO THE REV. JOHN BLACK.

BY THE SAME.

THROUGH the dim forest's leafy walks I stray,
  Enlivened still by fancy's glowing light,
  While fall the deepening shades of thoughtful night,
And the last sunbeam slowly melts away——
O then, when heavenly gleams around me play!
  What angels smile! what transport seems to glow!
  But "all at once," alas! the "wond'rous show,"
Fades, like the short-lived tints of dying day!—
With me, thus onward flows unceasing time
  In dreams, that scarce are seen before they fly;
Whilst thou, O friend! pursuest the path sublime
  That leads to Glory's bright abode on high,
Where thy own TASSO points the radiant way,
Whose call thy kindred genius hastens to obey.

SONNET

TO A FAVOURITE AUTHOR.

BY THE SAME.

It is not city toil, or worldly pride,
That suits the workings of my weary mind,
It is on these green banks to lie reclin'd,
Or wander slowly by the river's side:
O thou, to whom I feel as if allied,
Whose lay has cheered my lonely pilgrimage,
Once more, let me unfold thy glowing page,
'Mid the deep shelter of this forest wide.
With thee, awhile, be mine to mark the glow,
Of Evening on the northern hills decay;—
To watch the gradual shadows deeper grow,
As Twilight's purple radiance melts away!
Still BARD OF WOOTTON *! thine inchanting lay
Heightens each joy that nature's charms bestow.

* Sir Egerton Bridges.

SONNET

WRITTEN BY MOONLIGHT.

BY THE SAME.

Once more, I woo the fragrant galès of night,
Once more behold the beams of Twilight rest
In the broad river's clear and tranquil breast,
And watch the trembling rays of fading light.
Their soothing tints my lonely steps invite
Through the deep woodland's dark and mazy way,
Where Fancy's lovely form is seen to stray,
Weaving the wild flowers into garlands bright.
"With eager thought" I mark the sombre dress,
That slowly steals o'er all the woodland scene:
But lo! to cheer each grove and dim recess,
The full-orb'd moon appears with ray serene,
And with new charms my wondering sight to bless,
The Fairies lead their revels on the green!

SONNET

TO IANTHE.

Loveliest and best belov'd, sever'd from thee
How oft the lagging hours I sorely chide;
And murmur "when, ô when, shall e'er I see
—" My sweet Ianthé, mine and Beauty's pride?"
At opening morn I wish for even-tide;
When evening comes, "return, ô morn, I cry!"
And still I think, though from afar descried,
Could I but see thy home I less should sigh:
For I might fancy that my straining eye
Saw thee fond musing on thine absent love.
Oft, too, I say, sad gazing on the sky,
"O were but mine the pinions of the dove,
How soon, Ianthé, should thy soothing strains
In sweet oblivion lull my cares and pains!"

1800. R. A. D.

SONNET

TO A FRIEND.

AVAILS it ought, my friend, with ceaseless care,
Firmly the path of rectitude to tread,
The sternest frowns of angry Fate to bear,
With mind unaw'd, unchang'd by slavish dread?
Still, like the constant shadow, Envy pale,
And sneering Scorn, and ruffian Hate pursue;
Still Slander whispers her malignant tale,
And paints her victim of the darkest hue.
Yes, it avails! in innocence secure,
The heart, though bleeding at the touch of woe,
Can taste a bliss more exquisite and pure,
Than proud triumphant Guilt shall ever know;
Can, spite of all its banded foes, rejoice;
Sweet is the spirit's self-approving voice!

1796. E. A. D.

SONNET.

LET the dull wretch, to each fine feeling cold;
The pamper'd son of Luxury and Pride;
The miser, brooding o'er his hoarded gold;
Still with unfeeling arrogance deride
The votaries of the lyre, to Heaven allied.
What tho' your merit Fate oppressive wrongs,
Yet, sons of Genius, cease to mourn your doom!
To you the Muse's cheering smile belongs; [gloom,
Her power shall guide you thro' life's mournful
And save your glories from the oblivious tomb:
When the mean, sordid tribe shall rest in earth,
Their graves unnotic'd, and forgot their name;
Of those they scorned the Muse shall tell the worth,
And down to endless ages spread the fame.

1795. N. A. D.

SONNET

TO THE EVENING BREEZE.

ALONE at evening I pursue my way
Up the dark side of yon deserted hill;
There while creation reats so awful still,
The breath of evening yet around will play:
Sweet is its breath! Ah diff'rent from that gay
That sunny breeze that lately lov'd to fill
Each freshened valley, and to soothe each rill
Pierc'd with the hot effulgence of mid-day.
Sweet wind of twilight sad and chill thou art,
Soothing to him that wanders all alone,
Sent from dark hills that lately saw depart
The orb of splendour from his burning throne:
Surely thou seem'st, and well I ween thou art,
The sigh of nature for her darling gone.

Edinburgh. W. H.

SONNET

TO THE SUN.

CHILD of a day, though great without compeer
Thou ridest triumphant, blazing through the sky,
As that fair flower that falls when frost is near,
So too, at last, thy glories all shall die.
Then when the Seraphs in the Highest's name
Shall speak destruction through the trump of woe,
And earth enveloped in a sheet of flame
Join'd with the stars shall seek the gulf below;
Thou! thou thyself, from out thy centre hurled,
Through shattered nature then shalt take thy way,
And far and wide thy flaming locks unfurl'd
Scorch up the whole with an excess of day—
But sink at last. The innocent, the just,
Alone shall spring triumphant from the dust.

Edinburgh. W. E.

SONNET

ON THE ABSENCE OF A FRIEND, SERVING IN THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

FREDERIC, full often as I sit alone
  Musing on thee, my soul is overcast;
  And, fancy-scar'd, in every passing blast
Methinks I hear of death the hollow groan.
I see thee stretch'd in anguish on the plain,
  The spoil and victim of unpitying foes; [flows,
  While from each wound in streams the life-blood
And thy faint voice calls on thy friend in vain!
Sad fears! which though my better spirit chides,
  I lack the power to banish from my breast:
  Alas! by sickness and by pain oppressed,
My weary heart but ill thine absence bides.
But I will yet be calm, and trust that HE
The gracious LORD OF ALL, shall watch o'er thee.

1797. S. A. D.

SONNET

TO RELIGION.

WHAT solemn sounds now burst upon mine ear?
Hark! 'tis the pealing organ, clear and slow,
Whose measur'd notes, melodious as they flow,
Cecilia's self might not disdain to hear.
Sure here Religion, "pure and meek-ey'd maid,"
Thou lov'st to dwell, these vaulted aisles among,
Where Sion's sweetest songs are daily sung,
By sacred priests in milk-white robes array'd.
Ah no! to thee more dear the contrite heart,
Than gorgeous rites, vain pomp, and empty show.
Where Horeb's mount the hallow'd Prophet trod,
See whirlwinds rage, see riven mountains part!
Fierce and more fierce the livid light'nings glow!
But 'tis the still small voice proclaims the present God.

A.

SONNET

On the Bishop of Dromore's attaining the eightieth Year of his Age, April 24, 1809.

MARK yonder stately aged forest tree,
That spreads abroad its venerable shade,
Shelt'ring from blasts of cold inclemency
Each plant beneath its kind protecting aid:
Of Percy, in his *eightieth year* survey'd,
Methinks a type that noble tree appears,
Whose intellectual vigour, undecay'd,
Still blooms conspicuous in the vale of years.
The child of want his frequent bounty cheers,—
Genius he fosters,—Merit he befriends,—
Learning his talents and his taste reveres,
And piety his practice recommends.
Ev'n Time regards him with a partial eye,
Conceals the fatal scythe, and passes harmless by.

T. S.

AN EVENING SKETCH.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

I WALKED; for t'was the sweetest eve,
No lovelier could be seen,
Thin clouds their fairy texture weave,
With breaks of light between.

And it was glorious to behold,
And cheering to the view,
While fulgid clouds their skirts unfold,
And shade the soft clear blue;

And down, far stretching to the west
The mingling colours go;
While dark, upon the mountain's crest,
The night-cloud floats below!

O Paradise! 'tis sure thy gate,
Thy chrystal walls I see,
Where gods themselves may hold their state,
In gorgeous panoply:

But lo, it fades, the vision fades,
That glowed ere while so gay,
The golden hues are stain'd with shades,
The silver tints with grey!

So passes life: and such, O earth!
Shall be thy sudden doom;
Though passing fair, as at thy birth,
And in thy Beauty's bloom!

And hark! the winds are up; the clouds
Roll heavily along;
Heaven's face a solemn darkness shrouds,
And deepening shadows throng!

Ah, what a change, said I, and sighed;—
My thoughts incessant ran
On death—the grave—the gloomy void;—
I sighed—and wept for man!

STANZAS ON AFFLICTION.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL CALAMY

Oh, Man! when thou think'st of the hours
Embitter'd by sorrow and pain,
Let Fortitude summon her powers,
Nor misery dare to complain.

With courage bear up for a while,
And sorrow to joy shall give place;
The tear shall be wip'd, and a smile
Shall brighten Calamity's face.

That God who does nothing in vain,
Pursues a benevolent plan;
And whether 'tis pleasure or pain,
'Tis wisely appointed for man.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE AND THE POET.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

A NORTHERN * Squire, of acres many,
For flocks, for herds, for gold renown'd;
As keen a justice as was any,
As skill'd in hunter and in hound,

Perceiv'd a poor Parnassian poacher
Enter his lofty iron gate;
To stop the progress of th' encroacher,
His waddling worship was too late.

And now the stranger, bending low,
Presents his lists, and tells his claim;
And begs his worship to bestow
A small subscription, and his name.

"Where is your book? Why don't you show it?
"A crown, Sir? 'tis a deal of cash!"
"'Tis not yet printed," says the Poet.
"Then can you think me Friend so rash?

* North of Ireland.

" Before I've seen the cuts and cover,
" Before I know what fits my shelf!
" Of Bopes and Briars * I'm no lover,
" But well I know the worth of pelf.

" So fold your papers,—prithee take 'em;
" Before hand pay's a losing trade;
" My boots and books I ne'er bespeak 'em,
" I always buy 'em ready made."

E. C. K.

EPIGRAM.

A SAGE Hibernian had been told,
That people when they die of cold,
First fall asleep, then pop they go,
No warning given, to realms below:
And being where folks met together
Were talking of the frosty weather;
" How cold it was," they said, " and how
" The mercury stood very low;
" The ice an inch thick on their beer;
" No sign of thaw, the sky quite clear:"
So Pat, occasion fit discerning,
Was after shewing them his learning;
" He fear'd," he said, " to go to bed,
" Lest when he wak'd, he should be dead.

Glasgow.

* He is supposed to mean Pope and Price.

ALCANDER AND EVANTHE.

A TALE *.

BY THE REV. H. BOYD.

TIR'D with didactic themes, the wand'ring Muse
Forsakes th' aerial summit, where she sate
Contemplative, and mark'd the figur'd train
Of ages, as they crost her point of view
In various liveries clad, solemn or gay,
In military pomp, or peaceful guise,
As suited best the view of him that sways
Their movements, and their aims †. Her visual ray
Fatigu'd with wand'ring o'er the bright expanse,
Now on the green lap of sequester'd life
Covets repose, tho' even amid the calm
Of social bliss, Melpomene may find
Awful examples of the truths she sung.
Near that green Cape, where ‡ Dalriada sees
Hyperion dip his wheel at setting day,
When glowing summer courts the youthful god
To run his longest range, a river meets
That ever-toiling main, which rolls between
Caledon, with her retinue of isles,
And Ullin's bounds. The azure-mantled pow'r

* Meant to illustrate the bad effects of certain Methodistical Principles.

† See the "Ruins of Athens," Poetical Register, Vol. VI, p. 66, and "The Shepherds of Lebanon," Poetical Register, Vol. VII. p. 113.

‡ North eastern part of Ulster.

Who here his naiads laves, a lesson gives
Of awful import to the thoughtless sons
Of man, for ere he seeks the sea-beat verge,
By unrelenting destiny compell'd,
The sedge-crown'd father is oblig'd to find
His way, not thorough subterranean mounds,
Or mineral bastions in embattled state
Across his blind way flung; * but over beds
Of tranquil ooze, where sleeps the limpid wave
In soft repose at large, or only wakes
To kiss the verdant shores, and sleeps again.
Powerful inducement to his wearied train
Of naiads, like indulgence to demand!
To quit their long disastrous march, allur'd
By syren strains, which ever, and anon
Those unseen fayes, whose hands unlock the springs
With lulling descant, warble to the breeze
At *her* imperial bidding, whom the bards
Of antient and romantic fame, had call'd
The LADY of the LAKE! yet not for her
Nor all her blandishments, nor all the strains
By which her artful envoys strive to lure
The soft-ey'd sisters to their pearly beds,
Would *he* allow his retinue to stray
In search of transport, or voluptuous ease
In the soft lap of indolence, but on
He leads them still, with soft and silent lapse,
O'er that lethean wave, whose smooth expanse
Invites to tranquil slumber, till afar
He finds an outlet from the CHARMED LAKE;
And glorying in his flight, pursues his way
With his fair daughters to the parent main.
Like him, contemning the Circean charm
Of torpid ease, upon her verdant shores

* The river Ban holds his course through Loughneagh.

A * noble prelate erst the crozier sway'd;
Inspir'd with liberal notions, deep impress'd
In early youth, and all that godlike zeal
For public good, which warm'd in days of yore
Great ARISTIDES, and the † Spartan sage,
Who, to secure his laws' eternal force
Renounc'd his country.—O'er his blameless life
The saint prevail'd, and seem'd to call the day
Of martyrs and of confessors to view:
Thro' all his life the heavenly spirit glow'd,
But at devotion's hour, the pent-up flame
Blaz'd forth conspicuous; not Elijah's self
Nor Paul, when erst his soul was rapt to heaven
And saw unutterable things, surpast
The fervours of his noon or midnight prayer—
The tribes of CALVIN thro' his province spread
In numerous bands, from Caledonia's vales,
Like those from Athens o'er Ionia's shore
Who rose the rivals of the parent state.
In these he mark'd a spirit like his own,
Fervent address to heaven, enthusiast zeal,
A sanctity of manners, and a guise
Which, tho' too much from this world's ways estrang'd
Harsh, and unsocial, yet he found a charm
Even in this hermit guise: In thought profound,
Of this phenomenon he trac'd the cause:
Much from reflection, much from records old
The sage enquir'd, to know, from whence deriv'd,
They drew this strong and captivating cast
Of manners, and that energetic zeal
That proselyted thousands. Soon he found,

* All particular applications are precluded by the consideration that three different dioces are adjacent to the river and lake mentioned.

† Lycurgus.

Or thought he found, the source of all their worth
In that KNOWN LAW, which gave the flock to chuse
Their pastor, "Would to heaven," the holy man
Exclaim'd "that law were ours! soon should we see
"Another soul pervade our sacred choirs;
"And harmonize the mortal minstrelsie
"Of human worship, with angelic strains.
"The people, with this noble privilege
"Endow'd, would rise above their former selves,
"And the prime ages of our holy faith,
"The golden times of antient POLYCARP
"And Irenæus, might again return!
"Why may not I, in these sequester'd glens
"Of antient Innisfail, with cautious care
"Give to some flock, (by Fate's relentless hand
"Robb'd of their shepherd,) this unusual test
"Of worth, and bid the warm, electric spark
"Of intellectual liberty pervade
"The general breast! what joy to see the crowd
"Throng to the scene, and with contending zeal
"Vote for their favourites: I will try the test
"Soon as some vacant fold within my range
"Gives the occasion! then, ye sectaries!
"Soon will your cause decline; when ye behold
"This your prime engine wrested from your hands,
"And that blest fire, which with Promethean theft
"Ye stole from heaven, with like dexterity
"From you purloin'd."—The crisis soon arriv'd;
For, in a few short moons, the tidings came
That old Theophilus had breath'd his last:
A pastor form'd of antique mold, whose toils
In the good cause had worn him out, tho' long
For many a stormy spring, his watchful eye
Had from the prowling wolf his younglings kept,
And many an hard campaign the reverend man
The ambuscadoe, and the open foe

Of souls withstood, and to the storm and mine,
And all the varied engin'ry of hell,
In heavenly panoply, his vigilance
Oppos'd.—And now the palmy crown awaits
The hoary chieftain, his celestial arms
And cuirass, not ignobly worn, he leaves
To his successor. Soon the tidings spread
That *his* would be the prize, whose well-try'd worth,
Whose doctrines pure, with his pure life compar'd,
The people should approve. With eager joy
And beating hearts, the candidates arrive
From ALMA's bosom. He, whose fancy warm'd
By Homer's page, or Livy's, long'd of late
To mingle in the martial throng, and gain
A bloody laurel, now for holier palms
Begins to feel a wish, unfelt before,—
The son of Themis flings the crabbed code
Of law away, and to the sacred page,
Much wondering at its novelty, applies
With his habitual diligence. Arriv'd,
To each a theme is given, a day is fixt
On which their several talents to display
Before the final, solemn day was nam'd,
To chuse the favourite of the public voice.
Due vigilance the mitred sage employ'd
That none, but to the venerable code
Of truth eternal should for aid apply
To form the homily, that each might trust
To his own single merit! First, behold,
The soldier mounts the rostrum,—but alas!
Tho' volunteering in a noble cause,
His flimsy strain of reasoning ill accords
With the emphatic action of his arm,
For other combats strung! the panoply
Of heaven is not for him, the soldier flies
Ignobly flies! and leaves the sacred post

To gather laurels on Ramillia's plain!
The man of law, with wily tanglements
Of artful sophistry essay'd to gain
The public voice, the public voice was mute,
Or hostile. He retir'd and join'd the crowd
Of Themis, doom'd to wage unbloody wars.
Without a contest these resign'd the stage:
Two canditates remain'd, a gentle pair
In constant friendship from their school-boy days
Enlink'd; and in fair Alma's sacred bowers
The holy cords of amity were drawn
Still closer: like a double plant they grew,
With intermarried boughs and trunks entwin'd,
Till, like the lightning sent from angry Jove,
The bolt of Cupid came with sad divorce,
And the firm union broke: a moment saw
Their peace of mind and all their antient love
From either bosom by an angel-form
Exil'd, and foul mistrust and jealousy
Woke by an heavenly smile. A beauteous maid,
Who blest a widow'd sire's declining days,
Kindled with fatal charms the raging flame.
Her sire was LYCON, LYCON, far-renown'd
For wealth, which to no long-descending line
Of ancestors he ow'd, yet, at his birth
Some power propitious in his tender mind
The copious seeds of worldly wisdom sow'd.
Upon th' officious duty of this man
The indolence of SILVIO long repos'd,
Ill-fated SILVIO! whose out-stretch'd domain
Seem'd half a province, but his narrow mind
Only to three ideas could afford
A scanty lodgment, WOMEN, DICE, and WINE.
His MANAGER supplied his wants at large;
Yet oft of tardy payment from his boors
Complain'd, and often, of his own vouchsaf'd

To lend the needy lord; the needy Lord
Amid his orgies thought not of his state,
But what he got, receiv'd: and sent it down
The gulf of dissipation as it came.—
His ancient halls were tenantless and waste,
Whilst Lycon built and planted; thus a tree
That lies a noble ruin half immerst
In earth, supports with vigour, not its own,
Th' ignoble fungus. Lycon flourish'd long
In seeming bliss mature, till, near the close
Of life, the shadows of impending ill
Were seen to gloom, and rising tempest shook
The mellow stores of long prosperity.
His eldest hope he tended to the grave,
His consort followed soon: and now to chear
The wintry night of life's fantastic round,
(Haunted by hideous dreams,) not one was left
But fair Evanthe; yet Evanthe fair,
Tho' chearful as a springing morn of May,
When woodland minstrelsie salutes the sun;
And tho' her voice, and artful finger vy'd
With Handel or with Frasi; not the art
Of Orpheus or Amphion, nor the charm
Which old Timotheus own'd, and Dryden sung,
Could chase the haggard forms of fell remorse
That hover'd round his couch at early dawn,
Nor vanish'd at the crowing of the cock.
Religion next he try'd; a frequent guest
At Eucharistic tables, every moon
Saw him renew the solemn compact, sworn
This world, and worldly views to fling aside,
When hostile to his nobler claims—in vain!—
He might as well have flung away *himself!*
It mingled with his essence; still in vain
He mutter'd o'er the penitential rite,
For RESTITUTION still was left behind,—

The crowning rite of all!
Now by officious fame the tidings brought,
Of the impending choice of one to lead
The flock which old Theophilus had left,
Short respite on his troubled thoughts bestow'd.
For sick with guilt, the wayward fancy clings
To every novelty, that fleets along
The tide of fashion, chief to modes of faith,
If sick Imagination takes the hue
Of superstition. To his seat he calls
The candidates, together, or in turn
As suited best his purpose: questions, tries
The various depths of sound theology,
The shallows of the false, of Destiny,
Predestination, and supernal grace,
Whether on some choice favourites bestow'd,
Or sent at random to be seiz'd by all
Who know to use it. Soon the wily youth,
Alcander saw his drift, his piercing eye
Develop'd all his mind, and spy'd the taint
Of some enormous, unrepented crime
Which tinctur'd his enquiries. Much the youth
Of old Theophilus enquir'd, (well known
By all a man of most unblemish'd life)
A great example in degenerate times
Of ancient holiness: yet Lycon's voice
Was sparing of his praise: the rigid lore
Of old Theophilus he oft had felt,
And now reveng'd it with calumnious art.
Dark and morose he term'd him, prone to blame,
A slave to prejudice, whose gloomy soul
Hostile to merit, with imagin'd crimes
Still charg'd the man he hated. Soon the youth
The secret source of Lycon's hate divin'd,
And his inventive faculties employ'd
To mould his pliant doctrine to the will

Of his kind host; for not with heedless eye
He saw the influence which the pride of wealth
To Lycon, o'er the ELECTORS had bestow'd;
His favour, well he saw, secur'd success.
Perhaps Evanthe too might bless his arms
Given to the favourite by her partial sire.
For love (if selfish minds can feel the power)
Thron'd in his bosom, next ambition, rul'd
The man, and taught him all his syren wiles;
The winning language of enamour'd looks,
The soft attentions, the unguarded sigh,
That breathed unutterable love: the pang
That o'er his cheek diffus'd the sickly hue
Of pale despondence, by the lovely maid
Was seen and disregarded, yet he deemed
That could he gain the sire, the lovely maid,
A slave to filial piety, would crown
His ardours. Every art the sire to gain,
Instant, the wily engineer employ'd,
But kept his master engine still behind
Till that important day, which saw him climb
The rostrum, and harangue the list'ning crowd.
  Still, by his stimulating fears impell'd,
And the tumultuous mind's intestine war,
The father now resolved to seek advice
From Sophron (thus the other candidate
Was nam'd), with soft, insinuating art
He oft enquir'd the most effectual means
To win eternal peace, and press'd to know
What indispensible ingredients, heaven
In penitence requir'd; he long'd to learn
The nice discriminating line, that marks
The bounds of vice and virtue. Sophron still
Referr'd him to the MONITOR WITHIN,
And heaven's behest reveal'd; with cold disgust
The father heard; but not with cold disgust

EVANTHE heard and saw: The hour that mark'd
His introduction, stamp'd the virgin's fate:
'Twas not a look, t'was not a single glance,
But like the rapturous embrace of souls
When mingling rays with rays, above they meet
In all the ardours of eternal love.
But the paternal presence check'd the flame;
Nor less the innate modesty of each,
Yet inexpert in CUPID'S dangerous school.
His visits he repeated; still receiv'd
With strain'd politeness by the hoary sire;
And by the daughter, not with calm salute,
But mixt emotion mounting in her cheek;
(The tint of love, but with resentment join'd
At his too slow advances;) he, alas!
Who hardly yet had entertain'd a hope
Of that rich conquest o'er the fair achiev'd,
With rigid resolution kept at bay
The Syren of the soul, which bade him try
The fortune of his love by more than looks—
—His fate was undetermin'd yet, the dye
Was not yet cast, and, ere his doom was fixt,
He battled bravely with th' encroaching foe,
And kept his bosom-enemy aloof;
A sacrifice which prudence seem'd to claim,
'Till kinder fortune gave the golden boon,
Which screens the tender family of love
From chill adversity's invading storm.
YET, modest as he was, all diffident
Of his own worth, he saw, at last, too plain
The virgin's passion, and the father's hate;
Hatred in smooth encomium well conceal'd,
And love, disguis'd in frowns: he saw (or guest
At least) the cause of Lycon's changing cheer.
Too well the means were known that swell'd his store
From his first humble portion, to a pitch

Of opulence. The lover soon divin'd
The means to gain the fair. Nought was requir'd
But with delusive hope *his* mind to soothe
And charm the ear of her, whose yielding heart
Already was his own. Almighty Love
(So by fallacious minstrels term'd), had soon
Melted his duty down, but Cupid's power
Was not almighty HERE. His godship held
In his firm bosom but a second place.
" The moment of decision is at hand,
(Thus with himself amid the solemn grove
The lover commun'd, as the star of eve
Gaz'd on its sparkling image in the flood
Below, and seem'd upon his love to smile
Propitious) " soon the crisis will arrive
" That stamps my fate! In this degenerate age
" Will knowledge, or will virtue, aught avail
" The conquest to secure? Are there not arts
" To each successful candidate well known,
" Long tried, which none who wishes to succeed
" Would scruple to employ? To me the means
" Are known too well—and is it then a crime
" So great, to soothe the smarting wounds of guilt
" With balm lethean, when I know the toils
" Of penitence are hopeless, and reform
" Perhaps impossible? And oh! thou star
" Of Venus! thou perhaps wilt light thy lamp
" With better hopes for me, the father's will
" Disposes of the votes, the father's will
" Disposes of the fair, and could I hope—
" But vanity perhaps may now suggest
" The thought, that she, whose favour kings might vie
" To gain, regards me with a partial glance!
" Suppose her mind yet free, the father soon
" Would sway the daughter and secure the prize
" (The double prize of love and wealth at once,)

" Were but his favour gain'd—'Tis but to soothe
" An hopeless soul!—what!—to compound with guilt?
" To play at hazard with eternal things?
" Who knows his state is hopeless? is remorse
" And penitence in vain? wilt thou pronounce
" That heavenly grace from his benighted soul
" Has wing'd her final flight? and dar'st thou try
" Thine art to raise a meteor in its stead,
" And the deluded fpirit waft away,
" On hope's fallacious pinions 'till it sink
" From fond presumption's heights to dark despair?
" I would not do it were I sure to 'scape
" Unpunish'd: for the deed were base and vile,
" Unworthy of ingenuous minds. My sires
" Not by such arts their country's plaudit gain'd,
" Nor shall my name disgrace them, where they join
" The jubilee of heroes! though their son
" Wanders obscure, he will not mount to fame
" By infamy; what tho' the prize be lost,
" Tho' disappointed love impassioned pleads
" Within this bosom, it shall plead in vain!—
" Some more indulgent clime will grant the boon,
" Which my ungenial native soil denies!"

The morning came, and with expectance warm'd
The crowd assembled to decide the prize.
This day the candidates were both requir'd
The sounding rostrum to ascend in turn,
And each in turn harangue. In modest guise
Young Sophron mounted first; with beating heart
Evanthe (for she too was present) felt
His eloquence, it seem'd to breathe of heaven!—
She mark'd with what an amiable hand
The heavenly moralist pourtray'd the form
Of evangelic virtue, free from stain,
Free from hypocrisy, candid and pure;
The strict necessity of holy lives

For heaven-aspiring men,—but when he prob'd
The wounds of conscience with a sapient hand,
Many a pale visage spoke their inward pain,
And thro' the frown of unbelieving scorn
The haggard look of horror seem'd to scowl;—
'Twas cold applause—a few, but honest few,
Receiv'd his doctrine with a grateful heart;
The guilty, far more numerous, all were mute.
  But soon ALCANDER climb'd the sacred stage,
And sung a requiem to the simple soul:
The blood-stain'd robe of righteousness divine
He shew'd, enfolding all, and, far beneath
Its ample drapery, hiding from the view
Of heavenly justice, every human crime.
He sung the cataract of heavenly grace
Coming from heaven, with loud *resistless* fall,
And sweeping from the soul the rooted vice
With all her twisted tribes, torn up at once
From the uncumber'd mind, while *justified*,
Regenerate now, and quite impeccable,
The man commences angel, at the call
Of the still voice—" oh wash ye, and be clean"
He cried, " in that celestial stream, which laves
" The bounds of heavenly Canaan! there your souls
" Must take the temper which nor fate, nor time,
" Nor Stygian artifice, nor mortal change,
" Shall ever alter more." The honey'd dew
Of Hermon from his accents seemed to flow;
All seemed to share his raptures; chiefly those,
Whose deeper stains a deeper draught requir'd
Of that Circean cup, which mystic hands
In liberal dose to superstition deal.
Old *Lycon* first or felt, or seem'd to feel,
The holy fervour; he with ready care
Collects the votes, and first aloud proclaims
Alcander as his choice; around the aisles

From many a voice resounds Alcander's name;
The friends of Sophron, overpower'd, and lost
In mightier numbers, from the scene retir'd,
Murm'ring disapprobation, but in vain.
Alcander, now triumphant, saw himself
Possess'd of the endowment, without toil:
But still a dearer hope remain'd behind,
The hand of fair EVANTHE—that would give,
What only he aspir'd to gain, the wealth
Of aged Lycon, whether it bestow'd
The heart or no, concern'd him not: to him
No gift of heaven, which Sol's diurnal round
Surveys, was equal to the mineral store,
Which in the womb of earth the rival power
Of subterranean heat to gold matures.
Prosperity had charms to win the sire
(Prosperity, however gain'd) nor less
Alcander's genial doctrine to his heart
The sovereign passes found, but HERS was lost—
For ever lost,—since that unlucky day
When Sophron first she met; but he was gone;
Degraded as he was, and lost to hope,
His rival's triumphs he disdain'd to grace,
But left the scene of conquest to his foe;
He could not trust his eyes, his voice, his heart,
To take a last adieu of her, who own'd
A mutual passion; she, unhappy maid!
Spite of her father's, spite of fortune's frown,
(Had he return'd, and ask'd the dangerous boon,)
Had sacrific'd her hopes of all below
To her romantic passion; long she watch'd
The weary day, and slow-returning night,
For tidings of her Sophron, but in vain.
Meanwhile, his ceaseless suit ALCANDER prest
With seeming passion, while resentment glow'd
At SOPHRON's seeming coldness in the breast,

* Which *he* essayed to soften. Long his arts
And wiles had been in vain, but now the sire
On the artillery of sighs and vows
New energy bestow'd, nor still in vain;
What will not time and ceaseless toil subdue?
The Mermaid's briny tears can waste away
The solid marble, and dissembled tears
Won from the maid, (who thought herself despis'd
By Sophron,) somewhat like a last consent.
But Sophron, all unconscious of the pangs
Which his relentless honour in the breast
Of fair Evanthe woke, had wander'd far
From the detested scene of his disgrace,
While Cytherea's dove, which round his head
Flutter'd so long amusive, now became
A vulture to his hopes, with cruel claws
Rending his bleeding heart; yet onward still
Pensive he journey'd tow'rds his native spot,
Where fair Lagenia † spreads her southmost bounds,
And lofty ‡ Blomius flings his giant shade
O'er antient realms of Moemonian kings.
Midway, a welcome inn the youth receiv'd,
Where young Themistius just arriv'd before,
Whose wealth, but few could equal, fewer still
Could match the treasures of his head and heart;
More precious far than Ganges' richest mine.
His haughty retinue, with looks of scorn
Survey'd the traveller and his weary steed,
As to a groom his palfrey he consign'd.
Not so their master, his sagacious glance,
From a commanding station where he stood,
Observ'd the youth; his philanthropic eye §

* Viz. Alcander. † Leinster Mountains. ‡ Sleivebloom.
§ Under the appellation of Themistius the real name of a particular friend of the author's is conceal'd, whose modesty would shrink at a disclosure of that merit which has been long known to

Could trace the touch of sorrows stealthy hand,
(Tho' imperceptible to all beside)
Even on that cheek, which to the hand of time
No blemish ow'd. He mark'd the stranger's mien;
And sympathy (the cause as yet unknown)
Indue'd him to invite the pensive man
To share his social board; the gentle youth
Accepts the offer'd boon, and speaks his thanks
In polish'd phrase, but more than polish'd phrase
His look ingenuous, and his modest mien,
The clear unsullied honour of his eye,
And somewhat of a sternness, which bespoke
Undeviating rectitude, engag'd
His host's congenial mind. Intent to know
His fortunes, and his expectations, soon
By delicate address he found a way
T' unlock the sluices of the stranger's soul.
But, when he knew his fortunes and the cause
That snatch'd the prize from his extended hand,
Struck with a similarity of fates
That mark'd their lives, the stranger he embrac'd,
And thus reply'd "Congenial souls shall find
"Congenial fortunes, from this instant hour!—
"Nor haply is the moment distant far
"Which sees your merit meet its due reward.
"You see in me a luckless candidate;
"Luckless as you—and from a kindred cause:
"Fir'd by the call of fame, and public love,
"I long'd for curule glories, by the breath
"Of popular applause, encourag'd long;
"Conscious of elevated aims, and plans
"Of salutary import, I aspir'd
"To senatorial honours: for the voice

his friends and connections. If this poor homage to his character should cause an enquiry *who is Themistius*, it would be an high gratification both to the author's vanity and his friendship.

" Of popular election seem'd to sound
" My name o'er all the names of them that strove
" For that proud station, on my native plains.
" But when I came, with scrutinizing care
" To calculate my powers, and weigh my strength;
" To look into the hearts which seem'd of late
" The holy shrines of patriotic zeal,
" I found them false and hollow, or possess'd
" By solitary love of sordid gain.
" For gold some bargain'd openly, some, more sly,
" In other's names for tenements and farms
" Propos'd, and some, in antient debts involv'd,
" Offer'd their HONEST votes for cancel'd bonds.
" I left the sordid scene in sick disgust.
" For as I purpos'd not to sell my vote,
" I had no wish to purchase: yet the voice
" Of snarling obloquy pursues my steps,
" From those who wish'd to serve *themselves* in *me*.
" No pensioner, whose venal vote defiles
" The senate, ever found his hated name
" So mark'd with imputations vile and base
" As mine, because I scorn'd to hide my hate
" Of prostitution: stern misanthropy
" Began to rankle in my inmost soul;
" For honour seem'd from human hearts expell'd.
" I felt the cold, narcotic influence
" Over my bosom creeping like a plague.———
" But heaven be prais'd that sent you in my way,
" Like some warm zephyr, in the rear of frost,
" Again to bid the genial current flow,
" Which the depravity of man had chill'd!—
" Of thee and of thy fortunes from this hour
" I take on me the charge; a benefice
" Superior to thy rival's, soon perhaps
" Shall crown thy worth, (tho' far below thy claims)

" If thou art found on trial to possess
" The character, and learning, which the sage
" Who sways the crozier there, exacts of all."
Falt'ring a short reply, the modest youth
With glist'ning eye, and burning cheek, suffus'd
With gratitude past utterance, vainly try'd
For thanks. THEMISTIUS, with a warm embrace
Prevents reply; but, startled to behold
The stranger's quiv'ring lip and cheeks o'erspread
With sudden pale, and signs of blank dismay
Wander his visage o'er, he kindly urged
To know if mental malady had caus'd
The change, or bodily disease? The youth
Exclaim'd " O pardon my suspense—my dread
" Of danger to an interest—dearer far
" Than fortune, or than life! Evanthe's lost
" Perhaps for ever lost, to me!—forgive
" My terrours." " Easily can I forgive,
" A lover's fear," the generous patron cry'd,
" But why delay to make th' experiment?
" Perhaps not yet the fatal gulph is past,
" Perhaps no promise made; thy changing fate
" Perhaps may change the father: instant send
" To learn the state of things! yet ere we part
" A ready messenger shall reach the home
" Of Lycon, and return, before you need
" To risque the tedious journey, rack'd with doubt,
" With no kind friend to chear you on the way.
" Some pressing avocation calls me hence,
" But soon to be dispatched. If you require
" An advocate with Lycon, I myself
" Mean to partake the journey, and promote
" Your cause with all my power." His ready thanks
Sophron repeated; tho' a cold presage
His bosom thrill'd, submission, gratitude,
And veneration of his noble friend

Precluded all objection, and oppos'd
The call of duty to the claims of love.
Meanwhile, the claims of love, to duty's call
The lovely mourner too was forc'd to yield.
At first, indignant at the fancy'd slight
By Sophron shown, with less apparent scorn
Alcander's suit she heard, unhappy maid!
She knew not what advantage to the foe
She gave by this indulgence of his hopes.
She only meant a respite to obtain,
Till fortune or returning passion brought
Her lover back, for still her heart tho' pain'd
Was all his own: at length her fears subdu'd
All delicacy, and with trembling hand
She trac'd a letter to the absent youth
Which told her danger. By a stratagem
And golden fee, Alcander's art obtain'd
The letter, ere it reach'd the destin'd place,
And to the sire disclos'd. The raging sire
Hasten'd the nuptial day. Excuses, prayers,
And every female art, th' afflicted fair
(Still to protract the time) employ'd in vain.
The knot was bound, and now, Alcander's bride,
Discretion warn'd her to conceal her woe,
And with a chearful semblance to disguise
A tortur'd heart, where every hope was lost.
Meanwhile, young Sophron watch'd from day to day
His messenger's return, but watch'd in vain.
Chance, or that Demon whose incessant care
Still seem'd to second the sinister views
Of dark Alcander, spread his subtle snares
Across the way, where with the joyful news
To Lycon's dwelling bound, his envoy past.
Languid with toil, all darkling as he trac'd
The mountain path, a seeming friendly light
With lambent radiance, like the taper's beam

Seen from the clay-built cottage, led him on
With hopes of shelter, and repose, till dawn.
But a dire welcome met the wand'ring youth:
Uprose the bloody ambuscade of MOURNE,
Where in their glens, the bandits of the north
Were wont to watch their coming prey afar.
They way-laid, wounded, and the wretch forsook
With small remains of life; an early swain
Found him and foster'd in his cot with care,
While Cynthia circled twice her monthly round,
Till rest and tendance strung his nerves anew
On foot to find his way. His steed was gone,
But (what the faithful messenger suppos'd
A lucky chance) the letter was preserv'd.
Short sighted man, how blind to coming ill!
Better the rudest wind, that ever swept
That snowy ridge, had borne the lines away
In fragments to the waves! then peace had smil'd,
Where horror and despair were doom'd to reign.
  Full soon Alcander saw the secret taint
Of sadness on Evanthe's roseate bloom
Incessant prey, nor did she condescend
By conjugal allurements to beguile
His doubts (if doubts he had,) or even vouchsafe
To wear the semblance of a cordial smile.
Thus cool and calm, their nuptial moments past
Like an autumnal eve, when Sol declines
Southward, and all the deep serene of air
In even balance hangs, without a breeze.
Now the seductive seed, in many a breast
Sown by Alcander's doctrine, soon began
To spring in broad luxuriance; rumour told
Of many a perjur'd swain, and nymph forlorn,
Who, trusting to their FAITH, fallacious pledge
Of heaven's acceptance, (which they deem'd the seal
Of full security, that barr'd the gate

Of penalty and peril,) oft presum'd
To pass the verge of prudence, and disport
At large in indiscretion's magic maze.
For, to the PURE they deem'd all things were pure,
Till sad experience taught another lore.—
Now, watchful as the fox, a fraudful swain,
Arm'd with ejaculations, fraught with faith
Warm as dissolving wax, with holy zeal,
(Tho' rigid as a statue in the cause
Of antient forms, and awful discipline)
Had farm'd Alcander's profits, and compell'd
The peasants to redeem with golden fee
Their decimated sheaves. To him, seduc'd
By Lycon's counsel, th' incautious youth
Had trusted largely. *He* had found the way
By arts, and sly conveyances, well known
To the magicians of this world, to change
His sheepfolds, and his gran'ries into gold.
Then, on the pinions of the morning gale
(A guilty wafture) hir'd the annual keel
Which traded with Vespucio's late-found world,
And like a pest-wing'd vapour, o'er the flood
Atlantic sail'd, to snare in other climes
By psalmody and pray'r, and saintly mien
(The wonted semblance of superior grace)
His heedless prey. These losses mov'd the gall
Of proud Alcander, ill at ease before,
And gave new fulmination to the storm
Impending o'er EVANTHE'S hapless head.
One fatal day as from the chace he came
He found his bride in tears: alarm'd he ask'd
The cause, but with a look, (where agony
And disappointed love, and stedfast hate
To him, too plainly mingled,) she declin'd
Reply. Alcander prest the suit no more,
But with sagacity, which seldom fail'd,

He found or guest the cause: the faithful slave
Sent by Themistius had arriv'd at last
With Sophron's hope, the source of HER despair:
This he conjectur'd, yet, tho deeply pain'd,
He scorn'd with womanish complaints to tell
His disappointed love, and wounded pride.
And now the half-extinguish'd passion glow'd,
By hope renew'd (but scarce a guiltless hope,)
In fair Evanthe's breast. The fatal lines
Announc'd a speedy visit. Her quick pulse
Throbbing with expectation, recogniz'd
Her bosom's genuine lord, and secret shame
Mantled her burning cheek, tho' none was near.
'Twas thus, for many a solitary hour,
The fair defend'ress of her hapless flame
Over her ill-star'd passion threw a gloss
Of prompt apology. "Alas! the lot
"Of female weakness! was it then a crime
"For me to feel? Oh! ere that fatal day
"(When first I saw young Sophron's lovely form,)
"Would heaven had snatch'd my sight! and clos'd my ear
"Before I heard that voice's melting strain,
"To which this heart still vibrates! all in vain
"I call on books, or music to my aid!
"If virtue is their theme, his living form
"To memory shews the virtues all combin'd!
"And amorous stories breathe contagious flame
"Till Etna kindles in my raging breast!
"Music is melting poison to the soul!
"And how could all the wond'rous harmonies
"Of heaven, from this unhappy breast expel
"An angel's image, stamp'd by heaven's own hand
"On this too tender heart? religion's self
"Turns to idolatry, when memory calls
"His image to my view! are we thus form'd,
"Are souls attun'd with thrilling sympathy,

" Sick fancy burning for a scanty alms
" Of joy below, and yet—malignant powers!—
" Forbid—for evermore forbid to feel?
" The thought seems blasphemy to bounteous heaven!
" Benevolent and merciful, it knows
" Its own materials, and the work it made,
" A delicate machine, by skill divine
" All harmoniz'd to thrill with heav'nly love,
" Sublim'd from earthly; what, but heaven's own hand
" Gave the fine impulse? Is obedience, then,
" To heaven's own impulse, counted foul revolt?
" No—heaven will pity the disastrous lot
" Of its frail creature, and sublime my faith
" To match my frailty. By victorious faith
" Wing'd on its way, my soul shall mount the skies;
" My mortal love, like Magdalene's, improv'd
" To love divine; tho' this frail tabernacle
" Of clay, like her's, should in the contest fail——
" And should he come!——
" But why indulge a look, a last embrace,
" To end perhaps in madness or in guilt?—
" Better my situation to disclose
" And stop his journey, ere he blast my sight
" With his despair?—But why deny myself
" The mournful pleasure of a final view?"—
Ah! self-abus'd and hurried to thy fate,
By passion's baneful sophistry! alas!
Pupil of impulse! little dost thou deem
What noxious fiend, in love's æthereal form,
Thou to thy bosom fondlest! pause a while!—
Think what we are, to passion's guidance given
Not rationals, but mere material wrecks,
Driven to and fro by ev'ry stormy gust!
Think why was judgment given, to scan the past,
To weigh the future, and expand the powers
Of intellect along th' unbounded lapse

Of ages, and by this exerted strength
To bid frail man aspire to heights divine!—
Ah! when you wander'd thro' yon tranquil grove,
While o'er its green lists beam'd the golden verge
Of evening, slow retiring, and the lapse
Of running rivulets, and chant of birds
Singing a farewell to the setting sun,
In sweet oblivion stole your thoughts awhile
From sharp corroding care; then, when by chance
You wander'd to that glade, where last you met
Your Sophron, at reflection's sudden sting
Pointed as if by guilt, how quickly turn'd
Your trembling steps, and left the dangerous spot!
Then wand'ring up the breezy path, which gave
The full horizon to your ample view,
You felt the tumult in your breast subside,
An holy calm succeeding, like the scene
Which spreads in peaceful majesty below,
Where sleeps the lake, beyond the solemn grove,
In broad quiescence to its shelvy bound!
Oh had you still, as then, from danger's path,
Where lurks the viper which corrodes the heart,
Turn'd, (well admonish'd) your quick step away,
You had not found, as now the wily snake
Wind its smooth volumes round your easy breast,
And mingle with your being! 'tis too late
To disengage the pest, which drags along,
At every effort, in its cruel fangs
Your bleeding vitals! with the opiate balm
Of false religion, mixt with sophistry,
Thy dangerous art foments the glowing wound!
Her lord was gone. The third revolving sun
He nam'd for his return. Now solitude,
Which charms the Anchoret with heavenly guests
Hovering around his lonely walks,—to her
Far other visitants, (as usual,) brought:

Misguided thought began to wander far
Over unhallow'd ground, and soon (to seal
Her doom) in guilty secrecy there came
A billet seal'd by Sophron to her hand.
Just then arriv'd from Moemonia's bounds,
(For so the letter told) the mournful lines
A meeting by fair Cynthia's light implor'd;
A final interview! where from the copse
The dryads o'er the lake enamour'd hung
In contemplation of their vernal charms.
As the contagious messenger of ill
Coursing along the tingling veins, foretells
Coming disease, the fatal message chill'd
Her nerves; conflicting passions rent her frame,
And on her cheek cold fear and love by turns
Their livery shed, suffus'd with red and pale.
But her emotions from her sire with care
She kept, as to the evening's social rite
He call'd his much-lov'd child; his glist'ning eye
Beam'd transport at her sight. In fond discourse
Her guardian spirit prompts him to prolong
Th' intended visit: on her ripen'd charms,
Long his paternal eye enamour'd hung,
Anticipating oft the mournful hour
When she must leave him for Alcander's care.
And many a pleasing sojournment he plann'd,
In grateful interchange, beneath his own
And his Evanthe's roof; his youth renew'd
In her fair progeny. At last the hour
Demands repose, and with reluctant step
Oft turning back, he left the pallid fair
With a last blessing, which the midnight gale
With awful note seem'd to forbid: and loud
The screech-owl from the battlements was heard,
Chanting her ominous vespers. The deep dirge
Stiffen'd her limbs to marble, as it came

On the full breeze: yet, led by wayward fate,
(Thus erring mortals in poetic dreams
Their passions deify) she pass'd the gate.
Full-orb'd the moon with trembling lustre play'd
O'er the fair landscape, and the parted trees
By glimpses show'd the lake, in murmurs low
Soft-rolling to the breath of night. At length
Her trembling feet had gain'd the promis'd spot,
When lo! a form in deep disguise conceal'd,
With face close muffled from the moon, appear'd,
Slow pacing down the path: No transport warm,
Nor one empassion'd accent, to her ear
Announc'd the coming lover:—sense confus'd
Of strange surmise, and terror chill'd her frame.
In solemn silence then he seiz'd her hand,
Her trembling hand, and to the open space
Led, where the smooth lawn meets the soft salute
Of that clear lymph, and Dian overhead
On her blue mirrour and her favour'd wood
Propitious look'd, with calm benignant smile,
O'er the fair glade that open'd to the shore.
But no benignant smile the mask disclos'd
From a terrific countenance withdrawn.
Just as he led her trembling to the verge,
Oh! what an agony transfix'd her soul,
When for a favour'd lover, she beheld
An injur'd husband! With a rancorous look,
And accent fell, he thus began: "Fair dame,
"Steel'd as I am in stoic apathy,
"I envy not your feelings, at this hour
"Of retribution for insulted faith!
"For my detested rival well I knew
"Thy love, but thought, with kind assiduous care,
"To gain, from duty and respect, at least
"What love deny'd—in vain!—for still I saw
"Rooted antipathy in every glance,

" Each gesture—still I found thy bosom cold,
" That coldness still encreasing, nor divin'd
" The cause, till that lov'd youth, expected soon,
" Unravel'd all the mystery at once.
" Then, I confess, and glory in the deed,
" I fram'd this stratagem, to lure thee on
" To thy detection, yet, I own, with hope
" Thy virtue and thy prudence would deny
" This shameful, last compliance, but the fiends
" Have curst me with success! now what remains
" But vengeance! vengeance! and behold! it comes
" In thunder! yet expect not from my hand
" The punishment a tainted spouse deserves.—
" For know, to give thy breast as keen a pang
" As mine this moment feels, thou faithless fair!
" Faithless as fair! I knew the golden chance
" Which rais'd thy lover to contend my claims
" With prospect of success; he sent the news,
" By means, thou know'st not yet, averse to trust
" A single envoy with the sacred pledge
" Of happiness, and hope; nor I delay'd
" To send him in thy character and name
" Instant rejection and decided scorn;
" Else had he long ere now, on wings of love
" His mistress claim'd, and now, thy Sophron woos
" Another, and thy seeming haughty scorn
" Retorts with double scorn, and manly pride!
" The letter which he sent, had crush'd my hopes
" Had it arriv'd in time! behold it here!"
He said, and to her eyes the rapt'rous lines
Presented. By the moon's pale beams, she bore,
With resolution like a man who bears
The straining rack, without a groan, to look
The fatal billet o'er, which told a tale
Of ardent passion, and aspiring hope,
In transport next to madness; then a look

Which Nemesis with her own light'ning arm'd
Upon the guilty man she cast, and said,
" Talk'st thou of injury and vengeance here,
" Thou, who hast planted such a venom'd shaft
" In this swol'n bosom? but thy poor revenge
" Is short of mine, as all thy future days,
" (If thou hast any feeling left) shall know!"
She said, and springing with a frantic haste
From her pale consort, to the boldest point
That met the chiding wave, she sped away,
And plung'd indignant in the flashing tide,
Beyond prevention and beyond relief!
But no relief was given; her husband stood
Congeal'd with horrour on the fatal shore.
There like an image of despair he lean d,
Till night's revolving hours disclos'd the dawn:
The glimm'ring dawn beheld his bloodshot eye
By lunacy unbeam'd, and many a day
He roam'd Ultonia's wilds, a moonstruck man.

EPIGRAM

ON THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MALHERBE.

FAIR Amazon! the cruel foe,
Who to the flames consign'd
Thy form, his scorn of laws display'd,
And base perfidious mind!

But just was Fate, by such a death
Who rais'd thee to the sky,
For she who like Alcides liv'd,
Should like Alcides die.

R. A. D.

STANZAS

Addressed to a Gentleman by a Lady, on her returning a Book of early Romances, which, when lent to her, had been accompanied by a poetical Epistle.

ALAS! the bright chivalric day is past,
No more its graceful influence to cast
O'er scenes, that gladly, once, confest its power;
No more bold barons head their lordly trains,
Urge the swift chace, or list to minstrel's strains,
Or kneel to peerless dames in painted bower.

Yet not unvalued are the artless lays,
That celebrate the deeds of other days;
Imagination loves to catch the theme,
And fondly lingers in fair fiction's fields,
To cull each flower her gaudy harvest yields;
The perfume gone, the tints more beauteous seem.

So, when I've mark'd the close of summer's day,
And paused to watch the sun's departing ray,
Gild some sweet spot, adorn'd by Nature's hand,
The glow luxuriant, and the dubious light,
Have left a charm upon approaching night,
That day's meridian hour could not command.

So, o'er thy soul, to taste and genius true,
The "memory of the past" its radiance threw,
And shew'd the wish sublime, the thought refin'd:
As moonlight glitters on the distant streams,
As joys present themselves in pleasing dreams,
As soft, as sweet, the visions of thy mind.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

THERE is a wisdom man may learn at home,
In his own breast, even in the privacy
Of solitude and self-communion:
Instructions, which the workings of his heart
'Midst daily scenes, or in the silent hour,
When musing on his bed, will better teach
Than schools, or books, or learned seminaries,
Of ancient, or of modern fame! No need
That such an one should traverse half the globe,
To know what's call'd the *world;* with curious eye,
To mark its manners, customs, toils, pursuits,
Its frauds, conventions, broils, and jealousies,
Its selfishness and pride which have no bounds,
That, worse than famine, pestilence or sword,
Desolate earth, and of this garden of God
Make a bare waste and barren wilderness!
He not resembles those base traffickers,
Who compass sea and land, in journies oft,
And oft in perils, for no righteous cause,
Not for the love of God or man, but love
Of filthy lucre: His are nobler aims——
The means of his improvement lie at hand

Within a nearer circle, and he reads
The map of Life, and understands it well,
With half the pains that others take to prove
How little they have learnt, or of themselves,
Or, of their brethren of mankind. He ne'er
Wandered to distant climes, to borrow thence
Opinions, fashions, dress; nor visited
The courts of princes, saw their levees, sat
With great ones in their halls of state, nor went
On foreign embassy, with pomp and train,
And numerous retinue, to form the leagues
Of peace or war. More studious he to know
Himself; to scan, the nature, character,
And motives of his actions, to weigh well
Their consequences, and sum up the amount.
He has a world *within*, where most he lives,
Nor yet by narrow limits circumscribed,
The world of reason, knowledge, the wide range
Of intellect, the empire of the mind!
And 'midst the calm of cool, collected thought,
He meditates the noblest purposes,
Such as may benefit the public weal,
And closer knit the ties of social man
In blessed concord, and sweet sympathy!
Nor boasts he greater state, than he who sways
His passions well; who curbs his headstrong will,
And, with an absolute rule, over himself
Reigns, undisputed Lord. Sublime he sits
With sceptered reason on her star-girt throne,
And looking down, with calm composure, hears
The hubbub and the din, the busy stir,
And turmoil of the world; and smiles serene.
He is a land-mark to the present age;
And to the generations yet to come
He leaves a monument of his own worth,

That shall outlive the pompous sepulchres
Where kings enshrine their dust. Nor chance, nor fate,
Nor lapse of time, nor mortal circumstance
Shall waver his fixed resolution,
Nor tempt his feet to deviate from the path
Of Rectitude; while in his daily course,
He presses forwards towards the glorious prize
Of immortality; advancing still
In knowledge, virtue, and the love of God.

SONG.

Now Cynthia rode in silver car,
The Heavens were clad in milder blue;
Now Silence watch'd the winking star,
With secresy to lovers true;
The stately bark at anchor seem'd to sleep
On the slow-swelling bosom of the deep.

His tresses streaming to the breeze,
Where hangs the sea boy on the bow,
Who loves to loll in listless ease,
And hear the wild wave talk below;
Or starts perchance to view the pendent sail
As, flapping loud, it chides the intruding gale;

My fair one's faithful step to hear
I pause upon the grey sand's slope;
Each tardy hour sees icy fear
Invade the glow of sickening hope;
Till the sad dawn of unpropitious day
Beholds the bosom's last fond doubt decay.

G. L. S.

THE SUICIDE.

"Poor lost Maria! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven as thou wast mild:
For oh thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless but the last."

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

WHERE down the vale the Wansbeck pours
His gently-winding beauteous stream,
And o'er yon Castle's mouldering tower
The pale moon darts her glancing beam;

Where yonder trees scarce seem to wave,
And no church rears it's spire on high;
Fond Memory turns to Mary's grave
And calls forth many a tender sigh.

O Mary, thou wert dear to all
For wit, for worth, and youthful bloom;
Yet who upheld thy solemn pall?
What hallowed strain breath'd o'er thy tomb?

No pious preacher rais'd his hand
To bless thy once lov'd form so low;
But impious tongues the memory brand
Of her who shortened life and woe.

Dire was the act,—May Heaven forgive—
'Twas Madness urged thee to the deed!
May he who caus'd the crime long live,
And misery make his heart-strings bleed.

Damn'd be through life the miscreant vile
Who peace and virtue can betray;
May mankind on his sufferings smile,
And dead, Heaven's portals bar his way.

O may the poet's wood-notes wild
Ascend to him whose power can save;
And Heaven's dread sentence pass as mild
As sweeps the night-wind o'er thy grave.

Oft shall the Poet mourn thy doom
In prayer by Wansbeck's murmuring stream;
At midnight hour when o'er thy tomb
The pale moon casts her glancing beam.

ARION.

EPITAPH

FROM THE FRENCH.

READER! no longer fear the rage of Fate,
On Me it wasted all its shafts of hate;
Through one long round of woes my life it drew,
And my last sigh was the first bliss I knew.

R. A. D.

TO SIR WILLIAM ELFORD, BART.

WITH A VOLUME OF POEMS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE sister-arts at Nature's shrine
In generous rivalry combine;
Her charms the Painter's soul inspire,
And wake the Bard's immortal fire.
O doubly blest! to you are given
These varied powers by favouring Heaven!
Taste's cultur'd eye, Art's skilful hand,
The Poet's blissful fairy land,
The charms that wit and sense impart,
And, rarer still, a feeling heart.
Elford! you first with generous praise
Cherish'd these simple rustic lays;
With kindness heard the artless strain
And fed the Poet's pleasing pain.
With bashful fears and love of song,
The timid Maiden struggled long,
Till Hope her radiant wings unfurl'd,
And bore the wild flowers to the world;
Bolder, and bolder still, she grew,
And sent th' imperfect wreath to you.

Bertram House,
May 10, 1810.

MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

ODE

TO THE MUSE.

BY R. P. GILLIES, ESQ.

O THOU, who led my willing way
Through the deep grove and pasture gay,
In early days, when all was new,
And all was Paradise to view,
And still adorn'st the lonely wood
With all the charms of solitude,
Though not to me is given to wear
That wreathe to every bard so dear;
Though not on me hast thou bestow'd
The plaudits of the wondering crowd,
Yet ever let my heart rejoice
In listening to thy slightest voice!
For oft have we together seen
The shades of evening on the green;
Together mark'd the radiance mild
Of dying day on landscapes wild;
And oft have twin'd the vernal flowers,
That blossom in these peaceful bowers.
  There are, who view the rising morn
With purple ray the hills adorn;

There are, who mark the glow of Heaven,
And all the inchanting gleams of Even;
And yet alas! no transport meet,
No rapture in the scenery sweet:
But thou hast taught me to descry
In every path new ecstasy;
There seems a visionary light
Thrown on each object of my sight;
In every summer breath that blows,
The tide of Inspiration flows;
The flocks and waving pastures fair,
That wanton in the summer air;
The village spire but dimly seen,
With many a shadowy grove between;
The trembling tints of fading day,
That on the river's bosom play;
The mists of night that slowly sail
Through the damp wood and lowly vale;
All wake for me enchantments new,
That meet no other mortal's view.

EPIGRAM

ON THE LATE DIVORCES, IN SCOTLAND, JANUARY, 1811.

To ready Scotland boys and girls are carried
Across the Tweed, impatient to be married;
But wiser grown, the self-same road they run
With eager haste, to get the knot undone.
Th' indulgent Scot, when English law too nice is,
Sanctions our follies first, and then our vices.

B. L. E.

HYMN IN ADVERSITY.

JEHOVAH! to thy gracious power,
In grief's humiliating hour,
I lift my supplicating prayer,
For thou art present every where.
Thou! by whose arm this rolling world
Was thro' the waste of ether hurl'd,
And millions, too, of worlds whose light
Streams thro' the boundless void of night,
Canst see, and shield the smallest fly
That buzzes mid the summer sky.
All-powerful, all-discerning mind,
Art thou like earthly kings confin'd?
Immur'd in pomp and prideful state,
Cannot thy spirit penetrate,
And range the universe, and know
All things above and all below?
Thus powerful, canst thou not, even me,
Lowly and sinful tho' I be,
Discern, and save from threaten'd ill,
And bid my trembling heart be still?
Jehovah! all preserving power,
In grief's humiliating hour,
With holy confidence, even I,
To thee for timely succour cry.

Glasgow.

CORUNNA.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL CALAMY.

THOUGH now the Elegiac strain
Assails the ear of Death in vain,
  Through the deep silence of the grave;
We must not let the Hero die
Without a tear, without a sigh,
  All that we *now* can give the brave!

On Pyrenean hills afar,
Ambition hurls the storm of war;
  Iberia trembles with alarm;
The Patriot's cry Britannia hears,
Her generous voice dispels his fears;
  In Europe's cause her heart grows warm.

Ling'ring on yonder fatal shores,
Where sad Corunna still deplores
  The British blood that dyes her plain,
Mute at the Hero's grave we pause,
To drop the tribute of applause,
  O'er him we ne'er shall see again.

Content for Britain's sake to die,
He welcom'd death, and victory!
Some future West may hence derive
A glorious subject for his art:
In tints as warm as Valour's heart,
A second Wolfe shall pictur'd live.

Oh! while the patriot-ardour burns,
While Scotia yet her warrior mourns,
And strives to check the bursting tear;
What trophy shall a nation raise,
To speak *her* sorrow, and *his* praise,
That ages yet unborn may hear?

The canvas glows, the column tow'rs,
While Fame the blast of triumph pours,
To wake Affection's grateful sigh;
But far beyond the sculptor's art,
Deep grav'd upon his country's heart
Shall live the Hero's memory!

EPIGRAM

FROM THE FRENCH OF SCEVOLA DE ST. MARTHE.

Favour'd by Mars, though the proud foe
Has laid in blood our warriors low,
Yet shall their matchless memory live,
With all the lustre Fame can give;
Since flight they scorn'd, and scorn'd to yield,
And nobly perish'd on the field.
Blind Fortune grants the palm in fight;
'Tis Virtue prompts disdain of flight.

R. A. B.

STANZAS TO MAY.

HAIL, May, before whose balmy breath
The chilling storm of April flies;
And flowers that felt a transient death,
Revive to greet our sparkling eyes.

Fall, fall ye soft refreshing showers,
The grateful earth receives your dews;
And Vegetation courts the hours
Which her green charms around diffuse.

To hail thee, May, the morning Sun
Sheds all his powers on hill and dale;
The cloud-dispelling Zephyrs run,
To wanton in the breathing vale;

The blackbird hails thy blushing face
In notes from yonder whispering glade;
The lark with thee to run his race,
Springs gaily from the bending blade.

While dew-drops pearl the modest thorn,
And nature all around is gay,
A youthful bard at early morn
Has risen, to hail thee lovely May.

The measur'd note, correct and slow,
Ne'er sweeps sedately from his lyre;
Warm from the heart his numbers flow,
Where glows Affection's purest fire.

O Mary! all my soul holds dear,
From thee my heart can never stray;
May Peace be thine,—fall rapture's tear,
To hail my Mary, Queen of May.

May 1, 1807. ARION.

ADRIAN AT THE TOMB OF HECTOR.

FROM THE FRENCH *.

'Tis Adrian hails thee! Son of Priam, rise
From Death's profound abyss, and greet the skies,
Not fallen is Ilium! On her vaunting foes
A second Troy has well aveng'd thy woes:
Each throne before her victor-sons expires,
Thy virtue arms them, and thy valour fires;
Repine no more! let joy illume thy mind:
The' impetuous son of Thetis haste to find.
Say that in dust, dejected now and base,
Lies his once-haughty Myrmidonian race;
Say that proud Thessaly, his ancient reign,
Of THY descendants bears the galling chain.

R. A. D.

* If I mistake not, the French itself is only an imitation of some Latin lines, which may be found in the collection of Latin Poets, in six volumes quarto. But, not having that collection, I cannot ascertain the fact.

SONG.

When Love's auspicious hours preside
We own a mitigated sway,
While wrapt in sweet oblivion glide
The pleasures of the fleeting day.

The mighty task each sense employs,
And Hope and fond Remembrance cease;
Shall Rapture muse o'er faded joys?
Can Hope a boundless bliss increase?

When adverse Fate begins to low'r,
And absence wrings the bleeding heart,
Then Memory reigns in tyrant power,
Then Hope deluded points the dart.

The stolen glance, the troubled tone,
The sudden blush, the stifled sigh,
Glowing with beauties scarce their own,
Pourtray'd in Memory's tablets lie.

The wayward word, the taunt unkind,
While yet existing scarcely noted,
In giant shape now haunt the mind,
To fruitless penitence devoted.

While every Hope, whose smiling mien
Was wont Life's dreary path to cheer,
Departing, leaves the future scene
A desart, desolate and drear.

G. L. S.

STANZAS

Presented, with Cowper's Poems, to Mary Viscountess Bernard, on the day of her Marriage.

LADY! were Cowper's spirit here,
That sainted spirit, sure 'twould breathe
A fervent wish, a vow sincere,
And twine it with thy bridal wreath.

He would not of thy goodness tell,
For purest virtue loves the shade;
He would not on thy features dwell,
For Beauty's short-liv'd flower must fade.

No, Lady! cease thy modest fears:
More pleas'd his artless Muse would feel,
To consecrate the filial tears
That from thy trembling eyelids steal;

To cherish, on this joyful day,
The glist'ning tribute of thy heart,
For years of mild parental sway,
For cares that made thee what thou art.

Then would he pray that white-rob'd Truth,
And purest Peace and Joy serene,
Blest guardians of thy vernal youth,
May shield thee through life's various scene.

But Cowper lives in realms of light
Where kindred seraphs ceaseless sing:
Far other hands this wreath unite,
Far other hands this offering bring.

Yet, Lady! wilt thou kindly deign,
'Tis all th' unpractis'd Muse can give,
Accept this rudely warbled strain,
And let it, bound with Cowper, live?

These volumes too, I fondly ween,
May for their author's sake be priz'd,
When thine own hearth shall match the scene,
By Weston's bard immortalized.

For sure thou lov'st domestic joys,
And hours of intimate delight,
And days retir'd from vulgar noise,
And converse bland that cheats the night.

Such joys be thine,—be his,—and still,
In heart united as in hands,
Blessing and bless'd, may each fulfil
The glorious task your place demands.

Lights of the world! may each dispense
New lustre through your ample sphere;
And very late be summon'd hence,
To shine through Heaven's eternal year!

LINES

Occasioned by reading the Threats, fulminated against England, by Buonaparte, in his Speech to the Legislative Body, June 16, 1811.

" 'Tis a tale
" Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
" Signifying nothing."

" When England shall be exhausted; when she shall at last " have felt the evils which for twenty years she has with so much " cruelty poured upon the Continent; when half her families " shall be in mourning, then shall a peal of thunder put an end to " the affairs of the Peninsula,—the destinies of her armies,— " and avenge Europe and Asia by finishing this second Punic " war."

" When England, exhausted and bent to the ground,
" A victim defenceless, at length, shall be found;
" When half of her wives and her mothers deplore
" Their husbands and sons who lie welt'ring in gore;
" Then forth will I rush, and of thunder a peal
" The doom of her armies shall finally seal."
'Twas thus, to the caitiffs disgrac'd by his yoke,
With rage in his breast, proud Napoleon spoke. [dain
And think'st thou, Napoleon, that aught but dis-
In our hearts can be rais'd by thy threatening strain?
Those hearts, that with courage and honour beat high,
Thy fury and impotent menace defy.

Hope to stop the bright sun, hope to fetter the sea,
But hope not that Britons will e'er bow the knee;
For the last of our race in the battle would fall,
Ere bend to the sway of a blood-embru'd Gaul.
Self-appointed Avenger of Europe! relate
What angel reveal'd England's terrible fate?
Or what vision prophetic has given thee to know
Thy noon-tide of triumph, her midnight of woe?
For not from the past could thy wisdom presage
Those events that lie hid in Futurity's page.
See, History blazons, in letters of flame,
Of Britain the glory, of Gallia the shame;
And, O! could'st thou blot out the records of old,
Where the deeds of our ancestors brave are enroll'd;
Still the thought of the present would sternly remain,
To torture thy bosom, and madden thy brain.
Turn thy gaze to wherever the vast ocean rolls,
From the glow of the Line, to the frost of the Poles;
And behold, when the banner of Albion waves,
Swift as clouds in the storm, fly thy fear-stricken slaves,
And call on the winds, and the gloom of the night,
To speed and to shelter their dastardly flight:
No trophies thy squadrons e'er hope on the tide;
To escape from our arms all their prayer and their pride. [meet
And claim'st thou the land? even there shalt thou
From the lords of the ocean foul shame and defeat.
See, while freed Lusitania through all her wild vales
With shouts of delight her deliverer hails,
See, as Vengeance and Wellington closely pursue,
Thy spirit-sunk bands to their prey bid adieu;
And, hark! Albuera responsive proclaim,
In pæans of praise, victor Beresford's name.

Yet, insolent tyrant, we own that 'tis well
In sonorous phrase of thy thunder to tell; [sound,
Since the thunder, we know, though tremendous it
Can scare but the coward, can pierce with no wound;
'Tis the flash of the light'ning, in silence that flies,
By which, in a moment, the victim he dies:
Then, still let us hear of thy thunder the peal,
And laugh at the threat that our doom it shall seal;
While unvaunting and noiseless we hurl the red fire,
And see at our feet all our foemen expire.
Yes, to Thee, threats and boasting with scorn we re-
To vanquish be ours, and to menace be thine. [sign,

R. A. DAVENPORT.

Fugitive Poetry.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

Written, April 1798, *during the Alarm of an Invasion.*

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

A GREEN and silent spot amid the hills!
A small and silent dell!—O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever pois'd himself!
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bath'd by the mist, is fresh and delicate,
As vernal corn field, or the unripe flax,
When thro' its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
O 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook,
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who in his youthful years
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise:
Here he might lie on fern or wither'd heath,
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy which solitude loves best)
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,

Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapp'd
In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing lark!
That singest like an angel in the clouds.
My God! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would full fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren,—O my God,
It is indeed a melancholy thing,
And weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirrin
This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
And all the crash of onset; fear and rage
And undetermin'd conflict—even now,
Even now, perchance, and in his native Isle,
Carnage and screams beneath this blessed sun!
We have offended, O my countrymen!
We have offended very grievously,
And have been tyrannous. From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces heaven!
The wretched plead against us, multitudes
Countless and vehement, the sons of God,
Our brethren! like a cloud that travels on,
Steam'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
Ev'n so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,

We have been drinking with a riotous thirst
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth,
A selfish, lewd, effeminated race,
Contemptuous of all honourable rule,
Yet bartering freedom, and the poor man's life,
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction were they wisely preach'd,
Are mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones proclaim,
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent,
To deem them falsehoods, or to *know* their truth.
O blasphemous! the book of life is made
A superstitious instrument, on which
We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break:
For all must swear—all, and in every place,
College and wharf, council and justice-court,
All, all must swear, the briber and the brib'd,
Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
The rich, the poor, the old man, and the young,
All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
That faith doth reel; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm; and bold with joy,
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
(Portentous sight) the owlet, ATHEISM,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out "Where is it?"
Thankless too for peace,
(Peace long preserv'd by fleets and perilous seas)
Secure from actual warfare, we have lov'd,
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all

It's ghastlier workings (famine, or blue plague,
Battle, or siege, or flight thro' wintry snows)
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed, animating sports,
The which we pay for, as a thing to talk of,
Spectators and not combatants! no guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation on contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause: and forth
(Stuff'd out with big preamble, holy names,
And adjurations of the God in heaven)
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! boys and girls,
And women that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing of his heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide,
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form,
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gor'd without a pang: as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds,
Pass'd off to Heaven, *translated* and not kill'd;
As tho' he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him!—Therefore evil days
Are coming on us, O my countrymen!

And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings?
Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God! O spare us yet awhile!
O let not English women drag their flight
Fainting beneath the burden of their babes,
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
Laugh'd at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
Who ever gaz'd with fondness on the forms,
Which grew up with you round the same fire side,
And all who ever heard the sabbath bells
Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!
Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe,
Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
That laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
With deeds of murder; and still promising
Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,
Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart,
Of Faith and quiet Hope, and all that soothes
And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
Render them back upon th' insulted ocean,
And let them toss as idly on its waves,
As the vile sea-weeds, which some mountain blast
Swept from our shores! And O! may we return
Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
Repenting of the wrongs, with which we stung
So fierce a foe to frenzy!
I have told,
O Britons! O my brethren! I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal or factious or mistim'd;

For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
Groaning with restless enmity, expect
All change from change of constituted power:
As if a government had been a robe,
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagg'd
Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
Pull'd off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
From our own folly and rank wickedness,
Which gave them birth and nurse them. Others, mean-
Dote with a mad idolatry; and all, [while,
Who will not fall before their images,
And yield them worship, they are enemies,
Ev'n of their country!—Such have I been deem'd.
But, O dear Britain! O my mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O native Britain! O my mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks, and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel

The joy and greatness of it's future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrow'd from my country! O divine
And beauteous island, thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!—
May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menace of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roar'd and died away
In the distant tree, which heard, and only heard,
In this low dell bow'd not the delicate grass.
But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruitlike perfume of the golden furze:
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Tho' still a sunny gleam lies beautiful
Aslant the ivied beacon.—Now, farewell,
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recall'd
From bodings that have well nigh wearied me,
I find myself upon the brow and pause
Startled! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounded scene,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
Dim-imbued, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And many fields, seems like society,
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse, and a dance of thought;
And now, beloved STOWEY! I behold
Thy church-tower, and (methinks) the four huge elms
Clust'ring, which mark the mansion of my friend;

And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! with light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembring thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful, that by nature's quietness
And solitary musings all my heart
Is soften'd, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

Nether-Stowey, April 20, 1798.

ON THE TOMB OF ANACREON.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

WITHIN this tomb, by death's cold hand opprest
The Teian poet's mould'ring ashes rest;
For him the Muses sang, the Graces strove
In conflict sweet, and gave his soul to love.
Now on the banks of Acheron reclin'd,
One thought alone with sorrow chills his mind;
Not, that no more before his wondering eyes
The Sun in solemn majesty will rise;
Or that a banish'd wanderer from its home,
His shade is doom'd on Lethe's shores to roam.
He weeps to think that in his native groves
More happy suitors woo his former loves.
Yet still unchang'd by death the Muse's fire
Dwells in his breast, and wakes his slumbering lyre.

REV. R. BLAND.

VERSES

Written in the Blank Leaves of Southey's Madoc.

BY THE LATE ANNA SEWARD.

READER, if instant thy soul-lighted eyes
Perceive the claims of GENIUS as they rise,
Welcome this noblest effort of the NINE,
To deck with Epic wreath their English shrine;
Since there they rose, to emulate, at length,
The Mantuan sweetness, the Meonian strength,
And our green vales and silver shores along
Pour'd Eden's grand, imperishable song.
Again, in all their pomp, they strike the lyre,
Rapid and glowing with primeval fire;
And in the CAMBRIAN'S lofty story twine
Each human interest with each grace divine
Of rapt Imagination, when she soars
From common Talent's flat and glimmering shores,
Her lamp to illumine at that orbit prime
Whose fires are quenchless by the floods of time.
Thus, for the glory of the nineteenth age,
The EPIC MUSE awakes her sacred rage;
In no false ornaments her numbers shine,
The diamonds sparkle genuine from the mine.
What harmonies our captive ear engage!
What living landscapes glow in every page!
What characters, in nature's force display'd,
With coy discrimination's subtlest aid,
On Cimbric regions and on Indian shores
Call to the EPIC VERSE the DRAMA'S powers!

Mark the bold thoughts with truth and virtue beam,
Shewing what God shall judge and Christ redeem!
Th' Asbestos * robe which the chaste style arrays,
Impassive shield from envy's lurid blaze,
Where simple, nervous, as in early time,
Where plaintive, touching, and where rais'd, sublime.
If thou rememberest thro' how many a year
Deaf as the grave was found the general ear
To Verse †, whose fame is now the Nation's cause,
With scarce one voice appellant from her laws;
How long the owlish orb of general sight
Found mist and darkness in excessive light;
If, conscious of each grandeur and each grace,
The Poet's sun-track thy clear vision trace;
If thy heart throb to see thy native land,
The Muses' proudest eminence command;
And if thy spirit o'er such glorious lays
Wait not for tardy precedents to praise;
Then, reader, then with me, for Madoc claim,
With voice anticipant, the palm of Fame,
And on each leaf, with patriot pride, descry
The bursting germs of Immortality.
Such minds, where never envy's cloud appears,
See Madoc buoyant on the tide of years;
Float, like the song which left the mortal maze
For scenes "where Angels tremble while they gaze,"
And, touch'd alike by Genius' solar ray,
Vanquish oblivion and maintain the Day.

* Asbestos, a substance which fire cannot consume.

† *Paradise Lost*, which from its publication in the author's lifetime, to Addison's applausive strictures upon it in the *Spectator*, met but very limited and partial notice from the public; while the equally beautiful *Lycidas*, *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, were not known at all till seventy years after their first editions had appeared.

ODE

On the Death of King George II. and the Accession of our present Sovereign *.

BY P. N. C. MUNDY, ESQ.

I.

Ye great, ye valiant, and ye wise!
Who fill the earthly tomb;
Death's fairest, richest sacrifice,
In Henry's holy dome!
Ye scepter'd Fathers of mankind,
Who rul'd your Albion and refin'd!
Her Kings, her Friends, who plann'd, who bled,
In Freedom's and Britannia's cause;
Who form'd the nation by your laws;
Ye mightiest of the dead!

II.

Hark! o'er your heads—the tyrant there
Grim Death exulting stands.
And now your mansions, dark and drear,
He opes with giant hands.
While ghastly smiles the griesly Fiend,
I hear your hollow groans ascend—
Presages sad—your fears are just—
His arm hath smote the British throne;
Reft of its Lord the regal crown
Lies sullied in the dust.

* Printed in the Oxford Collection, 1760.

III.

The Monarch falls—in mournful state
He comes, the good and brave!
His life, his virtues, yield to fate;—
His glory to the grave.
Yet there be your obedience paid,
Ye Kings, to his superior shade:
For well he rul'd your favourite land;
And well suppress'd her haughty foes:
Her state to highest honours rose
Beneath his forming hand.

IV.

Lo, starting from the sable shroud,
The awful heroes rise!
Around his pale remains they crowd
With ever-gazing eyes.
But chief, from off her peaceful bed,
Great CAROLINA lifts her head,
Awaken'd by the solemn sound.—
But soon her Consort she descries;
And soon into his arms she flies;
And calls their offspring round.

V.

Ah FREDERICK! he untimely fell
A victim to the grave.
Ah, who the bitter grief can tell
His fall untimely gave!
The monarch meets his godlike race—
Ah, mock not death their fond embrace!
In peace ye holy spirits rest:
Princes who liv'd your Albion's pride,
By her ye much lamented died,
By her ye lov'd, carest.

VI.

Who now with fond paternal care
  Shall guard her orphan state?
Who now amidst the rage of war
  Maintain her free and great?
Who but the Royal Youth, whose birth
Sprang from Britannia's parent earth?
Him best becomes Britannia's crown.
    Blest Isle! to whom auspicious Heav'n,
    Earnest of happy days! has given
A BRUNSWICK of her own.

LIPS AND EYES.

IN Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her lips or eyes?
"We," said the eyes "send forth those pointed darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."
"From us," replied the lips, "proceed those blisses,
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses."
Then wept the eyes; and from their springs did pour
Of liquid oriental pearl a shower:
Whereat the lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly treasure;
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls to Celia's face.

J. S.

TO SLEEP.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRACASTORO.

With the pale poppy's nodding flower
These sable violets I braid,
And for my fair who asks thine aid,
Thy healing balm, O Sleep implore!
For ah! her bright eyes fade by grief opprest,
And thou alone, O Sleep, canst charm her cares to rest.

Soft soothing Sleep, secure relief
Of every labour, every grief;
Repose of all the peopled earth;
To thee, in Lethe's shades, gave birth
The Night, and taught thee how to bless
Mortals with long forgetfulness.
Thy wings of shadowy gloom diffuse
On all around their balmy dews,
And fan to peace and bland repose
The haggard family of woes.
Calm on old ocean's placid breast,
Thou sooth'st the finny train to rest;
And deep amidst the forest glade
Still'st the wild tenants of the shade;
All nature feels thy fostering care,
All own thy bounteous gifts—all but my drooping fair!

W. R.

LINES

Written by a Gentleman during a long Confinement in Paris, and addressed to his Son, only Four Years of Age, who had lost his Mother a few Months after his Birth.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

My child! and must I far from thee
The hateful load of life sustain?
Each day, a ling'ring age to me,
Augments thy captive father's pain.

Thy sportive hand, my babe, undrew
Each morn the curtains of my bed;
And every care my bosom knew,
At eve in thy endearments fled.

Now here enchain'd, my soul's delight!
In vain for thee at morn I call;
Unblest, my infant, by thy sight,
The gloomy shades of evening fall.

Thine arms around my neck, we rove
No more thro' flowery paths of bliss,
Where, with the warblings of the grove,
How sweetly blends thy frequent kiss!

Oft when the cherish'd dream of night
Has plac'd thee on my yearning breast,
The clanking fetter puts to flight
The image that my soul caress'd.

I saw in beauty's early bloom
  Thy tender mother yield her breath,
For thee I liv'd—for thee my doom
  I mourn, of exile, or of death.

Alas, in exile what despair!
  These eyes no more my child shall see!
In death what pangs—unless I bear
  Thy mother one embrace from thee!

EPITAPH

FOR THE TOMB OF HELIODORA.

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

To thee these tears I pour, beloved shade,
  Their tender eloquence my grief may prove,
And when they bathe the tomb where thou art laid,
  Their broken torrents may record our love.

Then mourn! O hapless Meleager, mourn
  The death of thy lov'd fair (ah! thine no more)
Who from thy longing arms by fate is torn
  And sent a wanderer to the Stygian shore.

Alas! where is my flower?—Lo! mouldering there,
  Pluck'd from its stem, it fades to dust away,
But oh! kind earth, receive it to thy care,
  And gently in thy breast my treasure lay.

REV. R. BLAND.

HORACE IN LONDON *.

BOOK I. ODE I.

Mæcenas atavis edite regibus, &c.

TO JOHN BULL, ESQ.

DREAD sir! half human, half divine,
Descended from a lengthen'd line,
Of heroes fam'd in story—
Of Ocean, undisputed lord;
Of Europe and her recreant horde,
The "riddle, jest, and glory."

What various sports attract your sons!
Some to Hyde Park escape from Duns,
In Curricle or Tandem:
In dusty clouds envelop'd quite,
Like Jove, who, from Olympus' height,
Hurls thunderbolts at random.

One draws his gold from Lombard-street,
And 'mongst the Barons buys a seat;
The Lord knows why or wherefore!
Another, give him rural sports,
And crowded cities, splendid courts,
He not a jot will care for.

* These elegant and witty imitations first appeared in the Monthly Mirror.

The merchant, baulk'd by Boreas, vents
His idle anger, and laments
Some luckless speculation;
Of ease and Clapham common talks,
But soon on Gresham's murmuring walks
Resumes his daily station.

This makes the jolly God his theme,
In claret drowns Aurora's beam,
And riots with the friskers:
That a dragoon, delights in war,
And clatters, thoughtless of Mama,
In high-heeled boots and whiskers.

The hunter quits his bed at five,
The fox or timorous deer to drive,
Down precipices horrid,
And carries home, returning late,
A trophy for his amorous mate,
The antlers on his forehead!

Me toil and ease alternate share,
Books and the converse of the fair,
(To see is to adore 'em)
With these, and London for my home,
I envy not the joys of Rome,
The Circus or the Forum!

If you great sir, will deign to vote
For *Horace*, in his London coat,
Nor check my classic fury;
My lofty head, whene'er I sit
To judge a new play in the pit,
Shall touch the dome of Drury.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE III.

SIR WILLIAM CURTIS'S YACHT.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri, &c.

DEAR Venus quit Idalia's lawn,
In Cyprian car by turtles drawn,
At Neptune's sea-green footstool fawn,
And make him, *willy nilly*,
Sweet oil upon the waters pour,
And thus the venturous YACHT restore,
That carried off from *Thanet*'s shore,
My soul's best half—SIR BILLY.

He surely view'd in looking glass,
A nose of copper, cheek of brass,
Who thus in feeble *yacht* could pass
Within the range of cannons:
When hostile squadrons beat the hoof,
And citizens won't keep aloof,
A pair of pantaloons bomb proof,
I reckon *sine quâ nons*.

That hardy mortal knows not fear,
Who ventures out from *Ramsgate Pier*,
And as the Gallic cliffs draw near,

With careless eye looks at 'em—
But bolder he, himself who coops
In his own little bark, nor stoops,
To heed the quizzing of the troops,
Led by the EARL of CHATHAM.

In vain shall Neptune's prudent tide,
Old *Kent* from *Picardy* divide,
SIR WILLIAM's boat in painted pride,
Has made their shores embrace.
His bosom fraught with conquering zest,
Has half the continent imprest,
All *Hungary* below his breast,
And *Flushing* in his face.

What wonders all the papers fill!
With rockets now the foe we kill,
We burrow under *Highgate Hill*,
Each day outdoes the other.
See thro' *Pall Mall* each lovely lass,
By night illuminated pass,
While WINSOR lights with flames of gas
Home to *King's-place*—his *mother*.

In *parachute* by way of change,
With *Garnerin* in air we range
Surpassing all the wonders strange,
That e'er *Munchausen* told us.
Great Jupiter! for mercy's sake,
Me to a cooler planet take,
For at this rate we soon shall make
The world too hot to hold us!

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE V.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ, &c.

Say, Lucy, what enamour'd spark,
Now sports thee thro' the gazing park,
In new barouche or tandem;
And, as infatuation leads,
Permits his reason and his steeds
To run their course at random.

Fond youth, those braids of ebon hair,
Which, to a face already fair,
Impart a lustre fairer;
Those locks which now invite to love,
Soon unconfin'd and false shall prove,
And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractis'd in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
Portends unruffled quiet:
That, ever charming, fond, and mild,
No wanton thoughts, or passions wild,
Within her soul can riot.

Alas! how often shalt thou mourn,
(If nymphs like her, so soon forsworn,
Be worth a moment's trouble,)
How quickly own, with sad surprise,
The paradise that bless'd thine eyes,
Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed,
A Lord will always supersede
A Commoner's embraces;
His Lordship's love contents the fair,
Until enabled to ensnare
A nobler prize—his Grace's.

Unhappy are the youths who gaze,
Who feel her beauty's maddening blaze,
And trust to what she utters!
For me, by sad experience wise,
At rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
My heart no longer flutters.

Chamber'd in Albany, I view
On every side a jovial crew
Of Benedictine neighbours;
I sip my claret, read the news,
I own no mistress but the Muse,
And she repays my labours.

And should some brat her love bespeak,
(Tho' illegitimate and weak
As these unpolish'd verses;)
A father's joys shall still be mine,
Without the fear of parish fine,
Bills, beadles, quacks, or nurses.

H.

WALCHEREN EXPEDITION;

OR, THE ENGLISHMAN'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.

I.

Ye brave, enduring Englishmen,
Who dash thro' fire and flood,
And spend with equal thoughtlessness
Your money and your blood,
I sing of that black season,
Which all true hearts deplore,
When ye lay,
Night and day,
Upon Walcheren's swampy shore.

II.

'Twas in the summer's sunshine
Your mighty host set sail
With valour in each longing heart
And vigour in the gale;
The Frenchman dropp'd his laughter,
The Fleming's thoughts grew sore,
As ye came
In your fame
To the dark and swampy shore.

III.

But foul delays encompass'd ye
More dang'rous than the foe,
As Antwerp's town and it's guarded fleet
Too well for Britons know;

One spot alone ye conquer'd
With hosts unknown of yore;
And your might
Day and night,
Lay still on the swampy shore.

IV.

In vain your dauntless mariners
Mourn'd ev'ry moment lost,
In vain your soldiers threw their eyes
In flame to the hostile coast;
The fire of gallant aspects
Was doom'd to be no more,
And your fame
Sunk with shame
In the dark and swampy shore.

V.

Ye died not in the triumphing
Of the battle-shaken flood,
Ye died not on the charging field
In the mingle of brave blood;
But 'twas in wasting fevers
For full three months and more,
Britons born,
Pierc'd with scorn,
Lay at rot on the swampy shore.

VI.

No ship came o'er to bring relief,
No orders came to save;
But DEATH stood there and never stirr'd,
Still counting for the grave.
They lay down, and they linger'd,
And died with feelings sore,
And the waves
Pierc'd their graves
Thro' the dark and swampy shore.

VII.

Oh England! Oh my Countrymen!
Ye ne'er shall thrive again
Till freed from Councils obstinate
Of mercenary men:
So toll for the six thousand
Whose miseries are o'er,
Where the deep,
To their sleep,
Bemoans on the swampy shore.

LEIGH HUNT, Esq.

SONG.

AND would'st thou with insidious art
My darling friend destroy,
And rob her unsuspecting heart
Of all its little joy.

A hapless orphan maid is she,
Just caught in love's sweet thrall,
And fondly thinks she views in thee
Her father, mother, all.

No, Henry, scorn the coward aim,
'Tis fraught with dire disgrace;
Ah, who could seek to brand with shame,
My Mary's lovely face.

A holier flame should fire thy breast,
And purer wishes move,
When she prefers thee to the rest,
Who best deserves thy love.

Malton. W.

ODE.

From the German of Count Stolberg, by the late J. S. Esq.

THE APPARITION.

RECLIN'D I lay on grassy bed,
Spring scatter'd odours o'er my head:
On her alone I mus'd, who of my soul,
Alike by day and night, fills and inspires the whole.

The falling beam, dew-dropping skies,
And lulling zephyrs clos'd my eyes,
Just as the spangled evening 'gan appear,
And Philomela's notes died on my slumb'ring ear.

When, lo! a form, celestial bright,
In vision broke upon my sight:
The gleam of Hesp'rus in her eye I view'd,
Her heav'nly smiling lips exhal'd beatitude.

Like waves, by Vesper ting'd with gold,
Her robe, with many a rosy fold,
Flow'd o'er her limbs, light-gliding o'er the ground,
While clouds of fragrance shed ambrosia all around.

"Thou knews't me once," with accent mild,
She said, while every feature smiled;
"Thou knew'st me once," the heavenly form pursued,
And with a nectar-drop my trembling lips bedew'd.

" Joy is my name, with endless flower,
" In realms immortal blooms my bower;
" Yet stoops my pinion ev'n to earth below,
" And with my nectar-drops I sweeten mortal woe.

" I love thee; come, to me devote
" Thy beating heart, thy trembling note:
" Oh! come, and banish her, who of thy soul,
" Alike by day and night, fills and inspires the whole."

" Goddess! I cried, the mortal race
" Incessant sigh to see thy face,
" In thee immortals find their highest bliss;
" I love thee too; but oh! spare if I judge amiss.

" Lo! to attend thee I forbear:
" Yet spare the mortal, Laura spare:
" How can I banish her, who of my soul,
" Alike by day and night, fills and inspires the whole?"

As lightning quick she fled, and I
Awoke as quick: my heart beat high;
Yet still it beat for her, who of my soul,
Alike by day and night, fills and inspires the whole.

EPIGRAM.

ON A SAILOR WHO WAS THROWN ON THE NECK OF HIS HORSE.

Spectator, cease your cruel glee,
From taunting jests refrain;
Sure, 'tis no wond'rous thing to see
A Sailor on the *mane!*

ODE TO LUDLOW CASTLE.

PROUD pile that rear'st thy hoary head,
In ruin vast, in silence dread,
O'er Teme's luxuriant vale,
Thy moss-grown halls, thy precincts drear,
To musing Fancy's pensive ear
Unfold a varied tale.

When terror stalked the prostrate land
With savage Cambria's ruthless band,
Beneath thy frozen shade,
Mixed with the grazers of the plain,
The plunder'd, helpless, peasant train,
In sacred ward were laid.

From yon high tower the archer drew
With steady hand the stubborn yew,
While, fierce in martial state,
The mailed host in long array,
With crested helms and banners gay,
Burst from the thund'ring gate.

In happier times, how brightly blazed
The hearth with pond'rous billets rais'd,
How rung the vaulted halls,
When smoak'd the feast, when care was drown'd,
When songs and social glee went round,
Where now the ivy crawls.

'Tis past! the marcher's princely court,
The strength of war, the gay resort,
In mouldering silence sleeps;
And o'er the solitary scene,
While nature hangs her garlands green,
Neglected Memory weeps.

The Muse too weeps:—in hallowed hour
Here sacred Milton own'd her pow'r,
And woke to nobler song;
The wizard's baffled wiles essayed,
Here first the pure majestic maid
Subdued th' enraptured throng *.

But see! beneath yon shatter'd roof
What mouldy cavern, sun-beam proof,
With mouth infectious yawns?
O! sight of dread! O! ruthless doom!
On that deep dungeon's solid gloom
Nor hope nor day-light dawns.

Yet there, at midnight's sleepless hour,
While boist'rous revels shook the tower,
Bedew'd with damps forlorn,
The warrior captive press'd the stones,
And lonely breathed unheeded moans,
Despairing of the morn.

That too is past—unsparing Time,
Stern miner of the tower sublime,
Its night of ages broke,
Freedom and peace with radiant smile
Now carol o'er the dungeon vile
That cumb'rous ruins choak.

Proud relic of the mighty dead!
Be mine with shudd'ring awe to tread
Thy roofless, weedy hall,
And mark, with Fancy's kindling eye,
The steel-clad ages gliding by
Thy feudal pomp recall.

* Comus was first represented in a hall of Ludlow Castle, by the children of the Earl of Bridgwater, then Lord Warden.

Peace to thy stern heroic age!
No stroke of wild unhallow'd rage,
Assail thy tott'ring form!—
We love, when smiles returning day,
In cloudy distance to survey
The remnant of the storm.

L. A.

IMITATION OF THE ITALIAN SONG.

" In quel viso furbarello."

In that roguish face one sees
All her sex's witcheries:
Playful sweetness, cold disdain—
Ev'ry thing to turn one's brain.

Sparkling from expressive eyes,
Heaving in affected sighs,
Sure destruction still we find—
Still we lose our peace of mind!

Touch'd by her half-trembling hand,
Can the coldest heart withstand,
While we dread the starting tear,
And the tender accents hear?

Numberless are, sure, the ways
That she fascinates our gaze:
Magic arts her pow'r improve—
Witcheries that wait on Love!

MRS. PIOZZI.

CUPID AND PSYCHE:

A Mythological Tale, from the Golden Ass of Apuleius.

BY MR. GURNEY.

A FEMALE relation of the AUTHOR's having seen a manuscript version of the Story of CUPID and PSYCHE, mentioned it to him as a subject peculiarly susceptible of poetical embellishment, and recommended him to attempt it.—He at one time thought of giving an analysis of the fable, but finding that each commentator explained almost every subordinate circumstance in a different manner, he resolved to decline the task. It may, however, be proper to remark, that in the main point they all agree; and when we consider that APULEIUS was a Platonist and a Mystic, and that he is perpetually recurring to the rites and cabbala of the many religious fraternities into which he had been initiated, we can scarcely doubt, that, by the adventures and marriage of CUPID and PSYCHE, he meant to typify after various trials and probations, the final union of the soul of man to Divine Love in a state of immortality: although it must at the same time be confessed, that he throws no small obscurity over his allegory, by substituting the person and attributes of Cupid the son of Venus, for those of the elder Cupid, born of the egg of Night, and coeval with Chaos.

The story runs through the fourth, fifth, and sixth Books of the ROMANCE of the GOLDEN ASS, and is told by an old woman to a captive lady in a cave of robbers.

I.

O STAY those tears! the beldam cries,
Ill dreams good fortunes oft forerun,
Like clouds which skirt the morning skies,
But melt before the noon-day sun.

Chase from thy soul this idle grief,
And let my words thine ear engage;
Thy fears perchance may find relief,
E'en from the garrulous tales of age.

II.

Once stately reign'd a king and queen,
As bards of other times have told,
The happiest that were ever seen
To flourish in the days of old.

Three daughters bless'd their nuptial bed;
Two daughters exquisitely fair,
Who many a fond youth captive led,
Made many a hapless youth despair.

The youngest—but no tongue so warm
Though matchless eloquence be given,
May dare pourtray her finish'd form,
The 'prodigality of heaven!'

Say, to delight the wondering earth,
Does she amongst us mortals roam,
Who from the blue deep took her birth,
Her nurture from the sparkling foam?

O'er her warm cheek's vermilion dye,
Waves, lightly waves, her dark-brown hair;
Bright as the winter star her eye,
Yet peaceful as the summer air.

No one to Paphos takes his way,
Cnidos, Cythera, charm no more;
No throngs, with votive chaplets gay,
The *immortal* VENUS now adore.

Her temples all in ruin lie,
Her altars cold, to dust resign'd,
Her withering garlands flap, and fly,
And rustle in the hollow wind.

Whilst on the mortal maid they shower
The incense they to *her* should bring,
And offer to this fairest flower
The fairest flow'rets of the spring.

From isles afar, from distant lands,
Unnumber'd votaries press around,
And view entranc'd with clasped hands,
Celestial footsteps print the ground.
To her young girls their wishes breathe,
Commend the fond youth to her care;
Bind round her brows the rosy wreath,
And sigh to her the ardent prayer.

III.

Can then Devotion's sainted glow,
By Heaven's creating hand impress'd,
(A moon to gild the nights of woe,
A sunbeam in the days of rest)
For changeful Fancy's glittering sway,
Quit stedfast Reason's chaste control,
The will, with meteor gleams, betray,
And guide, with dubious light, the soul?
Yet, if the weak erratic mind
Pour forth to living beauty warm,
The unutterable praise assign'd
Alone to thine etherial form,
Parent of nature! nurse of joy!
From whom the elements arise,
Thou to whom Ida's shepherd boy
Adjudg'd aright the golden prize,
O, VENUS! will thy better part,
Unbounded love, incline to spare
Or female envy taint thy heart,
And plant the Fiend of Vengeance there?
And shall the rays of life's fair morn,
Prove but the lightning flash of fate?
And shall they wake the smile of scorn,
Or shall they move the scowl of hate?

VENUS has call'd her winged child,
And with malignant pleasure laugh'd,
That boy who lawless, wicked, wild,
At random aims the flaming shaft;

Him, who all deeds of darkness owns,
Who breaks so oft the nuptial tye,
And, whilst his luckless victim groans,
On careless pinions flutters by.—

The dangerous Power, to PSYCHE's bower
She with vindictive fury led,
And bade him thus his vengeance shower
On the detested virgin's head:—

"By a mother's sacred name,
"By thine arrows tipp'd with flame,
"By thy joys which often borrow
"Of Despair most bitter sorrow,
"Make thy parent's rival know
"Unimaginable woe!
"May her youth's unequall'd bloom
"Unrequited love consume,
"For some wretch of abject birth,
"Wandering outcast of the earth;
"Be for him her fond heart torn,
"May e'en he her torments scorn,
"That all womankind may see
"What it is to injure me.
"Make thy parent's rival know,
"Unimaginable woe!"

Then kiss'd her son, and fleet as wind
She seeks old Ocean's dark-green caves—
Her ivory feet with roses twin'd
Brush lightly o'er the trembling waves.

IV.

Young PSYCHE still more beauteous grows,
Ah, not unconscious of her charms!
Yet no one plucks this opening rose,
She takes no suitor to her arms.

Each sister shines a regal bride,
In sweet connubial union bless'd;
Each moves conspicuous in the pride
Of scepter'd state and ermin'd vest.

But PSYCHE owns no lawful lord,
She walks a goddess from above;
All saw, all prais'd, and all ador'd,
But no one ever dar'd to love.

Yet half form'd wishes still will ply
With feverish dreams the unpractis'd mind,
When, 'the clos'd eye, unknowing why,'
Its wonted slumbers fails to find.

Though the blank heart no passion owns,
Some soft ideas will intrude,
And the sick girl in silence moans
Her dull unvaried solitude!

V.

Her father sees his darling's grief,
Suspects the jealous wrath of heaven,
Hopes from the Oracle relief,
And asks the fate the Gods had given.

"On the mountain summit laid
"In her grave-clothes be the maid.
"Never shall thine eyes behold
"Son-in-law of mortal mould;
"But a monster girt with wings,
"Fiercest of created things,

" Scattering flames his hours employing,
" Heaven alike and earth annoying:
" Him the dread decrees of fate
" Destine for thy daughter's mate."

Graceful his silver tresses flow—
He does not rend his hoary hair,
He utters not the shriek of woe,
Nor vents the curses of despair;
He does not wring his aged hands,
No tear-drop fills his frozen eye;
But as a statue fix'd he stands
In speechless, senseless agony!

VI.

There is a stern and hateful power
Who flies from Pleasure's wish'd embrace,
But lingers in Affliction's bower,
And tracks her with a lover's pace.
A scythe he for a sceptre bears,
O'er earth's vast charnel stalks sublime,
Compass'd by ministering cares,
And loathing mortals call him TIME.
He now leads on the joyless morn,
Mantling in clouds the low'ring skies,
When from her parents must be torn
The victim of the Destinies.
Loud wailings fill the troubled air,
Cold tremors every heart assail,
And the low murmurs of despair
Ride sullen on the hollow gale.
Onward the sad procession goes:
Do wedding guests then creep so slow?
Say, is it from the bridemaid flows
The long and sable stole of woe?

And who are they, who, rob'd in white,
Their black funereal torches wave,
Which shed around such pale blue light,
As issues from the dead man's grave?

They are the bridal train—yet mark,
They carol loud with tuneful breath:
'Tis not the song of marriage—hark!
They slowly chant the dirge of Death.

The mountain's utmost height they gain,
They pour the agonizing prayer;
For soon the melancholy train
Must leave the sad devoted fair.

Yet PSYCHE chides the tears that fall,
E'en in her shroud o'ermasters fear,
Wraps round her beauteous limbs the pall,
And dauntless mounts the bridal bier.

VII.

O SLEEP! sweet friend of humankind,
Whose magic chains all joy to wear,
Who, soother of the afflicted mind,
Strew'st roses on the bed of care;

Thou now o'er PSYCHE's fluttering soul
Benignly shedst thine opiate charms;
Spell-bound she owns thy mild control
Soft cradled in thy downy arms,

Till wafted on his winnowing wings
To a fair vale's sequester'd bowers,
ZEPHYR the unconscious maiden brings,
And lays her on a couch of flowers.

VIII.

She wakes—and to her glad survey
Rise round her, high o'er-arching trees,
Whose branches gemm'd with blossoms gay,
Throw perfumes to the lingering breeze.
And, shaded from the noon-tide beam,
There slowly, slowly curling roll'd
Its silvery waves a lucent stream
O'er sands of granulated gold.
And in the centre of the wood,
Not such as kings inhabit here,
A vast and tower-flank'd palace stood,
Nor such as mortal hands could rear.
Of ivory was the fretted roof,
On golden columns proudly rais'd,
And silver carvings massy proof
The walls of ebony emblaz'd.
Round lustres wreaths of diamonds fix'd
Their prismy rays profusely pour,
And amethysts with emeralds mix'd
Inlay the tesselated floor.
While thus the startled stranger greet,
Within no earthly form confin'd,
Voices, as distant music sweet,
That floats upon the evening wind:

"Lull to rest this causeless fear;
"Psyche! thou art mistress here.
"Happy beyond human measure,
"Slake thy thirsting soul in pleasure;
"Slaves to thy majestic lover,
"Air-form'd sprites around thee hover,
"Ever for thy bidding stay,
"Instant thy commands obey."

—And ere the lingering word is said,
Quick as the lightning glance of thought,
With sumptuous fare the banquet's spread,
By her aërial servants brought.

And flute, and harp, and voice, to fill
The choral harmony unite,
And make each raptur'd nerve to thrill
And vibrate with intense delight.

Swiftly the happy hours are fled!
For night invites her to repose,
And on the silk-embroider'd bed
Her wearied frame the virgin throws.

Now Darkness o'er the silent sphere
Her raven-tinctur'd reign assumes—
She stops her breath, she chills to hear
The rustling sound of fluttering plumes.

All hush'd around—no friend beside—
Her heart beats high with new alarms!
—The dreaded husband claims his bride,
And folds her in his eager arms!

Yet while thick shades are o'er them spread,
(How hard that lovely couch to scorn!)
Soft-gliding from the nuptial bed,
He flies before the golden morn.

While viewless harps incessant ring
To greet her on her bridal day,
And viewless minstrels gaily sing
The Hymeneal roundelay.

And aye when Eve in grateful hour
Sheds odours from her dewy wings,
The UNKNOWN seeks his mystic bower,
And to the expectant fair-one springs:

In frantic passion's giddy whirl
Past, quickly past, his transient stay,
He still eludes the curious girl,
And steals unseen, unfelt, away;
Ere from the bosom of the Night
Young Twilight scents the matin air,
And in her gray vest rises light
Spangled with gems her musky hair.

IX.

Though circling o'er, the laughing hours
In still-increasing raptures roll'd,
Oft gleams the path besprent with flowers
With tints too clear, too bright to hold!
Thus speaks the INVISIBLE, and sighs,
And clasps her in his warm embrace,
While the large tear-drops from his eyes
Fall frequent on her burning face:
" Life of my beating heart! o'er thee
" Impending danger scowls: beware!
" With anxious soul I shuddering see
" The cruel Fates their lures prepare.
" Soon shall thy sisters seek thee near,
" Lament thee lost with piercing wail,
" And thou each well-known voice shalt hear
" With piteous accents load the gale.
" Then, though thy very soul will yearn
" To bid thy messengers convey
" The wish'd-for visitants; O turn!
" Turn from their plaints thine ear away.
" If nature's feelings conquer still,
" And thou must wayward tempt thy fate,
" Thou knows't, obedient to thy will,
" What mystic menials round thee wait.

" Yet, as thou'dst shun eternal bale,
" Or never-ceasing misery dread,
" Our dark mysterious union veil
" In the deep silence of the dead.
" For these the truths the Fates unfold:
" We in these bowers may ever dwell,
" If mortal eye shall ne'er behold
" This form, nor tongue my secrets tell.
" While from our glad embrace will rise,
" Pure from all taint of earthly leaven,
" An infant inmate of the skies,
" The fairest of the host of heaven.
" Then spare thyself, thy husband spare,
" And spare thy child, as yet unborn;
" Dash not the dark clouds of despair
" Upon the ruddy hues of morn."

X.

Gaily we launch our little bark,
The sun-beams on the waters play,
While close behind the ravenous shark
Expecting waits his destin'd prey.
We sail along the whirlpool's brink,
Unheeding join the song of glee,
But ah! too late aghast we shrink,
When whelm'd beneath the treacherous sea.
Psyche has heard the warning strain—
Resistless wishes restless spring,
She slights the strain, and bids her train
Of swift-wing'd sprites her sisters bring.
Her childhood's friends she joys to meet,
No shade of danger here can find:
Though mingled in communion sweet,
They cannot sound the viewless mind.

Lock'd in her ever-faithful breast,
Her secret all discovery braves,
Safe as the orient pearl, will rest,
Beneath unfathomable waves.

" And who is he whose natal star
" With such unrivall'd splendor shines,
" Whose countless stores exceed so far
" All India's inexhausted mines!"

" O! 'tis a youth whose ruddy cheek
" Vies with the morn's vermilion die,
" Or emulates the clouds that streak
" With crimson tints the evening sky.

" And mantled he in lively green
" Up the high mountain joys to go,
" Or in the wild-wood chase is seen
" The foremost with his silver bow."

Homeward the sisters now return,
Their bosoms charg'd with deadly hate,
And with excessive envy burn,
And curse their own inferior fate.

XI.

Exulting PSYCHE bids again
The obedient sprites her sisters bear;
Borne by the ministering train,
Again arrive the baleful pair.

" And who is he whose natal star
" With such unrivall'd splendor shines,
" Whose countless stores exceed so far
" All India's inexhausted mines?"

" O! he is one unbroke by care,
" The rose of beauty lingers yet,
" Though here and there a hoary hair
" Gleams silvery 'midst his locks of jet.

" Cease, cease those fables," swift replied
One sister with unfeeling scorn,
And " cease thy tales, the other cried,
" Nor strive to hide thy state forlorn."
" Still ever erring from the truth,
" Thy childish tongue deceitful ran—
" Thy husband neither glows with youth,
" Nor the gray honors boasts of man;
" He wears no human form—we know
" Unerring are the words of heaven;
" And of all humankind the foe
" Thee for a mate the Gods have given.
" We know him well—then wherefore hide
" From thy dear sisters' love thy care,
" Nor to our kindred breasts confide
" The ills that thou art doom'd to bear?"
Then as they wipe the artful tear,
Loud on the pitying Gods they call,
Till sooth'd by love, or urg'd by fear,
The trembling PSYCHE tells them all.
" We knew it well!—nay do not start,"
Each base malignant fury cried,
" We know, unhappy girl! thou art
" A vast and venom'd serpent's bride.
" We learnt it from the neighbouring hinds,
" Who every night his form survey,
" As through yon crystal stream he winds
" In slimy folds his sinuous way.
" Or as at day-break he along
" In many a spiral volume trails,
" And vibrates quick his forky tongue,
" And glitters in his burnish'd scales.

" Yes! though with heaven's own transports warm
" Thy soul in boundless rapture swims,
" Soon, coil'd around thy slender form,
' He'll writhing crush thy mangled limbs!"
Thus the hyæna speaks and weeps—
Cold damps on PSYCHE's forehead start,
Her tingling flesh with horror creeps,
The life-blood curdling in her heart.
All ghastly pale her beauteous cheek,
She throws her moonstruck gaze around,
Utters a feeble, faultering shriek,
And senseless sinks upon the ground.
Then as some parch'd and withering flower
Reviving sucks the evening dew,
To bide the insufferable power
Of the meridian sun anew;
So when the UNKNOWN's distracted wife
Recovers her unwelcome breath,
She only hails returning life
To shudder at approaching death.

XII.

The sisters still their schemes pursue,
Their vengeance ripens in the bud,
And thus they urge her to imbrue
Her weak and innocent hands in blood.
" Cut thou the knot the Fates have tied,
" Nor let dismay thine efforts damp,
" But in the figur'd tapestry hide,
" To guide thy stroke, this faithful lamp.
" And take this dagger keen and bright,
" And when his eyes are clos'd in rest,
" Directed by the friendly light,
" Deep plunge it in the monster's breast."

Thou who in love's soft dreams hast felt,
  Whilst envying Gods were hovering near,
Thy soul in sweet delirium melt,
  Say, canst thou slay thy lover dear?
And canst thou spread thy murderous toils
  For him thy soul's best joy of late?
Ah me! her sickening heart recoils,
  Disgusted from her viperous mate.

XIII.

Her mantle o'er them Darkness throws,
  On the UNKNOWN soft languors creep,
Who leaves his false one to repose,
  And sinks into the arms of Sleep.
Now trembling, now distracted; bold,
  And now irresolute she seems;
The blue lamp glimmers in her hold,
  And in her hand the dagger gleams.
Prepar'd to strike she verges near,
  The blue light glimmering from above,
The HIDEOUS SIGHT expects with fear,
  —And gazes on the GOD OF LOVE.
Not such a young and frolic child
  As poets feign, or sculptors plan;
No, no, she sees, with transport wild,
  Eternal beauty veil'd in man.
His cheek's ingrain'd carnation glow'd
  Like rubies on a bed of pearls,
And down his ivory shoulders flow'd
  In clustering braids his golden curls.
Soft as the cygnet's down his wings;
  And as the falling snow-flake fair,
Each light elastic feather springs,
  And dances in the balmy air.

The pure and vital stream he breathes,
Makes e'en the lamp shine doubly bright,
Which its gay flame enamour'd wreathes,
And gleams with scintillating light.
There loosely strung that bow was hung,
Whose twanging cord Immortals fear,
And on the floor his quiver flung,
Lay stor'd with many an arrow, near.
Grasp'd in her sacrilegious hands,
She with the arrows play'd, and laugh'd—
The crimson on her finger stands,
She's wounded by the poison'd shaft!
The red blood riots in her veins,
Her feverish pulses wildly beat,
Whilst every waken'd fibre strains
And throbs with palpitating heat.
With eyes, where sparkling rapture swims,
She contemplates his sleeping grace,
Hangs fondly o'er his well-turn'd limbs,
And joins to his her fervid face.
But as her views intent to foil,
Or as that form it long'd to kiss,
Dropt from the lamp the burning oil,
Arous'd him from his dreams of bliss.
Sudden loud thunders shake the skies,
The enchanted palace sinks around,
And sanguine-streaming fires arise,
Meteorous from the trembling ground.
And swift as when in fury hurls
Jove's red right arm the forky light,
The wounded Godhead eddying whirls
Into the heaven of heavens his flight.

XIV.

In vapoury twilight damp and chill
The languid star fades pale away,
The high peak of the distant hill
Is gilded by the gleams of day.
And who is that distracted fair
Reclin'd beneath yon spreading yew,
Swoln are her eyes, her dark brown hair
Is pearly with the morning dew?
Her spring of life now seems to flag,
In wild delirium now she raves—
O, see! from that o'erjutting crag
She plunges in the foaming waves!
But he who o'er the stream presides
The frantic girl in pity bore,
Upheav'd on his slow-rolling tides,
In safety to the opposing shore.
There in a bower with wood-moss lin'd,
With violets blue, and cowslips gay,
Old PAN, by CANNA'S side reclin'd,
Sung many a rustic roundelay.
While wandering from his heedless eyes,
His white goats cropt the neighbouring brake,
The God in this unfashioned guise
With no ungentle feelings spake:
" Sweet girl though rural is the air
" That I the king of shepherds wear,
" As assay'd silver, tried, and sage,
" And prudent are the words of age.
" Then list, O list, sweet girl, to me!
" For with divining power I see,
" Both from thy often-reeling pace,
" And from thy pale and haggard face,

" And from thy deep and frequent sigh,
" While grief hangs heavy on thine eye,
" That all the ills thour't doom'd to prove,
" Are judgments of the GOD of LOVE.—
" Then list, O list, sweet girl, to me,
" Seek not by death thy soul to free,
" But cast thy cares thy griefs away,
" To CUPID without ceasing pray,
" And soon that soft luxurious boy
" Will tune anew thy mind to joy."

XV.

The shipman seeks his native vales,
He's come afar from o'er the sea,
He longs to tell his wond'rous tales
Of dangers on the stormy lee.

He'll tell the wonder-stirring tales
To those dear friends he left behind—
Ah me! within his native vales
His sickening soul no friend can find.

Thus PSYCHE to one sister goes,
That sister's vital spark is fled:
To meet the other next she rose,
But she is number'd with the dead.

And she will seek her father's state,
And there her parents' blessings crave—
Press'd by the heavy hand of fate,
They too rest peaceful in the grave!

XVI.

And now the milk-white Albatross,
To VENUS who in Ocean laves
Circled with Sea-nymphs, scuds across
On oary wings the rippling waves.

" Great queen," the feather'd chatterer said,
" Know'st thou not what thy hopeful son,
" Enamour'd of a worthless maid,
" Has in his amorous folly done?

" He sighs not for celestial charms,
" No Grace, no Goddess is his flame,
" But woos a mortal to his arms,
" And PSYCHE is the damsel's name.

" E'en now impatient of his woe,
" Wounded he seeks thy courts above,
" By the just fates condemn'd to know
" The inflicted pangs of faithless love."

VENUS then calls her doves, and soon
With quick step mounts her golden car,
Arch'd inwards like the waning moon,
And brilliant as the morning star.

Around her sparrows chirping play,
Exulting strain their little throats,
And all the warblers of the spray
Pour sweetly their mellifluous notes.

She cuts the clouds, she skims the heaven,
Till, reach'd the palace of the sky,
Her fanciful behest is given
To the wing'd herald MERCURY.

" Take thou this volume in thy hand
" With PSYCHE's history mark'd, and name,
" And thus in every clime and land,
" And every state aloud proclaim—

" If any man shall seize and bring
" The flying daughter of a king,

" Handmaid of VENUS, or will tell
" Where PSYCHE now conceal'd may dwell,
" Let him to Murtia straight repair,
" Make the much-wish'd discovery there,
" And CYTHEREA, queen of charms,
" Sole sovereign of extatic blisses,
" Will clasp him in her grateful arms,
" And greet him with seven fervid kisses!"

XVII.

Now four long tedious moons are spent,
She hears no tidings of her lord,
Yet still her wandering steps are bent
In search of him her soul ador'd.

She pray'd at CERES' corn-wreath'd shrine,
And JUNO's altar deck'd with flowers;
But sternly bound by pact divine,
No succour lend the pitying Powers.

Till wearied with unnumber'd woes,
And render'd valiant by despair,
She to the Murtian temple goes—
Perchance her true love tarries there.

O, turn thee from the perilous way!
Ah! wherefore work thine own annoy?
Yon priestess, CUSTOM, marks her prey,
And eyes thee with malignant joy!

Instant she on her victim springs,
She mocks the unavailing prayer,
Furious her wither'd hand enrings,
And drags her by her flowing hair.

Then laughing VENUS bids with speed,
Her handmaids on the pavement throw
Of all the flowering plants the seed
That in the Hesperian gardens blow.

And she must each assort before
The dewfall shall the damp grass steep,
While sentry at the chamber door
SOLICITUDE and SORROW keep.

A little ant the mandate heard,
The oppressive mandate with disdain;
For e'en the weakest 'tis averr'd
Will on the oppressor turn again.

And insect myriads never ceas'd
Their labors till the setting sun,
When VENUS, rising from the feast,
With wonder saw the hard task done.

XVIII.

Now rose, in glory rose, the morn,
And VENUS bids her captive go
To yon fair stream, whose currents, borne
In circling eddies, babbling flow.

" There grazing the wild flock," she cried,
" With golden fleeces shalt thou see,
" Then from the bright ram's shaggy side,
" The precious wool bring back to me."

Trembling she goes—she gazes round,—
Say whence that heavenly voice proceeds,
That like the soft flute's mellow sound
Breathes sweetly through the whispering reeds?

" Fierce while glares the noon-day sun,
" Thou the dread adventure shun,
" While the ram his rival scorns
" Furious with his jutting horns;
" But beneath yon plane-tree's shade,
" In concealment be thou laid,

" Till the eve-star, pale and fair,
" Glimmers through the misty air;
" Then in safety may'st thou pull
" From his fleece the golden wool."

Yet though this labour she performs,
No grace with VENUS can she find,
Her stony heart no pity warms,
Another trial waits behind.

XIX.

" Down from that cloud-capt mountain's brow,
" A never-ceasing cataract pours,
" Whose feathery surges dash below
" In thunder on the Stygian shores;
" Thou on the dangerous brink must stand,
" And dip this goblet in the spring:
" Descending then with steady hand
" The black transparent crystal bring."

Nimbly the mountain steep she'd climb,
But thence impervious rocks arise,
Whose awful foreheads frown sublime,
And lift their bold crags to the skies.

While horrid voices howl around,
" Fly! swiftly fly!"—" Forbear, forbear!"
Vast stones, with heart-appalling sound,
Are hurl'd into the groaning air.

And on the right and on the left,
Four ever-watchful dragons fly,
Flame-breathing through each dizzy cleft,
Their long and flexile necks they ply.

Though beauty's queen no pity feels,
The bold rapacious bird of JOVE
His succour to the afflicted deals,
In reverence to the God of Love.

He sees her blasted hopes expire,
  He leaves the liquid fields of light,
And whirling round in many a gyre
  Majestic wings his rapid flight.

High o'er the dragons see him tower,
  Up-darting through the azure air!
And high above the stony shower
  The bowl his crooked talons bear.

Now to the grateful maid he brings
  The sparkling waters bright and clear,
Then spreads again his ample wings,
  And soaring quits this nether sphere.

XX.

Can Beauty no compassion know?
  Sure Mercy must her bright beams dart,
And piercing through those hills of snow,
  Melt e'en the adamantine heart!

Ah no! by VENUS' stern command
  PSYCHE to PROSERPINE is sped:
Shivering she seeks the dreary land,
  The sun-less mansions of the dead.

The unopen'd casket she must bring,
  Whose weak and fragile sides entomb
From beauty's uncreated spring
  The essence of eternal bloom.

Fearful and sad she journey'd on,
  While silence rul'd the midnight hour,
To where the unsteady moon-beam shone
  Reflected from a ruin'd tower.

And thence she heard these warning notes,
  Caroll'd as clear as clear might be,
Sweet as the mermaid's lay that floats
  Melodious on the charmed sea.

" Sunk her spirit, whelm'd in woe,
" Does the royal captive go?
" Does her heart, oppress'd with dread,
" Shudder to approach the dead?
" Where the cavern yawns around,
" Enter there the dark profound:
" Soon thy path a crippled ass,
" By a cripple led, shall pass,
" Fainting they beneath their task—
" He assistance oft will ask,
" But in these infernal lands
" Touch not with unhallowed hands,
" Cautious thou without delay,
" Onward, onward, speed thy way!
" In old CHARON'S creaking boat,
" O'er the dead stream thou must float;
" There the livid corse thou'lt see
" Stretch his blue-swoln hand to thee,
" Frown thou on his suit severe,
" Mercy were destruction here!
" See those crones that on the left
" Weave the many-colour'd weft,
" See them, how they this way wend
" Asking thee thy aid to lend,
" But in these infernal lands
" Touch not with unhallow'd hands,
" Cautious thou, without delay
" Onward, onward, speed thy way!
" Dipt the sop in Hydromel
" Charm the three-neck'd dog of Hell;
" Then from her imperial seat
" Thee the shadowy queen shall greet,
" Shall for thee the feast prepare—
" Thou that feast refuse to share,

" But upon the pavement spread
" Take the black and mouldy bread—
" By the queen soon set at large,
" Back now bear thy precious charge:
" Over all, thy curious mind
" In the chains of prudence bind,
" Nor the strict command infringe,
" Move not thou the golden hinge!
" Gladsome then without delay
" Onward, onward, speed thy way!"

XXI.

—She has seen the secrets of the deep,
And through o'erwhelming horrors past,
How her recovering pulses leap,
To hail the day-star's gleams at last!

" Do I then bear eternal bloom
" Alone to make my tyrant shine?
" Say, rather let its tints illume
" These wan and woe-worn cheeks of mine;

" Whilst I will revel in the rays
" Of beauty in the casket hid;"
Alas! no beam of beauty plays
Delightful from the lifted lid!

But from the empty casket sprang
Of Stygian fogs the baleful breath,
And o'er her quivering members hang
The damp unwholesome dews of DEATH.

Pale, pale, on earth's green lap she sleeps,
No perfum'd breeze those lips inhale,
As o'er her fluttering vestment sweeps
In fitful blasts the moaning gale.

Cold, cold is now that lovely breast,
And sunk that cheek of late so fair,
Yet tranquil peace remains impreſt,
Celestial sweetness lingers there!
Ill-fated maid! no sorrowing friend
Shall steep thy herse in true-love showers,
Thy corse with duteous care shall tend,
Or strew thy grave with opening flowers.
No songster o'er thy dewy mound
For thee shall trill the plaintive lay,
But the dark vulture hovering round
With broad wing shade his purpos'd prey!

XXII.

The fields of nature to deform
Not always drives the furious blast,
And shall misfortune's moral storm
'Gainst meek endurance ever last?
No, though unnumber'd ills assail,
Though man behold no succour nigh,
Though with the frailest of the frail,
Presumption tempt the prying eye;
Yet, if the germ of virtue live,
Let constant Faith her sufferings brave;
Goodness is powerful to forgive,
And Heaven omnipotent to save.
Though gathering clouds life's closing hours
With dark distressful fears annoy,
Love points to Mercy's radiant bowers,
Where Truth triumphant dwells with Joy.
CUPID, with downcast, humbled mien,
Has to the THUNDERER breath'd his care,
The ALMIGHTY FATHER smil'd serene,
And granted his adorer's prayer.

Now flies he to his lost one's aid,
He gently rais'd her falling head,
With his bright arrow touch'd the maid,
And rous'd her from her cheerless bed.

He animates anew her charms,
Warm o'er her breathes the light of love,
Then bears her in his circling arms,
And stands before the throne of JOVE.

But on the Sovereign of the skies
What fleshly optics dare to gaze?
And PSYCHE with averted eyes
Shrinks trembling from the excessive blaze:

Till, HEBE raising to her lips
The ambrosial Goblet foaming high,
Wrapt in extatic trance she sips
The fount of IMMORTALITY!

Purpled with roses dance the HOURS,
The GRACES scattering odours play,
And crown'd with never-fading flowers
The MUSES hymn the jocund lay.

And onwards up the etherial arch
Glad HYMEN leads the festive train,
As o'er the rainbow's hues they march,
And links them in his golden chain.

While soon to bless the faithful pair;
With eye of laughter, soul of flame,
Burst into life a daughter fair,
And PLEASURE was the infant's name.

Norwich, 1799.

THE ROSE.

BY T. NOBLE.

AUTHOR OF BLACKHEATH, A POEM, &c.

O DO not pluck yon blooming rose,—
(Amelia fondly cried)
How full its op'ning fragrance blows!
It is the garden's pride.

The deep, soft, blush of morning beams
Hath just so rich a hue:
Such is the tint, when ev'ning gleams,
Purpling the pendant dew.

Such are the ruddy streaks of light,
That in the north arise,
Shoot their full crimson o'er the night,
And glow across the skies.

Go, view my rose what time the day
The silent dawn receives;
What pearls dart back the kindling ray,
Quick trickling o'er its leaves.

Its leaves a tender freshness breathe,
Soft steamy scent aspires;
And, flushed, the silvery show'r beneath,
Glance forth the rubied fires.

Go, view my rose, what time the noon
  Pours forth its radiant calm;
Wide on the panting air is strewn,
  My rose's fragrant balm.

The fervid zephyrs faintly die,
  Scarce trembling through the bow'r;
While, languidly, yon butterfly
  Droops on my fav'rite flower:

Slowly each silken van expands,
  Gemm'd with the tinted light;
Now spread, now closed, he wav'ring stands,—
  Then flutt'ring, wings his flight.

Go, view my rose, what time the shades
  Of Ev'ning wide prevail,
How far it's breath perfumes the glades
  On each reviving gale.

Bright o'er its low inclining head,
  A livelier blush is seen;
It's mossy tendrils curving spread,
  A bow'r of humid green.

And then the bee hums fondly near,
  And doth each note prolong;
As if my rose could, conscious, hear
  The soothing of his song.

Then do not pluck my lovely rose!
  (Amelia sweetly cries)
Pluck'd—morn, nor noon, nor eve it knows,—
  But withers, fades, and dies.

Then do not—do not pluck my flow'r,
  Morn, noon, and ev'ning priz'd;
Pluck'd—it would die in one short hour,
  Be trod on and despis'd.

SONG.

WHAT painter's happy art can trace
The varying magic of thy face?
Now gay as vernal morn's first rise,
'Mid thousand blooms and melodies;
Now mild as Autumn's ev'ning gleam,
Reflected from some quiet stream;
How far thy charms all charms outshine,
Incomparable Lady mine *!

O Nancy, how forlorn he lives
Who tastes no joy that woman gives;
Can toils of state or din of arms,
Compensate woman's absent charms?
Can all the blandishments of pow'r
Equal the sweet domestic hour—
The hour that gives thee best to shine,
Incomparable Lady mine!

When rosy cheek and and azure eye
First heav'd my bosom with a sigh,
I wanton'd 'mongst a syren train,
Whose promis'd transport still was pain.
O hallow'd be the happy day
That tore me from their wiles away,
And fix'd me ever, ever thine,
Incomparable Lady mine.

Malton. W.

* The expression of "Lady mine" was suggested by the perusal of Mr. Southey's matchless Translation of Amadis.

ODE.

To the Memory of the Rev. William Mason, A. M. Written in 1797, in the late Lord Harcourt's Flower Garden at Nuneham.

BY SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY, BART.

THESE roseate bowers, these sun-bright glades,
A poet's eye design'd;
Bade yon dark paths, through tufted shades,
In leafy labyrinths wind.
He found undress'd the rustic child,
Of lovely form, neglected, wild,
And modest robes well-suited gave;
No art conceals her genuine face
Her airy step, her simple grace,
No pedant rules enslave.

Here the gay warbler swells his throat,
Rejoicing in the spring;
Tunes to his mate the love-taught note,
Or woos on transient wing.
Here, queen of Nature's fairest reign,
Pleas'd Flora leads her laughing train,
Fresh from the dewy lap of May;
Or wrapp'd in fragrant slumber lies,
Or waking, spreads her golden eyes,
To drink the orient ray.

With all the pride of summer crown'd,
  This little Eden glows;
And Memory o'er the hallow'd ground
  A mellower lustre throws.
Friends who to weep his loss remain,
And youths enamour'd of his strain,
  To Mason's shrine by Fancy led,
Oft in yon shadowy cave are seen,
Oft pacing slow these alleys green
  With soft and pensive tread.

Oft at high noon the listening ear,
  While stillness breathes around,
Aerial harpings seems to hear,
  Of more than mortal sound.
When evening sheds her grateful gloom,
To bend upon this vacant tomb,
  Sweet Melancholy steals along;
Sighs to the breeze in murmurs low,
Or pours a deeper note of woe,
  On Philomel's sad song.

Blest poet of a happier age!
  Though mute thy tuneful lay,
Long shall survive thy sacred page,
  Beyond life's little day.
Smote by rude Time, in tangles torn,
When these forsaken groves shall mourn,
  No more responsive to thy praise;
Thy moral pure, thy lofty strain,
Shall o'er the maddening passions reign,
  The soul to virtue raise.

AMERICA,

AN ODE.

TO THE PEOPLE OF EN[illegible]

Ἀλλ' ὃν μεμνησθ' ἄτ' ἐγὼ προλέγω·
Μηδὲ προθῇ ἄτης θηράθενλας
Μέμπτησθε τύχῃ, μηδὲ σοὶ εἴπη-
Σ' ὡς Ζεὺς ὑμᾶς ἀπρόπτως
Πῆμ' εἰσέβαλεν[illegible] μὴ δῆτ', αὐτοὶ
Δ' ὑμᾶς αὐτ[illegible] εἰδότες γὰρ,
Κὐκ ἐξαίφνης [illegible] δὲ λαθραίως,
Εἰς ἀπίστατον δίκλυον ἄτης
Ἐμπλα[illegible]θησθ' ὑπ' ἀνοίας.

ÆSCHYLUS.

I.

FAR o'er [illegible] western azure main,
The adv[illegible] coast about to gain,
Appear'd [illegible] fatal barks, that bore
Our hostile l[illegible]ons to a kindred shore.
Sunk was the sun, and dark the seas;
The wil[illegible] waves murmur'd round the prow;
And dismal [illegible]unds were wafted in the breeze,
Confus'd [illegible]ms, and shrieks of distant woe.
Fix'[illegible]s rooted in the tide,
E[illegible]el at once forgot to glide:
Pale h[illegible] damp'd the watchful pilot's brow;
Hush[illegible]e the winds above, and still'd the floods
[illegible]ow.

* Published in 1776.

I. 2.

As from behind the storm
The pale moon glimmers with malignant light,
Sudden an aery Form
Glanc'd on their startled eyes, athwart the Night.
The semblance sad and meek it bore
Of Him, whom to the desert shore
Religion led, and Freedom's holy flame.
* There Justice pois'd her equal scale,
Taught savage chiefs her shrine to hail,
And wreathed her bloodless laurels round his Name.

I. 3.

" Fled are the Hours of Peace!
" From Boston's plain the flames arise;
" With ruddy Horror blaze the western skies;
" Nor yet," he cries, " they cease.
" I hear the Clarion's dire alarms,
" Her thousand warriors Freedom arms:
" From the bleak Atlantic main
" To dark Ontario's piny shore;
" From Georgia's citron groves and fertile plain,
" To Ohio's stream I see their myriads pour.
" Before them Conquest lifts her spear;
" On the broad base of equal laws,
" By Wisdom fix'd, the rising States appear;
" Justice avows, and heaven asserts their cause.
" Brightening thro' ages the fair prospect glows,
" Nor long Futurity reveals the distant close.

* The moderation and good faith of the founder of Pennsylvania are yet remembered by the Indians. They call him, their father Penn, and every dispute of theirs with that colony has been settled amicably, without bloodshed; which has been owing as much to their respect for its legislator, as to the equitable conduct of its inhabitants.

II. 1.

" But Thou, thy * suppliant Sons afar
" Who vexest with injurious war,
" Unnatural mother, hear thy doom!
" Devoted BRITAIN, mark thy ills to come!
" Enfeebled by corruption's sway,
" The ruin of a mighty state,
" Unhonour'd shalt thou sink to swift decay;
" Each art, each virtue, fled that made thee great.
" Torn from its base thy column lies,
" Forgotten all thy victories;
" In the throng'd port thy Cross is seen no more;
" Lost are thy boasted laws, o'erthrown thy balanc'd pow'r.

II. 2.

" To peaceful realms the sword
" In evil hour the proud IBERIAN bore;
" Tho' Empires own'd him Lord,
" And Wealth uncounted swell'd his fatal store.
" From † CUSCO's mournful vale the cries
" Of guiltless blood ascend the skies;

* " We ask but for peace, liberty and safety."
Address of the Congress to the People of England.

† The massacre of the innocent Peruvians, at the famous interview of their emperor with Pizarro and his Spaniards, in the valley near Cusco, was quickly followed and revenged by the cruelties attending the civil wars in that country among the conquerors. Pizarro, after sacrificing Almagro to his ambition, who had been his friend, and his original partner in the conquest of Peru, was himself assassinated, at noon, in his palace, by the nephew and partisans of his rival. That sordid and cruel avarice which first

" To mutual ſlaughter rush the frantic band:
" The Father's crimes their Offſpring bear,
" The tardy Vengeance ſtill they fear,
" While bigot Slavery wastes the deſtin'd land.

II. 3.

" Spirits of heroes old
" Who erſt your country's rights aſſail'd
" Challeng'd in Arms; and now heav'n's guardian ſhield
" O'er ſtruggling Freedom hold;
" Reſcuing her unpolluted ſhrine
" In other climes her ſons ye join.
" Heaven her blazing portal ſpreads;
" Shafts of glory pierce the night;
" Lo! the bright van the * Royal Patriot leads,
" Founder of laws, and arbiter of right;
" Penſive his brow, as when oppreſt
" By Daniſh pride his realm he view'd:
" Girt with his peers † FITZWALTER lifts his creſt,
" With ‡ Him, who ill ſtar'd HENRY'S arms with-
" ſtood;

carried the ſword thither, turned it againſt every one by whoſe death the ruffians could hope for plunder; and hiſtory affords ſcarce any thing more inhuman and perfidious than what the Spaniards ſuffered from each other, except the miſeries they had before inflicted on the mild and helpleſs Indians.

* Alfred was the firſt who compiled a body of laws for the whole kingdom. *Blackſtone's Introduction.*

† The leader of the barons who compelled King John to ſign Magna Charta.

‡ Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leiceſter, headed the opponents of Henry III.

" See SPENCER'S foe, fierce LANCASTER * appear,
" And † KENT too early slain, and TRESSEL'S ‡ brow
" severe.

III. 1.

" Frowning from CHALGRAVE'S sanguine field,
" In timely death his virtue seal'd,
" § The right he bled for, to maintain;
" HAMPDEN in sun-bright mail augments the Train.
" Victims of STUART'S bigot pride;
" Nor are Ye absent, generous pair,
" || In many a year of adverse fortune tried,
" LEICESTER'S firm son, and BEDFORD'S gentle heir.

* The Earl of Lancaster was principal of the league against the Spencers, favourites of Edward II. who ruined that unfortunate prince, by alienating the affections of his people.

† Edmund, Earl of Kent, was a young man of an amiable character and of the blood royal. He joined in the opposition to the Spencers, but was afterward put to death by the intrigues of the queen mother of Edward III. for endeavouring to remove her and Mortimer from the station they had usurped and filled so ill.

‡ William Tressel, Chief Justice of England, was named procurator of the people, to resign back to Edward II. their fealty at his deposition, and to renounce their allegiance to him.

§ He was killed in a skirmish in the beginning of the civil wars, while the parliament's cause was yet that of liberty and the people. There seems a great similarity in the cases of Hampden refusing the payment of ship-money, and the American denial of parliamentary taxation. The British parliament seems to stand nearly in the same relation to America, as the King to the people of England; each possesses a constitutional supremacy, which invests it with the most important powers; but each is bound to abstain from invading a right which our constitution expressly reserves to the people; the only sure defence against the despotism of a King at home, or a nation at a distance.

|| Whoever has seen the letters of Algernon Sidney, will easily estimate the worth of that truly great character. A modern reader

" Join'd in Love, in Fate ye fell!
" Still the just Muse your fame shall tell
" Where Freedom holds on earth her hallow'd seat;
" And nations yet unborn the pious strains repeat.

III. 2.

" Ye too, they cry, be bold!
" Uncheck'd by secret guile, or force abhorr'd,
" Your charter'd rights uphold;
" And dauntless brave the mercenary sword.
" To heaven Oppression rears her head,
" Her scourge the prostrate kingdoms dread;
" But short her rule, and fleeting is her hour.
" The rod avenging Justice bears,
" And when are past the appointed years,
" Smites with a giant's force, and quells her pow'r.

III. 3.

" Fast by the sapphire throne
" Its adamant beam the balance sways,
" In which the deeds of men th' Eternal weighs:
" Thence the decrees are known
" That set the suffering nations free,
" And bear to Virtue victory.
" Cherish deeds by heaven approv'd
" And virtues equal to thy doom
" Thrice happy land! See on thy plains belov'd
" * The sacred Muse her promis'd seat assume.

will be much struck with the following passage from one of his father, the Earl of Leicester. " It was not God's will that the King " should follow the advice I gave him, to accommodate his diffe- " rences with the Scots, *and not to make war, where nothing was to " be gained and much might be lost.*"

* However convulsions like those in America may retard the progress of the arts during their continuance, they make abundant re-

" As o'er the main thy Towers arise,
" Spreading their salutary light;
" And bless with hope the weary'd seaman's eyes,
" Worn with th' Atlantic storm, and wrapt in night,
" Thy genial breast shall still th' Unhappy greet,
" Refuge of injur'd Worth, and Freedom's last retreat."

EPITAPH ON SOPHOCLES.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMMIAS THE THEBAN.

AROUND my Sophocles's grave
Ye sombre leaves of ivy wave,
And oh! upon his sacred tomb
Ye never-fading roses bloom,
Still may the close encircling vine
Its undulating branches twine,
Still blend its variegated shade,
To deck the place where he is laid,
Who when inspiring Genius spread
Its lovely visions o'er his head,
The Muses and the Graces sought,
And sang the raptures which they taught.

REV. R. BLAND.

compence, by forcing the minds of men to uncommon exertions. The strength thus acquired cannot fail of producing the noblest fruits, when the return of peace and establishment of freedom permits them to be occupied with those objects.

ANACREON IN BOW-STREET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY POCKET-BOOK."

As, rapt, I sweep the golden lyre,
To Love I cry "my notes inspire;
And let me sing of ROSA!"
But *Thespian wars* fill all my strain,
TOM HARRIS *junior*, hapless swain!
JOHN KEMBLE, and MENDOZA.

Then if I to the stage belong,
O let me sing the charms of song,
Of BILLINGTON and BRAHAM!
In vain!—again my wishes fail,
I sing of nought but *heavy bail*,
Of TOWNSEND and of GRAHAM.

The soul of Harmony is dead,
And vilest Discord reigns instead,
With rioting and battles—
To shrieking owls are turn'd my doves,
To O. P*. men the little Loves,
My lyre to horns and rattles!

* I find that HORACE makes particular mention of the O. P's, and the noise they made in Rome:—
"OPES *strepitumque Romæ*."—OD. LIB. III. 29.
My old friend the late Mr. OPIE, was a man of celebrity; but he never made half so much noise in the world as any one of his numerous relations.

THE HAPPY HOURS.

TO ————

When I recall the happy hours
That you and I have pass'd together,
When 'neath our feet love strew'd his flowers,
And o'er our heads youth beam'd fine weather.

When brightly burn'd that ardent flame,
Of which there but remains the embers,
And you so tenderly could name
Each little deed that love remembers.

When sigh for sigh you then could give,
And every kiss receiv'd an hundred,
I scarce can think that still I live,
And live to know our hearts are sunder'd.

For like a dream of dear delight,
Of love's creation—fairies' weaving,
That time appears, when day and night
Was past in vowing and believing.

Yet tho' those hours indeed are flown,
So much from memory I recover,
That still I think thee all my own,
And fancy I am still thy lover.

And was thy heart but still as warm,—
If not as warm—at least sincerer—
Ah dearest girl! from this fierce storm,
Such calm would make thee then but dearer.

And I'd again gaze on thy charms,
And in thy smiles lose melancholy—
Whilst thou should, in the *husband's* arms,
Forget to trace the lover's folly!

F. G.

TO ROSA.

If in possession passion die,
And when we marry, Love deny
His raptures still to tarry:
If that soft breast must cease to warm,
Those speaking eyes no longer charm,
O! never let us marry!

If I shall hang not on thy lip,
Like bees on roses, when they sip,
And thence less honey carry;
If I must cease to think it bliss,
To breathe my soul in every kiss,
O! never let us marry!

• •

STANZAS

BY MR. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

A young Man occasionally calls upon me who was born Deaf and Dumb, and who has been educated at the Asylum in the Grange Road. They have taught him to make Shoes, and to write, and to speak a few Words, and the last Time he called on me, he announced his intended Marriage in the following Words: "Five Months I will getting she married."

Oh how can the dumb go a courting,
Or how can the maiden approve?
'Tis easy; while fancy is sporting,
The eyes speak the language of love.

Poor Youth! altho' born without hearing,
Benevolence cheers such as you,
And teaches the words most endearing—
"God bless you," and "How do you do?"

From these and the use of your pen,
Tho' in grammar you're not over nice,
Love can make out your where and your when,
And supply all defects in a trice.

And though you hear not the soft sigh
Of delight, when you press on her cheek,
That loss other joys shall supply;
E'en the turn of a finger can speak.

We all deal in nodding and winking,
And talk through a smile or a frown;
But you, on whatever you're thinking,
Have a strange set of nods of your own.

This credit of nodding we grant you,
But all former specimens prove,
That nothing could ever enchant you,
Or light up your features like love.

For who shall describe the wild glee
That dwelt on your brow while you tarried
O'er that pen which recorded so free,
"Five months I will getting she married."

Perhaps she will study your face,
And read all your meanings with ease,
And prove that affection's pure grace
In despite of all language can please.

The balance is much on your side—
Should she scold, why who better can bear it?
You may see a child's mouth open'd wide
When it cries,—but you never can hear it.

If your heart bounds with pleasure, or bleeds,
Should fortune prove friendly or shy,
No oaths in your book of misdeeds,
Will stare in your face when you die.

You're right thus to marry, methinks,
While young, though the wise ones have tarried;
For me, I'll remember your winks,
And, "Five months I will getting she married."

RETALIATION.

If Eve in her innocence could not be blam'd
Because going naked she was not ashamed,
Whoe'er views the ladies, as ladies now dress,
That again they grow innocent, sure will confess,
And that artfully too they retaliate the evil,
By the Devil once tempted they now tempt the Devil.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE VIII.

TO ROWLAND HILL.

Lydia dic per omnes, &c.

By those locks so lank and sable
Which adown thy shoulders hang;
By thy phiz right lamentable,
And thy humming nasal twang;

Rowland Hill, thou queer fanatic,
Tell me why thy love and grace,
Thus invade my servant's attic,
To unfit him for his place.

For the *new light* ever pining,
Thomas groans and *hums* and *ha's*,
But, alas! the light is shining,
Only through his lanthorn jaws.

May-pole pranks and fiddle-scrapers,
In his eye-sight change their hue,
Sable *Athanasian* vapours
Cloud his brain with *devils blue.*

From his fellows far asunder,
Tom enjoys his morning stave;
Works are but a Heathen blunder,
Faith alone has power to save.

From young *Hal* the tavern-waiter,
Oft the boxing prize he'd carry;
Now the pious gladiator
Only wrestles with *old* HARRY.

Potent once at quoits and cricket,
Head erect and heart elate;
Now alas! he heeds no wicket,
Save John *Bunyan's* wicket-gate.

As some clown, to shun the battle,
Maims himself and courts disease,
So by *Watt's tittle-tattle*,
Tom expects to live at ease.

But if such his pious rage is,
Let it be its own reward—
I'll no longer pay his wages,
Me he serves not, but the *Lord!*

H.

EPIGRAM.

ON SEEING VENONI, OR THE NOVICE OF ST. MARK'S.

'Tis madness all! here Monk and Nun,
In sad confusion jostle,
The play is christen'd too, for fun,
After the wrong Apostle.

Dear LEWIS, list to my remarks,
Correct the press, adzooks!
And for the Novice of *St. Mark's*,
Read—Novice of ST. LUKE'S!

THE FAVOURITE BLACKBIRD OF CABIN-HILL.

TO M. M.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

THE Hermit Bird, with yellow bill,
And plumes of darkest hue;
In the lov'd haunt of Cabin-Hill,
Prepares his note for You.

Sweet note! that link'd to Nature's charms,
The Heart to Nature draws;
Suspended the vain world's alarms
In its melodious pause!

" I court the silence of retreat,
" Conceal'd in thickest wood;
" More strongly love, and sing more sweet,
" From sense of solitude.

" Across the garden walk I spring
" So social, yet so shy,
" And the quick shudder of the wing
" Now tells my inward joy.

" My welcome to the dawning light
" Shall soon be heard by thee;
" And at the fall of dewy night,
" My Hymn to Liberty.

" O for one burst of noble rage
" Which tyrants might appal,
" That Birds and Men could break their cage,
" And live at Nature's call!

" The prison'd man, the prison'd note,
" In sad effect combin'd:
" All tuneless grows the vocal throat,
" And music of the mind.

" But wood-notes wild I careless fling,
" Attach the virtuous ear;
" They harbinger the warmth of spring,
" They wake the torpid year.

" On them the pensive pleasures hang,
" When other songsters close;
" And e'en o'er Mem'ry's sharpest pang,
" A soft oblivion throws.

" Departed worth shall mix and blend
" With every tender tone,
" And scenes that call the buried friend
" Shall seem again his own.

" Thy ev'ning life, of widow'd hue,
" May still be fancy blest!
" Return! 'tis time to build anew
" Our long abandon'd nest."

EPIGRAM.

Some kisses, dear Nymph like the lightning are fleet,
They just touch the lips and depart!
But thine, O my Chloe, like nectar are sweet,
And they go from the lips to the heart.

DAMON.

DIRGE

Written in 1804, *on walking over the graves of the crew of the Royal George, who were cast ashore in* 1782, *and buried on the Strand neqr Ryde, in the Isle of Wight.*

BY EYLES IRWIN, ESQ.

To those who fall in manhood's prime;
Who danger's path undaunted brave;
Who form no estimate of time,
But as it leads to glory's grave:

To those, so lov'd, so justly priz'd,
Whose fate enlarg'd their country's debt;
Be no memorial frail devis'd,
Whose claims no Briton can forget!

But far remov'd their adverse lot,
Unknown, beneath this sod who sleep;
No funeral rite, no hallow'd spot,
Inurn'd the victims of the Deep.

In safety's lap on Albion's coast,
By careless confidence betray'd,
Down sudden sunk our Navy's boast,
And crowds the fatal call obey'd!

And of this multitude tho' few,
Like KEMPENFELDT, to fame were known;
Tho' pale oblivion veil the crew,
And wandering shades demand a stone;

Perhaps this mouldering dust contain'd
Some spirits, tow'ring o'er their doom;
With HOWE, whose arm had laurels gain'd,
Or pluck'd a thread from NELSON'S loom!—

But stern adversity was nigh—
In peace they dropt, without a blow;
With not a friend to close the eye,
Or cheer—to mark the flying foe!

Yet for the brave, who here repose,
The stranger's tear shall never fail;
Lone Philomel 'till midnight's close,
In sad notes 'plains their tragic tale.

The passing bark a look shall send,
Her comrade's destiny to ask;
Or o'er the turf the poet bend,
And ply, with sighs, his patriot task.

To these, tho' low, shall naval fame
And naval wonders be allied;
While Albion's colours homage claim,
And PORTSMOUTH crowns the SOLENT'S * tide!

EPIGRAM ON AN EPIGRAM.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON JUAN DE YRIARTE.

THE qualities all in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be felt in its tail.

* The ancient name of the strait that divides the main land from the Isle of Wight.

EPILOGUE,

TO THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SPOKEN BY FALSTAFF. 1761.

BY F. M. C. MUNDY, ESQ.

Zounds, what a fury has this Ford been in,
As if poor harmless cuckoldom were sin!
Why d—n the beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave,
The whorson sure has ne'er a soul to save,
Or thanks, instead of blows, might have been given,
To one who would have help'd the wretch to heaven,
When rain and sunshine should conspire together,
To call the beastly herd of Cuckolds thither.
This feeling payment, sirs, was something rude,
I do not like such marks of gratitude.
When o'er my suffering sides the cudgel fell,
How did my manly spirit within rebel!
I scarce could hold,—methought my heart would break;
But then the lady's honor was at stake.
Zounds, could he think among us bucks and bloods,
Alone to enjoy so tight a piece of goods?
His wife's a woman—and a woman's frail;
And sure a man like me might well prevail.
While she admires my limbs and portly waist,
The rogue should love her better for her taste.
But flesh and blood! what washy wights are here;
Are these the sons of English beef and beer?

Then farewell Cuckoldom, thy reign must cease,
Thou canst not thrive amongst such shades as these.
These sentimental SLENDERS of this age,
Who whine, and sigh, O *sweet* ANN, *sweet* ANN PAGE!
'Fore God, I think I'll have *myself* a wife,
And square my manners to this modern life.
For shame, leave off your teas, adhere to sack;
And for your morals—copy honest Jack.
In love be bold, laconick, blunt, and bluff;
" A Captain, Madam,—Dam'me!" that's enough.—
Husbands are better taught than to intrude;
But if the pimping wittol should be rude,
Revenge the base affront; draw forth your sword,
And run the rascal through—as I shall FORD.

STANZAS.

No longer by those looks transported,
Unyielding that I could disdain,
Though by a thousand graces courted,
Woman! thy soul-enslaving reign!

But woe is me, who merely glancing
O'er half the charms the sex display,
Their charms at once my heart entrancing,
I sigh—and give that heart away.

How often do I vow for ever
No female excellence to know;
How often! but I fear, I never,
Sweet Woman! can thy sweets forego!

P. L. COURTIER.

LENORA.

A BALLAD FROM BÜRGER.

At break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora struggled sore;
My William, art thou slaine, say'd she,
Or dost thou love no more?

He went abroade with Richard's host,
The Paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had writt,
An he were sick or well.

With sowne of trump and beat of drum,
His fellow soldyers come;
Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,
They seeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade, and ev'ry lane,
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladsome toung.

"Thank God!" their wives and children saide,
"Welcome!" the brides did saye;
But greete or kiss Lenora gave
To none upon that daye.

She askte of all the passing traine
For him she wisht to see;
But none of all the passing traine
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven haire,
And cast herself upon the growne
In furious despaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arme,
"My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm!"

"O mother, mother! William's gone!
What's all besyde to me?
There is no mercye, sure, above!
All, all were spared but hee!"

"Kneel downe, thy paternoster saye,
'Twill calm thy troubled spright:
The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good;
What hee hath done is right."

"O mother! mother! say not so;
Most cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde; but watte avayl'd?
'Tis now, alas! too late."

"Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suff'ring childe:
Go take the holy sacrament:
So shall thy grief grow milde."

"O mother what I feel within,
No sacrament can staye;
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the sight of daye."

"May be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth,
And takes another love.

"Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain:
And when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode brings him paine."

"O mother, mother! gone is gone;
My hope is all forlorne;
The grave mie onlye safeguarde is—
O, had I ne'er been borne!

"Go out, go out, my lampe of life;
In grislie darkness die:
There is no mercye, sure, above!
For ever let me lie."

"Almighty God! O do not judge
My poor unhappy childe;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wilde.

"My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliss;
For so, at least, shall not thy soule
Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

"O mother, mother! what is blisse,
And what the fiendis' celle?
With him 'tis heaven any where,
Without my William, helle.

"Go out, go out, my lamp of life;
In endless darkness die:
Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorne the skye."

And so despaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Against the Providence of God
She hurlde her impious strains.

She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,
And roll'd her tearlesse eye,
From rise of morne, till the pale stars
Again did freeke the skye.

When harke! abroade she hearde the trampe
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She hearde a knight with clank alighte,
And climb the staire in speede.

And soon she herde a tinkling hande,
That twirled at the pin;
And thro' her door, that open'd not,
These words were breathed in.

"What! what ho! thy dore undoe;
Art watching or asleepe?
My love, dost yet remember mee,
And dost thou laugh or weep?"

"Ah! William here so late at night!
Oh! I have watchte and wak'd:
Whence dost thou come? For thy return
My herte has sorely ak'd."

"At midnight only we may ride;
I come o'er land and sea:
I mounted late, but soone I go;
Aryse, and come with me."

"O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace:
The blasts athwarte the hawthorne hiss;
Awayte a little space."

"Tho' blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss,
I may not harboure here;
My sourre is sharpe, my courser pawes,
My hour of flight is nere.

"All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, and mount behinde;
To-night we'le ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde."

"How, ride to-night a thousand miles?
Thy love thou dost bemocke:
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clocke."

"Looke up; the moone is bright, and we
Outstride the earthlie men:
I'll take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shall end but then."

"And where is, then, thy house and home;
And where thy bridal bed?"
"'Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark;
Far hence I rest my head."

"And is there any roome for mee,
Wherein that I may creepe?"
"There's room enough for thee and mee,
Wherein that we may sleepe."

"All as thou ly'st upon thy couch,
Aryse, no longer stop;
The wedding guests thy coming waite,
The chamber door is ope."

All in her sarke, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung;
And with her lilly hands so pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-scurry forth they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horse and rider snort and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthlie sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed;
Splash, Splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

"The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte;
Dost quake the blast to stem?
Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the dead?"
"No, no, but what of them?"

How glumlie sownes yon dirgye song!
Night ravens flappe the wing.
What knell doth slowlie toll ding dong?
The Psalmes of death who sing?

It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,
The corse is onn the beere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chaunt doth meet the eere.

"Go, bear her corse when midnight's past,
With song, and tear, and wayle;
I've gott my wife, I take her home,
My howre of wedlocke hayl.

"Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
To swell our nuptial song:
Come, preaste, and reade the blessing soone;
For bed, for bed we long."

They heede his calle, and husht the sowne;
The biere was seene no more;
And followde him ore feeld and flood
Yet faster than before.

" Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horse and rider snort and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swifte the hill, how swifte the dale,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
By hedge and tree, by thorp and towne,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, acrosse the see;
" Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with me?

" Look up, look up, an airy crewe
In roundel daunces reele:
The moone is brighte, and blue the nyghte,
Mayst dimlie seen them wheele.

" Come to, come to, ye gostlie crew,
Come to, and follow mee.
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
When we in bed shall be."

And brush, brush, brush the gostlie crew
Come wheeling ore their heads,
All rustling like the wither'd leaves
That wyde the wirlwind spreads.

Halloo! Halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horse and rider snort and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,
Behynde them fled afar;
And backward scudded overhead
The skye and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with me?

"I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
The sand will soon be runne:
I snuff the earlye morning aire;
Downe, downe! our work is done.

"The dead, the dead can ryde apace;
Oure wed-bed here is fit:
Our race is ridde, oure journey ore,
Our endless union knit."

And lo! an yren-grated grate
Soon biggens to their viewe:
He crackte his whyppe; the clangynge boltes,
The doores asunder flewe.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode;
"'Tis hither we are bounde:"
And many a tombstone gostlie white
Lay inn the moonshyne round.

And when hee from his steede alytte,
His armour, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull;
Nor haire nor eyne had hee;
His body grew a skeleton,
Whilome so blythe of blee.

And att his dry and boney heele
No spur was left to be;
And inn his witherde hand you might
The scythe and hour-glasse see.

And lo! his steede did thin to smoke,
And charnel fires outbreathe;
And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite
The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings rung in aire,
And shrekes from vaults arose;
Then knew the mayde she mighte no more
Her living eyes unclose.

But onwarde to the judgment seat,
Thro' myste and moonlight dreare,
The gostlie crewe, their flyghte persewe,
And hollowe inn her eare:—

"Be patient, tho' thyne herte should breke,
Arrayne not Heven's decree;
Thou nowe art of thie bodie refte,
Thie soule forgiven bee!"

PROFILES, OR THE WARNING.

On a Lady, who with the Quickness of a Guillotine, took off every one's Head in shade.

Let her abode your soul appal,
For no one there is safe a minute—
You'll lose your *head*, but that's not all,
For were that all, there's *nothing in it!*

No, shun the spot of flatt'ring art,
Where nature too conspires to bind you,
Or you will find, when you depart,
You've left both *head* and *heart* behind you!

MR. DU BOIS.

TO A RELIGIOUS LADY

On being reproved by her for paying Attention to Celia at Church.

BY R. FENTON, ESQ.

"Guiltless I gaz'd———"
POPE.

And must each sense its use forego,
The chastest glance not be forgiven?
And are those rules your sect allow,
Severely-rigid, taught by Heaven?

From drinking in the orient light
The eye of health as well restrain;
Or check the captive's wild delight,
When Freedom hastes to burst his chain.

And is it in the book of life,
The temperate use of bliss to awe?
And can religion be at strife,
With reason, and with nature's law?

Let nature's book my care engage,
There in each line a God we trace:
And where unfolds a fairer page,
Than that disclos'd in Celia's face?

Heaven cast such forms in angel-mould,
To charm the eye and teach us love;
That in the work we might behold
An image of the blest above.

Devotion is but love refin'd:
  Heaven gives us sanction to admire;
Can low affections touch the mind
  That kindles with seraphic fire?

CATULLUS'S RETURN HOME TO HIS ESTATE AT SIRMIO, IMITATED *.

O BEST of all the scatter'd lands, that break
From spreading sea or hill retiring lake,
How happy do I drop within thy breast!
With what a sigh of full contented rest!
Scarce trusting, that my vagrant toil is o'er,
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more!
Is aught so blest as such a loose from care,
When the soul's load rests with us in the chair;
When we return from pilgrimage, and spread
The loosen'd limbs o'er all the well-known bed!
This of itself repays the grinding toil,
And gives to failing knees the fresh'ning oil.
Hail, lovely Sirmio; meet thy master's smiles,
And laugh, thou sparkling lake, thro' all thine isles!
Laugh, ev'ry social spot; your master's come!
Laugh, ev'ry dimple on the cheek of home!

LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

* From PITMAN'S *Excerpta ex Variis Romanis Poetis qui in Scholis variis leguntur.*

TO ———

A SPINSTER IN HER FIFTIETH YEAR.

THAT charming face I love to view,
It emulates the cowslip's hue:
Thy neck, thy hands, thy arms, disclose,
The colour of the Sharon rose.

Thy lips the swarthy Ethiop's shame,
(Their dear delightful *form* the same;)
But, oh! a deeper dye they boast,
In mourning for the teeth thou'st lost.

Thy *chin*, firm guardian of thy mouth,
Dame Nature stinted in its growth;
It yet a thousand arrows bears,
Transform'd to bright and golden hairs.

In coral tint thy eyelids glow,
And weep the setting suns below,
Yet still the tear of sorrow stops,
And stands congeal'd in amber drops.

Fly shepherds, or your hour is come;
If fails her face to seal your doom,
Like ambush'd foes, her potent breath
Inflicts inevitable death.

THE MEDICAL COURTSHIP.

Addressed to Doctor Reimarus, on his taking his Doctor's degree at Leyden. 1757.

BY THE LATE DR. DARWIN.

In manhood's dawn, when first soft hairs begin
To yield a timorous umbrage to the chin;
Reimarus pray'd, Ye powers celestial hear,
Send me a wife, and bless the loving pair.

Her favourite youth the blue-ey'd goddess spy'd;
" Father of gods and men, Oh Jove! (she cry'd)
" Grant me unerring wisdom to employ,
" And chuse a damsel for my favourite boy."

The godhead nods—and at her wing'd command
Before the youth three sister-beauties stand,
Each with soft words his tender bosom warms,
And hand in hand display their rival charms.

First gentle *Botany* the swain address'd,
One early rose-bud blush'd upon her breast,
She bade the Spring for him her sweets unfold,
Green'd the young herb, and dip'd the flower in gold.

Next pensive *Chemia* lifts the magic wand,
And changing forms obey her waving hand;
Metallic trees advance their silver stems,
Bud into gold, and blossom into gems.

Last young *Anatome* steps forth, and throws
The clouds of superstition from her brows,
Harmless she smiles upon the crimson knife,
Untwists each nerve, and treads the walks of life.

He view'd, he sigh'd, alternate passions burn;
Each courts and each is courted in her turn.
"These are my handmaids," health-robed *Medicine* cries,
And steps all-radiant from the bending skies.

Grace sat upon her cheek, and o'er her head
Immortal youth his blooming honours spread;
Science for her his treasur'd ores improves,
And age and torture bless her as she moves.

The youth advanc'd, and first her hand he press'd,
Then clasp'd the goddess to his panting breast;—
"O take your spouse,"—she heard his soft commands,
And wreath'd her serpent to their wedded hands.

EPIGRAM.

"VILE Critic," exclaim'd a poor author in pique,
"In reviewing my work, why abuse it?
You've injur'd my fame by your cursed critique,
For nobody now will peruse it."

Quoth the Critic, "I'm glad to hear that, for my aim
Was to save not destroy reputation,
And I could not more certainly ruin your fame,
Than by giving your work circulation.

H.

ZEMBO AND NILA,

AN AFRICAN TALE.

WHERE the beauteous Niger roll'd
Through the land of slaves and gold,
On the brink a tyger lay,
Slumbering through the sultry day;
Stately palms their branches spread,
Cool and verdant o'er his head;
Deeply murmuring in his ear,
Rippling ran the river clear;
While the sun, in noon of light,
Like an eagle in his flight,
Borne upon the wings of time,
Tower'd in majesty sublime,
Earth and ocean, air and sky,
Basking in his boundless eye.
  Soft as desert fountains flow,
Sweet as ocean-breezes blow,
Came a lonely negro maid,
Where the sleeping brute was laid:
O what wild enchanting grace,
Sparkled o'er her dimpled face,
While the moonlight of her eyes,
Glowed and glanced with fond surprise;
Bright thro' shadow beam'd her lips,
She was beauty in eclipse,
Sportive, innocent, and gay,
All in nature's disarray,
Unashamed as infancy,
Dancing on the father's knee;

Fearless as the babe at rest,
Pillow'd on the mother's breast;
But to crown her conquering charms,
Pearly bracelets twin'd her arms,
Brilliant plumes her temples grac'd,
Flow'ry foliage wreath'd her waist;
The startled nymph, with silent awe,
The lovely dreadful monster saw,
Mark'd the sleek enamell'd pride
Of his variegated hide,
Marbled o'er with glossy dyes,
Like the peacock's spangled eyes:
Gently heav'd the spotty chest
Of his broad tremendous breast;
Slumber smooth'd his hideous features,
Closed his eyes, terrific meteors,
Hushed the thunder of his jaws,
Sheath'd the lightning of his claws;
Harmless, beautiful, and mild,
Seem'd the savage grim and wild.
Nila's bosom o'er the sight
Swell'd from wonder to delight;
On the mossy bank reclining,
In her hands a garland twining,
Unaware of danger nigh,
All her soul was in her eye,
Till her tongue the silence brake;
And, transported, thus she spake:
" Lovely stranger! void of fear,
" Innocently slumbering here,
" Rest, secure in thy repose,
" From the rage of prowling foes;
" Never wanderer was betray'd
" In this hospitable shade:

" Calm refreshing dreams attend thee!
" And the mighty gods defend thee!
" From the lion's ravening jaws;
" From the dread hyæna's paws;
" From the subtle panther's wiles,
" Lurking where the shrubbery smiles;
" From the snake, whose tainting breath
" Scatters pestilence and death;
" From the elephant, whose might
" Crushes armies in the fight;
" From the fangs of tygers gaunt,
" Cruellest of fiends that haunt
" Forest, wilderness, or plain,
" Grimly strew'd with victims slain,
" When, like whirlwind, flood, and fire,
" Irresistible in ire,
" Tygers—so my parents say—
" Gorge alive their shrieking prey,
" Then in frenzy of hot gore,
" Fiercer, feller than before,
" Still with quenchless thirst they burn,
" Headlong still to slaughter turn.
" Fiends like these the desart awe,
" Fiends that Nila never saw;
" On this silent solitude,
" Those destroyers ne'er intrude,
" For my father keeps this grove,
" Sacred to the gods above;
" Nor beyond this shelter'd home,
" Dare his daughter's footsteps roam.
" Here then, charming stranger, rest,
" Nila's friend, companion, guest;

" With the sweetest herbs I'll feed thee,
" To the purest fountains lead thee;
" Here in gambols, wild and gay,
" Let us sport our lives away,
" And this blooming wreath shall be,
" Nila's pledge of love to thee,
" While I crown thee thus with flowers,
" Prince of these sequester'd bowers."
Sudden as the lightning's stroke
Glances on the splinter'd oak,
At her touch the tyger sprang,
With his voice the mountains rang,
One wild moment Nila stood,
Then plung'd instinctive in the flood;
With a roar of thunder hollow,
As the monster leapt to follow,
Quick and keen, a venom'd dart,
Quivered in his cruel heart;
Round he reel'd in mortal pain,
Bit the barbed shaft in twain,
Groan'd and fell, and pour'd his breath,
In a hurricane of death.
Lost as in a wandering dream,
Nila floated down the stream,
The conscious river swell'd with pride,
While buoyant on his circling tide,
Light as the silvery shadows sail,
O'er corn-fields waving to the gale,
The gentle waters safely bore
The panting Naiad to the shore.
Zembo from the grove emerging,
Ran to meet the rescued virgin;
Zembo, whose victorious bow
Laid the treacherous tyger low;

Zembo, swiftest in the race,
Matchless in the savage chace;
Tall and shapely as the palm,
A storm in war, in peace a calm;
Black as midnight without moon:—
Bold and undisguis'd as noon:—
—Zembo long had woo'd in vain,
But while Nila scorn'd his pain,
Love's insinuating dart,
Slid so slily through her heart,
That the nymph, in all her pride,
Sigh'd—yet scarcely knew she sigh'd.
Now she saw with transport sweet,
Gallant Zembo at her feet;
Tho' her trembling lips were seal'd,
Love her hidden soul reveal'd.
Zembo read with glad surprise,
All the secrets of her eyes;
Wild with joy his eager arms
Sprang to clasp her modest charms;
Startled, like the timid deer,
Nila fled with lovely fear;
He pursued the nimble maid,
To the broad palmetto shade,
There the flowery wreaths she found,
Which the tyger's front had crown'd,
These on Zembo's brows she twin'd,
Whispering thus in accents kind:
"Noble youth! accept, tho' small,
"This reward;—'tis Nila's all;
"If my hero claims a higher,
"Yonder, Zembo, lives my sire."

Sheffield. J. M.

A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

BY MR. P. GENT.

NAY, do not think I love you less,
Because your charms are flown;
But such a wounding thought repress,
Tho' you *are* older grown.

Believe me that my heart's as warm,
My love as fervent too,
As when you own'd an Hebe's form,
And all the lily's hue.

For who the course of Time can stay?
And who can youth regain?
Then, tho' thy charms *do* fly away,
If still thy *truth* remain,

Shall I for other beauties range?
Shall I a truant prove?
Ah no! my heart's not form'd to change,
'Tis only form'd to love!

'Twas not the blush upon the rose,
'Twas not its bloom I woo'd,
For when the chilling night wind blows,
Its blooming leaves lie strew'd:

But 'was the sweetness of the flower,
Which still continues sweet,
In spite of winter's freezing power,
And summer's burning heat.

Then, tho' thy charms do fly away,
If still thy *truth* remain,
That, that *alone*, shall gild thy way,
And make thee young again.

That to thy cheek shall colour give—
Give brightness to thine eye—
Shall cheer me ever while I live,
And bless me when I die!

P. G.

EPIGRAM.

ON CERTAIN FASHIONABLES.

Let us never again
Be the dupes of the men
Who say Wealth and Title are bloated with pride;
For each day in the street
We can luckily meet
Proofs that Wealth and that Title are foully belied.

Quite asham'd of their state,
Seem the Rich and the Great:
Each with pleasure the humblest of stations assumes.
How more can they bend?
Do they not condescend
As coachmen to act to their footmen and grooms?

R. A. D.

THE ACACIA.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VIGÉE.

This Tree was planted in one of the Courts of the Prison of Port Libre: the original Ode was written during the Reign of Terror in France.

FAIR plant! that impending with tremulous boughs,
Dost shed wide beneath thee a tutelar shade:
Whose leaves whisper sweet to the love-breathing vows,
And veil with their twilight the blush of the maid;

O blest is thy lot! when the mantle of night
With sable invests the blue glare of the skies,
Thy verdure-bound root is the throne of delight,
And love to thy arborous canopy flies.

By thee, favour'd plant! in mute witness are seen
The hand that soft trembles while tremblingly prest;
And Innocence bashful with languishing mien,
And still unresenting, still sweetly distrest:

And the lip that in modest embarrassment steals
From lips unaverted the nectarine sigh;
And the tender Confusion that rapturous feels
The kiss which Reserve had forgot to deny.

In the moonshine that quivering fell white o'er the shade,
How oft like a wave of the ocean heav'd high,
Has the slow-rising bosom the wishes betray'd
That lurk'd in the lid of the down-gazing eye!

When timidly venturous resistlessly stole
Avowals that falter'd in eloquent fear;
Those words half-suspended—those murmurs of soul,
That never were breathed to insensible ear.

Or the cheek soft-approaching in licence of grief
  Felt the tears warmly glide from the cheek that it sought;
And the mutual dependence of blissful relief
  Mingled love unawares with the tumult of thought.

O fair may'st thou flourish! O never to fade
  The bower which thy branch thus luxuriantly weaves;
Tho' winter's cold eye freeze thy desolate shade,
  May the vernal sun smile on thy blossomy leaves.

The God whom thou servest, fond sympathy deems,
  Shall wind round thy roots the fresh rivulet's wave,
While the flash of the thunder-cloud harmlessly gleams,
  And the blasts of the whirlwind in impotence rave,

Ah, doom unrelenting! 'tis nature's decree,
  And all that we love thus must perish below;
That doom unrelenting is destin'd to thee,
  The season shall wither—the steel overthrow!

But long ere uprooted, dishevell'd, and dead,
  Thou scatter thy verdurous tresses around;
From thy top may the pearls of the morning be shed,
  And the moss of thy herbage be green on the ground.

When thy elegant boughs, arching light on the gale,
  To the chaste thefts of love lend their shelter no more;
May a tablet of marble, inscrib'd with the tale,
  To the heart of the lover thy image restore.

Tears of rapture bedew'd thee, beneficent tree!—
  By pensive Regret shall this tribute be paid—
That the Wretch of the dungeon a moment was free,
  That the Children of Sorrow were blest in thy shade.

CHARLES A. ELTON.

FRANCE,

AN ODE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

Ye Clouds, that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean waves, that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods, that listen to the night-bird's singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous steep reclin'd;
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man belov'd of God,
Thro' glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moon-light way o'er flow'ring weeds I wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape, and wild unconquerable sound!
O, ye loud waves, and O, ye forests high,
And O, ye clouds that far above me soar'd!
Thou rising sun, thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free,
Bear witness for me wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still ador'd,
The spirit of divinest liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant limbs uprear'd,
And with that oath which smote earth, air, and sea,
Stamp'd her strong foot and said, she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hop'd and fear'd!

With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unaw'd I sung amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The monarchs march'd in evil day,
And Britain join'd the dire array;
Tho' dear her shores, and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice unalter'd sang defeat
To all that brav'd the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delay'd, and vain retreat!
For ne'er O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimm'd thy light, or damp'd thy holy flame;
But blest the pæans of deliver'd France,
And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name!

III.

"And what (I said) tho' blasphemy's loud scream
"With that sweet music of deliv'rance strove;
"Tho' all the fierce and drunken passions wove,
"A dance more wild than ever maniac's dream;
"Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
"The sun was rising, tho' ye hid his light!"
And when to sooth my soul, that hop'd and trembled,
The dissonance ceas'd, and all seem'd calm and bright;
When France, her front deep-scar'd and gory,
Conceal'd with clust'ring wreaths of glory;
When insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mock'ry of the warrior's ramp,
While, timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crush'd beneath her fatal stamp,

Writh'd, like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproach'd my fears that would not flee,
" And soon (I said) shall wisdom teach her lore
" In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
" And conqu'ring by her happiness alone,
" Shall France compel the nations to be free, [own!"
" Till love and joy look round, and call the earth their

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive these dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd;
And ye, that fleeing spot the mountain snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherish'd
One thought, that ever bless'd your cruel foes!
To scatter rage and trait'rous guilt
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear,
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer.—
O France! that mockest heav'n, adult'rous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, champion of human kind:
To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murd'rous prey;
To insult the shrine of liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray!

V.

The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles, and wear the name
Of freedom graven on a heavier chain!

O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour:
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human pow'r.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor pray'r nor boastful name delays thee,)
Alike from priesthood's harpy minions,
And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
To live amid the winds, and move upon the waves!
And then I felt thee on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes! while I stood and gaz'd, my temples bare,
And shot my being thro' earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty, my spirit felt thee there!

February, 1798.

HOME.

FROM THE GREEK OF LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

CLING to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth, and shelter for thine head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stor'd,
Be all that pride allots thee for thy board,
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow,
Wild on the river's brink, or mountain's brow,
Yet e'en this chearless mansion shall provide,
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

REV. R. BLAND.

EPITAPH.

ON MRS. RAINEY, OF GREENVILLE, COUNTY OF DOWNE, IRELAND.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

THE light of Memory, struggling thro' the gloom,
Awakes to life the tenant of this tomb;
Restores each mild, majestic matron grace,
Dwells on the form, and lingers on the face;
In strong delusion waits to hear her speak,
And sees the bloom just mantling o'er the cheek.
Her mind recals, the varied loveliness,
The power to warm, to harmonize, to bless;
The tranquil constancy in acting right,
And the fine sense of elegant delight;
Her breast by duty warm'd, by goodness grac'd,
While round it play'd the lambent flame of taste.
Hers, every charm that could in courts prevail,
Her charm and choice to steal along the vale.
Hers, the full sweetness of domestic life,
The friend, the daughter, sister, mother, wife.
The wife—O thou whom most my soul desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my bliss expires!
In vain does Memory pierce this mortal gloom:
Thy husband sees, and only sees—the tomb.

EPITAPH ON A LIVING ACTOR.

Ye critics, who daily enlighten the nation,
And talk of his pauses, and cold declamation;
His regular emphasis cautiously probe,
And scoff at the finical fold of his robe!
Before you his characters lightly decry,
How this is too sombre, and that is too dry;
'Twere well if your critical wisdom could tell,
The man, on our stage, who can act them as well.

Ye rival tragedians, who flutter your night,
Rais'd up by the crowd for a holiday sight;
Mere sons of a season! how quickly ye pass,
Like the transient forms o'er a magical glass;
But Kemble alone can this privilege boast,
Who sees him the oftenest, likes him the most.

When a deluge of children the drama assail'd,
And nonsense, and boyhood, and Betty prevail'd,
When schoolboys presum'd in the buskin to swagger,
Each hoop-stick a truncheon, each pen-knife a dagger,
How pleas'd were the public to turn to thy strain,
Who brought common sense to the nation again;
Till Fashion her idol could follow no more,
But damn'd the poor boy whom she worshipp'd before.

Old Shakspeare, in heaven, to fame still alive,
Rejoic'd to behold thee his drama revive,
When dead, shall receive thee aloft in the sky,
And thus, if I prophecy rightly, shall cry:

" Oh welcome! thrice welcome! by Providence plac'd,
" In regions of liberty, science, and taste;
" Here dwell, 'midst the chosen of genius above,
" And share with my Garrick, my heart and my love.
" And yet how my pleasure is shadow'd with woe,
" When I think of the fate of my offspring below!
" My darling Othello, my blood-tainted Thane,
" My Richard, my Lear, my poor lunatic Dane,
" To the slow-winding Avon shall nightly repair,
" And hang on its willows their harps in despair,
" Depriv'd, in thy death, of a guardian and friend,
" With spirit to decorate—taste to amend:
" Oh where upon earth shall my tragedies see,
" Protectors, and actors, like Garrick and thee."

J.

IMPROMPTU.

Addressed by a Water Drinker to a Lady, who, when the Wine was placed on the Table, asked him whether he would have Red or White.

Give me both: the blushing rose
Enlivens the pale lily's hue:
Both, your lovely cheeks disclose,
I would have them both in you.

While that ruby lip I press,
What like *red* can give delight?
On that bosom could I rest,
What would I exchange for *white*?

S. N.

THE POPLAR.

No watch-dog disturb'd the calm season of rest,
And the day-beams were faintly the mountain adorning;
The night-dew still hung on the eglantine's breast,
And the shrill cock first broke the sweet silence of morning.

To the haunts of his childhood, the scenes of his sport,
A Wanderer came in the stillness of sorrow;
The magic of life's early vision to court,
And the sweetest of hours from remembrance to borrow.

But the field of his culture was dreary and wild,
And drear were the bow'rs where the rose once was blowing;
The dark weed had grown where the garden had smil'd,
And a wilderness spread where late beauty was glowing.

Yet, one Poplar surviv'd, and was lofty and fair,
'Twas the pride of his youth, when its sun rose enchanting;
And Affection had treasur'd his memory there,
And had hallow'd his name on the tree of his planting.

Unknown was the hand that thus witness'd its truth,
Unknown was the heart with affection thus beaming;
But the Wanderer thought on the friend of his youth,
And his spirit was blest, though his tear drops were streaming.

Thou flow'r of affection! entwining the heart,
To deck the drear scene of our wanderings given;
Thy balm to our grief can its healing impart,
And thy blossoms of light caught their beauty from heaven.

Birmingham. J.

ODE.

Forms, that people Fancy's beams,
Floating o'er the mental sight,—
Airy Choir, who live in dreams,
And flutter in celestial light,—
Hither, softly wafted, move—
Hither bring your scenes of Love!

Ecstacies, whose ardent sighs
In the awakened breast expire;
'Mid the glowing visions rise,
On the pinions of desire,—
Panting—flutt'ring—burning—move—
Kindling joy and wanton love!

Lo! the maiden's purple cheeks,
Blushing with ideal bliss!—
Soft the youth his raptures speaks,
Printing the unreal kiss!—
Can ye thus, ye Visions, move!
What may then awaken'd Love!

T. NOBLE.

RAISIAC *.

FAIR Buda's walls and stately tow'rs
Gleam horrible with war;
While Ferdinand with fury pours
His legions from afar.

Beleagur'd long, with silent care
He delves the treacherous mine,
And hissing through the troubl'd air
His arrowy tempests shine.

And now what misery appears,
Of every form and hue!
What youthful lovers bleed! What tears
Affection's cheek bedew!

See Famine, ghastliest of the train,
That wars fell steps attend,
Meagre and pale o'er heaps of slain,
Her eager aspect bend!

Even she who late her babe caress'd,
For pity finds no room;
And long by cruel hunger press'd,
Now meditates its doom.

Hard is the time—for scarce a meal,
The granaries can supply:
And e'en the war-worn soldiers feel,
The pangs of scarcity.

* This Ballad is founded on a fact related by Montaigue in his Essays.

Still Raisiac, chieftain of the town,
With unabated might,
The fainting cheers, and up and down
Reanimates the fight.

His comrades meet in close debate,
Th' impending ills to shun:
Cries Raisiac—at the postern wait,
The midnight hour of one.

Forth shall ye issue on the foe,
Secure in sleep, he cried;
And deal unseen the vengeful blow
Of death on every side.

The veil of night was thickly spread,
They issue from the gate;
Their foes secure, no sally dread,
With wanton pride elate.

They gain the fosse—the guards they slay,
And rush into the camp—
The coward heart their shouts dismay—
The hero's courage damp.

Rous'd at the sound in pale affright,
Young Ferdinand awakes;
And by the night-fire's dubious light
His sword and buckler takes.

Arise, my comrades! shame the foe!
Arise! arise! he cried.
His voice th' affrighted squadrons know,
And croud their general's side.

He forms their ranks in haste, and flies,
Where most the tumult grew;
But friend met friend in night's disguise,
And brother, brother slew.

Now flames the camp, the distant fire
Illumes the town afar.
Still Raisiac quells the fierce desire,
To mingle with the war.

The day is ours! with joy he cries—
Friends! be no more dismay'd.
Fresh succours fly! the flames arise!
Your fighting brethren aid!

The morn had purpled o'er the sky,
Ere all were well subdu'd;
Now in their turn th' assailants fly,
And fast the foe pursu'd.

Forth issuing from the gate in view,
The timely aid they saw;
Again they turn—the fight renew—
And hope from succour draw.

Now in the plain, beneath the wall,
A fiercer fight began;
Like leaves in autumn heroes fall,
As man encounters man.

The field for ever now were lost,
But for a champion brave;
Who storm'd the onward rushing host,
And fierce his falchion drave.

Distinguish'd by the plume he wore,
Upon his beaver'd head;
Brave Raisiac saw him, stain'd with gore,
Mix glorious with the dead.

The shouts of victory now resound,
From Buda's rescu'd towers;
The foemen fly, and widely round
Unsated vengeance pours.

Th' impatient townsmen, now no more
By hostile armies pent,
Rush to the plain, wide-carnag'd o'er,
With varied passions rent.

There parents o'er their sons bewail
Death-smitten in the fight;
While some their sons exulting hail
In victory and light.

Such was the joy and bitter ruth;
On Raisiac rush'd along,
And search, he cried, the victor youth,
These bleeding heaps among.

You'll know him by the spreading plume,
He on his helmet wore;
Here on this spot he met his doom,
And here lies buried o'er.

'Tis fit, brave youth! a meed be paid,
To valour such as thine;
Whoe'er thou art, thou shalt be laid,
Near Buda's holy shrine.

The dead removed—now fair below
The plumed warrior lay:
His helm was marked with many a blow
Sore dealt on him that day.

About their fam'd deliverer croud
The anxious townsmen near:
Some mourn his fall in accents loud,
Some drop the silent tear.

Make way! make way! brave Raisiac cried,
The hero let me see;
For, for his country never died,
A braver youth than he.

Now lift, he cries, the beaver high,
And let me see his face:
For him let no fond parent sigh,
'Twould such a son disgrace.

The beaver rose—the youth he knew—
My son! my son! he cried—
Nor more—for speechless, pale he grew,
Sunk on the corse and died.

TO ———

How chang'd the man my heart selected,
The guide and glory of my life!—
Whose virtues charm'd, whose sense protected
The girl he fondly made his wife!

Ah, friend beloved! with *trifles* swelling,
From nobler aims *their* bosoms free,
Ten thousand apes, in *these* excelling,
Can trifle still—and laugh at *thee*.

Yes! 'twas to Genius that I wedded,
Spurning a sordid sire's controul;
With richer fools I might have bedded,
Had not thy merit fir'd my soul!

THEODORA.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XI.

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi, &c.

TO SOPHY.

DEAR girl, from cabalistic lore,
Seek not your fortunes to explore,
Or find your destin'd lover:
Nor horoscopes, nor starry skies,
Nor flatt'ring gypsey prophecies,
Can e'er your fate discover.

To Fortune's dreaded pow'r resign'd,
Endure with philosophic mind,
Her favour or her malice:
Unmindful of your future doom,
Of present life enjoy the bloom,
And quaff from Pleasure's chalice.

To-day the sunny hours dance by,
Dispensing roses as they fly,
O snatch them! for to-morrow,
Assail'd by tempests, drooping, dead,
Perchance their flowers may only shed
The dewy tears of sorrow.

Time flies—Death threatens to destroy—
The wise condeuse life's scatter'd joy
Within a narrow measure:
Then, Sophy, bring the sparkling bowl,
And let us yield the raptur'd soul
To laughter, love, and pleasure.

H.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK II. ODE XIV.

TO MRS. KEMBLE,

EXHORTING HIM TO GIVE UP THE TIER OF PRIVATE BOXES.

O navis, referent in mare te novi, &c.

O KEMBLE, again you are toss'd on the seas,
For mercy's sake, what are you doing?
Return into harbour, assuage the O. P.'s,
This tempest may end in your ruin.

Your seams are uncaulk'd, and your main mast is split,
Your sailors are all in commotion;
The storm of last winter still howls in the pit,
And vexes the bosom of ocean.

'Tis all to no purpose *the gods* to assail,
They will not afford you a cable;
Dame Fashion, who tempted you out in the gale,
May tow you to land if she's able.

Melpomene launch'd you, a gallant first-rate,
She seems at your danger to shudder;
Then give up your gingerbread *cabin of state*,
And prudently look to your rudder.

'Tis matter of lasting importance to me,
Again in smooth water to find you;
For certain I am, if you founder at sea,
You'll not leave your equal behind you.

September 15. J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BUENOS AYRES.

BOOK I. ODE XV.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus, &c.

PROUDLY, o'er the subject ocean,
As the British squadron press'd,
Sweeping, in majestic motion,
O'er the vast Atlantic's breast;
While unbounded Spanish treasures
Glitt'ring rise at Fancy's call,
And impatient W—te—ke measures
When the destin'd prey shall fall.

Sudden, from the south ascending,
Comes a blast with furious force,
Ruin, wreck, and fate portending,
Smites the ship, and stays her course:
Shrouds and sails are rent asunder,
Pitchy clouds the sky deform,
While, in intervals of thunder,
Speaks the spirit of the storm.

"Vainly do thy gallant legions
Haste to yonder fatal shore;
Sacrific'd in distant regions,
Few shall see their country more.

Tow'ring now, like forest cedars,
See thy proud and stately train;
They, and all their warlike leaders,
Soon must die—or bow to Spain.

"By thy blind infatuation
Streams of British blood shall flow,
And a sad, dishonour'd nation,
Mourn thy shameful overthrow.
Hark! I hear the hostile clangour,
Where LINIERS' battalions wait;
See! the hand of bigot anger,
Beckons thee to meet thy fate.

"Vain is now thy high alliance
Vain the ducal patron's name,
To repel the proud defiance
Of a foe unknown to fame;
Vain shall be the courtier's fawning,
Party power and dark intrigue,
When the day of battle dawning,
Lights to war the Spanish league.

"What, tho' in the hour of danger,
Chamber'd from the fight afar,
Still thy tender ear is stranger
To the blast and din of war;
Soon, alas! shall hostile paces
Violate thy calm retreat,
And LINIERS, with foul disgraces,
Drag thee captive at his feet.

"Hear'st thou not the cries of battle,
As the helpless soldiers call?
Doom'd, alas! like slaughter'd cattle,
Unresistingly to fall.

In that fatal Spanish city,
Where thou hop'st in wealth to reign,
Hark! the victims shriek for pity,
See! those heaps of English slain.

"Where is now the prowess vaunted
By thy friends on Albion's shore?
Where is now the chief undaunted
Prompt to rally and restore?
As a deer, when close upon her
Sounds the hunter's fearful note,
So *He* flies the field of honour,
And the trumpet's braying throat.

"Oh! when to thy home returning,
Britain's sons thy acts shall read,
If, with indignation burning,
Injur'd chiefs in vain shall plead;
If the blood thy folly lavish'd,
Still shall unreveng'd remain,
And her dearest laurels ravish'd,
England shall deplore in vain,

"Then, indeed, her fate is written!
Tho' her fleets defer the hour,
Soon, alas! dishonour'd Britain
Shall succumb to foreign power.
Yes, her lofty pride shall tumble,
Cherish'd liberties expire,
And Augusta's towers shall crumble,
In the blaze of hostile fire."

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XVII.

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem, &c.

TO LAURA.

The wood-nymphs crown'd with vernal flowers,
Who roam thro' Tempe's classic bowers,
And sport in gambols antic;
If e'er they quit their native vales,
Will find around my cot in Wales,
A region more romantic.

Green pastures girt with pendant rock,
Along whose steep my snowy flock,
Adventurously wanders;
Impending shrubs, and flowers that gleam,
Reflected in the chrystal stream,
Which thro' the scene meanders;

In sylvan beauty charm the eyes,
While no ungracious sounds arise,
Of misery or anger;
The song of birds and insects' hum,
Are never broken by the drum,
Or trumpet's brazen clangor.

If sleeping Echo start to mark
The matin carols of the lark,
Or sounds of early labour;
Again she seeks her calm retreat,
Till evening calls her to repeat
The shepherd's pipe and tabor.

Whene'er I woo the Muse serene,
Her magic smile illumes the scene,
And brighter tints discloses.
But e'en the Muse's chaplet fades,
Unless the hand of Cupid braids
Her myrtle with his roses.

Haste then, my Laura, to my bower,
And let us give the fleeting hour
To plenty, love, and pleasure:
Where wanton boughs an arbour wreathe,
I to thy melting harp will breathe
My amatory measure.

Let not the town your soul enthral,
The crowded rout and midnight ball,
Those penalties of fashion:
If nature still have power to please,
Oh! hither fly to health and ease,
And crown a poet's passion.

No jealous fears shall curb your mind,
Here shall no spirit be confin'd,
By prejudic'd opinion.
My Laura here a queen shall be,
From all controul and bondage free,
Save Cupid's soft dominion.

THE ROSE.

FROM BERNARD *.

Nurs'd by the Zephyr's balmy sighs,
And cherish'd by the tears of Morn;
Oh flower of flowers! unfold—arise!
O haste, delicious Rose, be born!

Unheeding wish! no—yet awhile,
Be yet awhile thy dawn delay'd;
Since the same hour that sees thee smile
In orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

Cecilia thus, an opening flower,
Must withering droop at heaven's decree;
Like her thou bloom'st thy little hour,
And she, alas! must fade like thee.

But go—and on her bosom die;
At once thy throne and blissful tomb;
While envious heaves my secret sigh,
To share with thee so sweet a doom.

Love shall thy graceful bent advise,
Thy blushing tremulous tints reveal;
Go, bright yet hurtless, charm her eyes;
Go, deck her bosom, not conceal.

* Charlotte Smith has given an elegant imitation of this little Ode, but has erroneously ascribed it to the Cardinal Bernis. E.

Should some bold hand invade thee there,
From Love's asylum rudely torn;
O Rose, a lover's vengeance bear,
And let my rival feel thy thorn.

C. A. ELTON.

ANACREONTIC *.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The poet loves the generous wine,
And if the bard sings well,
For him shall bud the purple vine,
For him her sparkling juice refine,
And fairest clusters swell.

The gentle poet loves the fair,
And loves her without art;
The mother hears the poet's prayer,
The fairest maiden bends her ear,
And yields the bard her heart.

Oh could a wish successful prove,
The poet's lot were mine;
For stars and ribbands far above,
And far o'er gold, o'er crowns, I love
The maidens and the wine.

* The original was written extempore, by a young poet, while listening to the distant song of the vine-dressers. It is adapted to the tune which prompted the effusion. The reader may find it in the Athenæum for March, 1807.

ODE.

BY MR. SHAW.

O THOU whose patient foot has strain'd
To climb this hill with side so green,
When now thy step its brow has gain'd,
From which the distant vales are seen,
Here rest and trace, nor trace in vain,
The various prospect of the plain.

Lo where majestic on that side
A city fam'd thy look requires,
Proud of her wealth, she stretches wide
Her stately domes and lofty spires,
Vain, that within her ample bound
The seat of mighty kings is found.

O stranger, if the lust of gold
Allures thee from thy native bower,
Or if it be thy wish to hold
A place among the sons of power;
Haste to those walls, there wilt thou find
What most is suited to thy mind.

But art thou of those happier few,
Whose soul the Muses have possest,
Who shun the madness of the crew,
With innocence and health to rest?
Turn from those stately towers thy face,
And on this side the prospect trace.

Lo where the green vale winds along,
With groves and nameless streams between;
Where the lone shepherd sings his song,
And rears his cot of turf unseen;
These are the haunts befitting thee,
O, hide thee in these vales with me.

1776.

CAIN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF COUNT STOLBERG.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

WHERE does torturing Frenzy urge
My hurried steps? O woe is me!
Are these dark billows ABEL'S blood?
Ah no!——————It is the SEA!

To the broad earth's furthest verge
Me the ALMIGHTY'S curse has driven,
My crime pursues me every where,
And "vengeance! vengeance!" cries to heaven:

Woe is me! my BROTHER'S blood
Echoes through the wild sea-shore,
It murmurs in the hollow blast,
It thunders in the torrent's roar.

Round and round yon craggy base,
As whirls about the eddying flood,
So fear and horror storm my soul,
GOD'S fierce wrath, and ABEL'S blood!

Open wide your gulphs, O DEEP!—
When drank the earth my BROTHER'S blood,
I heard a VOICE that rived my heart,
It was the fearful curse of GOD!

Open wide your gulphs profound
Disclose the lap of NIGHT, O DEEP!—
But lo, the AVENGER waits me there,
With eyes of flame that never sleep!

Plunged into the deepest deep,
ABEL'S ghost would meet my sight,
Flying, flying, I should see him,
On the mountain's highest height!

Were this body torn to atoms,
Toss'd in whirlwinds through the sky,
Still miserable CAIN would dread
The wrath-incensed DEITY!

Without measure, without number
Are the torments I endure,
Endless as eternity!
Pains that ne'er admit a cure!

Since my BROTHER'S blood I spilt
Woe is me, O woe is me!
My steps the AVENGER'S curse pursues!
It follows me!———it ever follows me!

EFFUSION,

After reading the interesting Account, recently published, of the Young SAVAGE *caught in the Woods near* AVEYRON, *in the Year* 1798.

YE guardian shades! ye fostering solitudes!
Why have ye thus relinquish'd your high charge,
O woods of Aveyron?
He, whose mysterious infancy ye nurs'd,
'Mid your deep labyrinths had dwelt in peace,
Feasting on Nature's ever-varying forms,
Nor asking what her wisdom had denied.
He would have smiled amid the thunder's ire,
Danced while the lucid lightning gleam'd around,
Or frolick'd in his fleecy robe of snow.
Pure genuine rapture then had fill'd his soul,
Such as Art's sickly children never feel,
When, in his ramblings wild, some sudden break
Bade the wide champaign greet his eager eye;
Or when the western beam, at evening hour,
Darting its golden splendor through the gloom,
Shew'd the coy strawberry in her verdant bow'r,
And ting'd the luscious prize with lovelier red.
Why did ye then relinquish your high charge,
O woods of Aveyron?
Proud Europe's o'er-fill'd cities surely boast
Corrupted, and corrupting, sons enow.
O! unsuspecting, happy innocent,
What will deluded mortals teach thee there?
To think, to hope, to feel, to——agonize;
Yes! should thy dawning soul be taught to know

All fond affection's blissful tenderness,
Should'st thou abhor whate'er pollution taints,
And fir'd, and fill'd, while moral loveliness
Unfolds her heavenly beauties to thy sight,
Seek, cherish, and adore that sacred good;
O what keen torture then shall pierce thy soul!
How wilt thou start with horror and dismay,
To find that specious, polish'd, reasoning, man,
Lives the deceitful, cruel foe of man!
To see low selfishness, and gross delight,
Polluting all the scene that seem'd so fair!
How wilt thou stand aghast to find thy zeal
For all the good, the pure, derided, mock'd!
Thy high-toned feelings, and thy vast desires,
By narrow views and chilling customs chain'd!
——But who, with daring hand, thy woe shall paint,
When kindling wishes for congenial worth
Rush on thy soul———shall folly's shameless slaves,
Bursting from midnight orgies wantonly,
In more indecent nakedness than thine
When in thy native woods, lure thee to bliss?
Or, shall her sons, to awful frenzy stung,
O'erwhelm'd with all a gambler's guilty pangs,
Greet thee with virtue's aid, or friendship's joys?
Thy soul abhorrent turns; and thy wild woods
Rush on thy fancy, hung with tenfold charms.
O, unsuspecting, happy innocent,
Why, when from Montmorencie's * lovely vale,

* It was a very curious and interesting spectacle, to observe the joy which was painted in his eyes, in all the motions and postures of his body, at the view of the hills and the woods of this charming valley: in spite of the most assiduous attention that was paid to his wishes, and the most affectionate regard that was expressed for him, he seemed to be occupied only with an anxious desire of taking his flight. *Translation of the work of M. Itard.*

Gazing at Nature's soul-enlarging scenes,
With big enraptur'd heart, and ardent eye,
Did'st thou not burst the barrier art had rais'd,
And rush, uncheck'd, unfetter'd, and unschool'd,
To Aveyron's wild woods, thy sacred home?
Ah say, for thee can fancy paint more bliss?
No, happy innocent; unless soon taught
To own that Power who made, and who can bless,
Then——if on Faith's strong wing thy soul can rise,
The good pursuing still, whate'er thy fate,
Hoping, and seeking, when this dim night ends,
For "glory, honour, immortality;"
Then mayst thou bear the passing scene in peace,
Secure, beyond the tomb, of nobler life,
Where error, vice, and pain, shall be no more,
But perfect wisdom, and untainted bliss
Fill the vast soul, and crown the eternal scene.

1802. C——,

SONG.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

As shepherd's thro' the vapours grey,
Behold the dawning light,
Yet doubt it is the rising day,
Or meteor of the night;

So varying passions in my breast,
Its former calm destroy—
By Hope and Fear at once oppress'd,
I tremble at my joy!

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Te sequor, o Grayiæ gentis decus.

The prompter rings the lofty curtain down,
The gaping audience leave the pit with glee,
Homeward in troops return the weary town,
And leave the house to emptiness and me:

Now fades each glimmering candle on the sight,
And thro' the air a smoky silence reigns,
Save where some lobby hero seeks the fight,
And bravely gets a beating for his pains:

Save that to scare Piazza-haunting flocks,
The moping watchman does in oaths complain,
Of such as wandering near his secret box,
With clamour loud intrude on his domain.

Their parts perform'd, behind that curtain's shade,
Where stretch the scenes in many a motley heap,
Each in his humble lodging quiet laid,
The chorus-singing tribe securely sleep.

The summons of rehearsal-bringing morn,
The prompter whispering from his wooden shed,
The trumpet, hautboy, clarinet, and horn,
Shall rouse each man to-morrow from his bed,

And yet for them no Opera pours its rhyme;
No loud encore rewards their evening care;
No children run to hail their pantomime,
Or crowd the box, the envied laugh to share.

As sailors oft they hail'd Britannia's shore;
As forty thieves they spurn'd the Sultan's yoke;
Their shoulders oft Peruvian Rolla bore; [spoke.
How bow'd their heads when mighty Blue-beard

Let not tragedians mock their useful toil,
Their russet boots, by hundreds worn before;
Nor Fashion hear, with a disdainful smile,
The lowly annals of our Thespian corps.

The dice of Beverley, the straw of Lear,
And all that Hamlet, all Macbeth e'er gave,
In the fifth act conclude their high career—
For tragic glory leads but to the grave.

Nor you, rich actors, lay on these the blame,
If their poor names no daily journals raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn column, bent on fame,
The editor resounds the note of praise.

Can studied puffs an actor's fame decide,
Or to a throne a mute attendant carry?
Can praise give powers that nature has denied,
Or make Beau Clincher equal to Sir Harry?

Perhaps in these neglected ranks has stray'd
Some swelling bosom, fraught with tragic fire;
Tongues that Othello's vengeance might have stay'd,
Or base Iago prov'd a living liar!

But authors to their eyes their ample plays,
Rich in fine acting parts did never bring;
The manager repress'd their mental blaze,
And pent them up in chorusses to sing.

Of sonnetteers full many a rhyming moan
The monthly magazines, unread, contain;
Full many a joke is cut, to die unknown,
Lost in the echoing dome of Drury-lane.

Some unknown Garrick, with adventurous wing,
Clipp'd by the shears of want and melancholy;
Some low inglorious Braham here may sing,
Some Betty, guiltless of a nation's folly!

Th' applause of wondering boxes to attract,
Their face ingrav'd in public shops to boast,
To ensure a full box-book whene'er they act,
And read their history in the Morning Post,

Their lot forbad, nor circumscrib'd alone,
Their growing talents, but their faults unseen;
To omit the author's jest, insert their own,
Or woo the boxes while they slight the scene;

By mummery the writer's text to hide,
Their influence o'er the galleries to boast,
Or mar the play, and decency deride,
With nonsense purchas'd at the Muse's cost.

Far from the rattling squares and Fashion's sport,
Their small finances rather bade them stay
In Russel Street, Long Acre, Martlet Court;
Convenient spots contiguous to the play!

Yet e'en these names from Lethe to protect,
Some lengthen'd play-bill still erected there,
With letters of all sorts and sizes deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a stare!

Their names, their characters, a motley pack;
Great heroes first, and mute attendants last:
Robbers, and Senators, in red and black,
To shew the public how the parts are cast.

For who to careless nonchalance a prey,
Of self-importance never gave one hint,
Pass'd idly by the red bills of the day,
Nor cast one look to see himself in print?

Ambition on our mimic stage will rise,
  Trueman survives, when Barnwell yields his breath;
Emilia raves, when Desdemona dies;
  The bleeding captain emulates Macbeth.

For thee, who mindful of thy brethren dead,
  Dost in these lines their useful toils relate,
If chance, by curiosity misled,
  Some gentle critic shall enquire thy fate.

Haply the leader of the band may say,
  "Oft have I seen him, standing there aloof,
"Eager to write, as well as act a play,
  "And wooing Phœbus frowning on the roof.

"Fronting the audience, in a double mood
  "Muttering his dialogue, now brisk, now sad:
"Sometimes as actor tolerably good,
  "Always as bard, intolerably bad.

"One night they hiss'd him in the accustom'd scene,
  "I thought the play was damn'd—' ah woe is me,'
"Another came, with scarce a pause between,
  "They hiss'd again—in doleful plight was he!

"The third, with dirges due, in sad array,
  "The prompter's sheep-bell rang our poet's knell,
"Approach and read (none else will read) the play,
  "If not the epilogue may do as well."

THE EPILOGUE.

Here rests his head upon the prompter's shelf,
  A bard to wisdom and to wit unknown;
Thalia smil'd not on the scribbling elf,
  But gentle dulness mark'd him for her own.

Coy from his suit the Muses turn'd away,
A day in London ill his toil requites;
He gave the town—'twas all he had—a play,
The town denied—his only wish—nine nights!

No further seek his writings to deride,
Nor try to mend what sentiment has marr'd:
Oblivion's veil his comedy shall hide,
And shroud in night the actor and the bard!

J.

THE PORTRAIT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY THE LATE VICE ADMIRAL PARKER.

Old Martin had a gossip wife,
Who proved the torment of his life.
Now, though the evil's not uncommon,
A man should wed a prattling woman,
Ten thousand instances declare it,
Yet we must own 'tis hard to bear it.
A limner Martin's help-mate drew;
The wench was handsome though a shrew.
Enraptur'd as he sketch'd the fair
Our artist caught her very air,
Eyes, mouth, each individual feature;
The speaking portrait rivall'd nature.
Martin, who ne'er (plain honest boor)
Had such a likeness seen before,
His judgment master'd by his fears,
At the first glance stopp'd both his ears.

ELLEN.

First-born of night, that o'er the western heaven
Slow mov'st in radiant silence to thy rest!
What sad emotion, 'mid the smiling even,
Thy bright-beam'd circlet pours upon my breast!
'Tis not—fair star!—that shedding aught of woe,
Thy ray can touch the spring of mortal tear,
But that, in happier days, past long ago,
When yon dark hill receiv'd thy bright career,
True to the promis'd hour, my Ellen met me here!

Ye spires, where soothing tolls the vesper bell,
To wearied hamlets welcome sound of peace,
To me your tones seem Hope's departing knell,
Vibrating slowly on the sullen breeze!
Yes—peace to quiet minds the murmurs yield—
To mine, no more! For near this shadowy grove,
When silent ev'ning heard yon signal peal'd,
Light o'er the lonely glade, she dar'd to move,
And Ellen's lips met mine, the first warm kiss of love!

Speed not, fair star! to thine accustom'd hill!
Your varying melody, ye spires, give o'er!
Those rays no more mine eyes with rapture fill—
Those tones can bid my heart to throb no more!

For to a distant land, condemn'd to mourn
A parent's ruin'd fortune, Ellen flies!—
She fled, alas!—but never to return!—
And other peals are heard, and stars arise,
O'er the unnoticed grave, where gentle Ellen lies!

F——n P——e, Sept. 1807. B. F.

RECOLLECTION.

Though months of anguish now are past,
When yet we met—to meet no more;
My heart still holds her image fast;
Long will the recollection last
Of one, whom fondly I adore!

E'en now her accents charm my ears;
Her answering press I thrilling feel;
Again she soothes my troubled fears;
Her eyes, suffus'd with tenderest tears,
Seem from myself my soul to steal.

Ah, maid belov'd! we meet no more!
Despair our dawn has overspread!
The form, alas! I yet adore,
All that I fondly hop'd before,
The fairy scene of life is fled!

P. L. COURTIER.

AN ODE,

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE PIC-NIC ASSEMBLY, TOTTENHAM STREET.

HITHER, sparkling Folly, come,
Tottenham-street shall be your home!
Beauty here to thee is bending,
Peers, are at thy shrine attending;
Languor studies to be gay,
Listlessness affects to play;
Vapours con the tragic part,
Drawl and spout, and stalk and start:
Luxury here, entirely thine,
By thy laws pours out the wine;
By thy nod, appoints the seats,
Culls and cooks, and carves and eats.
Come, O come, and lead with thee,
Loose and dull Festivity;
Maukish Pleasure's idle train,
Pert and silly, loud and vain—
Nods and becks and foppish smiles,
And the glance that lust beguiles;
Such as lurks in Lechery's eyes
With gloting winks, while beauty sighs.
Folly, bid thy train advance
In some strange distorting dance;
Deign some British Peer to shew
How to spin upon one toe,

To some Duchess deign reveal
The art of touching head with heel.
Then bring thy foreign monster here,
With mincing step and simpering leer,
With female dress and gestures lewd,
And vice-persuasive attitude;
And ever, proof 'gainst sense, prepare
Some German or Italian air,
Married to such doggrel rhyme,
As P—— or Gr——lle calls sublime:
With studied squalls and labour'd squeaking
The tip-top voice now crowing—creaking—
Breaking through the *cords* that tie
Th' affrighted soul of Harmony!
That Orpheus' self should own how well
Such strains had been to sing in Hell;
So suited to the Devil's ear,
They would have quite regain'd his dear!

EPIGRAM.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POTTER.

Similes habent labra lectucas.

YON Ass in vain the flow'ry lawns invite;
To mumble thistles his supreme delight.
Such is the Critic, who with wayward pride
To Blackmore gives the praise to Pope denied;
Wakes Yalden's embers, joys in Pomfret's lay,
But sickens at the heaven-strung lyre of Gray.

SONG.

How bright the sun's declining rays
Glitter on yonder ivied spire!
How sweet the ev'ning zephyr plays
Thro' yon old trees that seem on fire!
Beneath those trees how oft I've stray'd
With Mary, rapture in my eyes!—
But now, alas! beneath their shade
All that remains of Mary lies!

Oh! can I e'er the scene forget?—
'Twas such an evening—this the place,
That first the lovely girl I met,
And gaz'd upon her angel face:—
The west at Sol's departure blush'd,
And brighten'd to a crimson hue;
Her cheek with kindred tints was flush'd,
And ah! her sun was sinking too!

She died—and at that very hour,
Hope broke her wand, and Pleasure fled.—
Life is a charm has lost its power;
Th' Enchantress of my days is dead:
That Sun—those scenes, where oft I've stray'd
Transported, I no longer prize;
For now, alas! beneath their shade,
All that remains of Mary lies!

ADO.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.

The pauper poet, pure in zeal,
Who aims the Muse's crown to steal,
Needs steal no crown of baser sort,
To buy a goose, or pay for Port.
He needs not Fortune's poison'd source,
  Nor guard the House of Commons yields,
Whether by Newgate lie his course,
  The Fleet, King's Bench, or Cold Bath Fields.
For I, whom late, *impransus*, walking,
  The Muse beyond the Rules had led;
Beheld a huge bum-bailiff stalking,
  Who star'd, but touch'd me not, and fled!
A bailiff black and big like him,
So scowling, desperate and grim,
No lock-up house, the gloomy den
Of all his tribe, shall spawn again.
  Place me beyond the Rules afar,
While alleys blind the flight debar;
Or bid me fascinated lie,
Beneath the catchpole's flashing eye:

Place me where spunging-houses round,
Attest that bail is never found;
Where poets starve who write for bread,
And writs are more than poems read,
O Muse, I'll still thy charms indite,
Till Pegasus, exhausted, tumbles,
Still will I rhyme in Reason's spite,
And sing, altho' my belly grumbles.

H.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXIV.

TO MR. HARRIS.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus &c.

WHAT handkerchief our tears can hide?
See Vulcan scale on every side,
The Muses' habitation:
Vain all our elegies of woe,
For numbers in their liquid flow,
Won't quell a conflagration.

Melpomene, thou Queen of Art,
Teach me thy strut and measur'd start,
I'll thro' the ruins wander—
First wail in lullabies of love,
Then bully all the Gods above,
Like NAT LEE'S *Alexander*.

My favourite theatre's destroy'd,
Its crowded pit an empty void,
Its *golden egg* is addled;
Its pantominic crew let loose,
And forth to COLMAN'S *Mother Goose*.
Has like a lame duck waddled.

Authors and Actors fume and fret,
But none the accident regret,
So much as thou, my HARRIS:
To tell this truth there needs no ghost,
He most laments who suffers most,
Whene'er a scheme miscarries.

Tho' Jove had arm'd the mighty mind,
With wit to bottle up the wind,
As once he arm'd Ulysses;
Vain all the puffs the flame to quell,
Theatric property farewel,
When angry Vulcan hisses.

'Tis hard—but see where *Brunswick's heir*,
Approaches—prithee banish care,
And put a better face on:
The very *stones* with tell tale ring
Prate of his whereabout and sing,
"Long live the Royal Mason!"

The Muses in their aprons white,
Sing Io Pæan at the sight,
And call his Highness "*Mother.*"
With journeymen like these at work,
Laughing Thalia, with a *Smirke*,
Shall soon erect another.

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXIX.

Icei, beatis nunc Arabum invides, &c.

TO LUCY.

Ah! Lucy, how chang'd are my prospects in life,
Since first you awaken'd love's flame:
So humble a bride, such a petulant wife!
Gadzooks! I scarce think you the same.

That badge which the husband's ascendance secures
(Tho' the poor *san culottes* never wore 'em,)
You arrogate now as prescriptively yours,
In spite of all sense and decorum.

No longer your smile like the sun-beam appears,
But clouds your fair visage deform,
Which quickly find vent in a deluge of tears,
Or burst into thunder and storm.

Where, where are the graces that rais'd, to betray,
My hopes of connubial joy?
And where is the Syren's melodious lay?
Enchanting, alas! to destroy!

Your temper is chang'd from serene to perverse,
Your tongue from endearment to clatter;
I took you, I trusted, for "*better and worse,*"
But find you are wholly the latter.

O! who will now question that Venus's dove,
Transform'd to a vulture, may feed
On the sensitive heart of the victim of love,
Condemn'd in close fetters to bleed.

Since you, whom so lately an angel I thought,
Now acting the termagant's part,
Exult o'er the fetters which wedlock has wrought,
And tear without mercy my heart.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXX.

THE COURTESAN.

O Venus, &c.

O VENUS, queen of every heart,
From thy lov'd Cyprus now depart,
And to *Maria's* lodgings pass,
Where she with colours red and white,
With scents and washes (such a sight!)
Invokes thy presence at her glass.

With thee transport thy glowing boy,
The Grace's too loose-zoned employ
To join thy escort on the wing;
Leave not the *nymphs* as pure as truth,
Nor, without thee, unpolish'd Youth,
And *Mercury* * be sure to bring!

* Dr. Warburton said that he never understood Horace so well as in Pope's Imitations. Had the Doctor lived to read the above verse, and its application, he would probably have confessed, that he never till now comprehended the full force and point of the Roman poet's concluding adonic, "*Mercuriusque.*" Though the Commentators have always stupidly classed this piece among the *Odes*, I have no doubt that Horace meant it for an *Epigram*. He, who translated it, "*And Maia's son,*" was like the man, who, repeating the jest about the short coat, (it will be *long enough* before I have another,) said, "It will be *some time* before I have a new one." Perhaps "nymphæ," means simply, as in Statius, (dulcis Nympha) fresh or river *water*.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXX.

PRIVATE BOXES!

O Venus, regina Cnidi, Paphique, &c.

O Venus, Queen of Drury Lane!
Soft partisan of amorous doxies,
O'er tall Soho no longer reign,
But patronize our Private Boxes.

Let Cupid, ardent chaperon,
To Hart-Street lead the London graces,
As loose of manners as of zone,
With bosoms bare and brazen faces.

Bring with thee, dame, a tempting show
Of girls fantastic, gay, and jolly;
Age without thee is sapient woe,
And with thee, youth is joyous folly.

Bring too the footpad demigod,
Who once outwitted wise Apollo;
O'er paths by truant Venus trod,
Light Mercury is sure to follow.

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem, &c.

WHAT asks the bard who first invades
With votive verse Apollo's shrine,
And lulls with midnight serenades
Thee, male Duenna of the Nine?

Not venison, darling of the church,
Mutton will serve his turn as well,
Nor costly turtle drest by BIRCH—
He spurns the *fat* to sound the *shell*.

Fearing to trust the dubious *stocks*,
He ne'er invests his money there,
And views with scorn the *London Docks*,
Perch'd on his *castle in the air*.

Ye sun-burnt peasantry of Gaul,
Go prune your vines for Norfolk's lord;
His jovial table welcomes all,
And laughing Plenty crowns his board.

Favourite of Bacchus! see him lay
His comrades senseless on the floor,
And then march soberly away,
With bottles three, ay, sometimes four.

My skill in wines is quickly said,
I drink them but to make me merry,
Claret and port alike are red,
Champagne is white, and so is sherry.

When safe in port, the sailor spurns
The waves of the tempestuous sea;
With higher joy my bosom burns,
When humble port is safe in me.

Grant me, ye powers, a middle state,
Remote from poverty and wealth;
Above the poor, below the great,
A body and a mind in health.

And when old Time upon this head
His snowy bounty shall impart,
O grant that he may never spread
Its freezing influence to my heart.

J.

EPIGRAM.

SOUTHAMPTON'S wise sons found the River so large,
Though 'twould carry a ship, 'twould not carry a barge;
But soon this defect their sage noddles supplied,
For they cut a *snug ditch* * to run close by its side.
Like the man, who contriving a hole thro' his wall,
To admit his two cats—the one great, t'other small;
When a great hole was made for great Puss to pass thro',
Had a little hole cut—for the little cat too!

* Southampton and Redbridge canal.

LINES

ON A FAVOURITE RETIREMENT.

THIS vale is beautiful; and fair the scene
Of rolling waves and mountains faintly blue
Beyond the beetling crag: the cottage-roof,
In green recess of hills, retires half seen
With roses cluster'd, and the wreathing vine:
Aloft the cypress and the sycamore
Wave in the wind; the bowering arbute spreads
A snow of blossoms, and on every bough
Its vermeil fruitage glitters to the sun.
Yet is there sadness here: wild Solitude
Usurps this pleasant dwelling-place; along
The grass-grown paths the tangled footstep slow
Rustles, and branches droop athwart the way.
There is *indeed* a sadness: but the sight
Of Desolation, stealing silent round,
Awakes no common feelings as I gaze.
Mother!—thy virgin hours of happiness
These groves have witness'd; and thine eye hath lov'd
To mark the cypress and the sycamore
Wave in the wind: and *therefore* am I sad,
That this fair scene should sink in wildering waste,
With all its rural garniture of woods,
And its unheeded verdure: fond regrets!
Yet cold the heart that shall disown their pow'r.

CHARLES A. ELTON.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF AN OFFICER, WHO PERISHED IN THE EAST INDIES, 1765.

BY MR. SHAW.

FAR in that eastern sea that beats
With swelling surge rich Java's seats,
And Borneo's and Sumatra's shore,
Amidst the hoarse wave's ceaseless roar,
With palm and native cedar grac'd,
A lone romantic isle is plac'd,
Whose flowery lawns, and secret shades,
No foot of Indian swain invades.
Here on a rock, (from whose steep brow,
Darkening the wave that roll'd below,
Where Ether stoops to Ocean green,
Sumatra's distant shore was seen,)
With angry looks, in wrathful mood,
The Genius, lo! of India stood.
Disdaining of that wonted state
In which on Ganges' banks he sate,
On Ganges' banks, ill-fated shore!
Whose blood-stain'd fields delight no more;
The Genius rent his robe, his crown
He threw with frantic gestures down,
While thus his angry speech exprest,
The passions raging in his breast.
"Why on my head, with diamonds grac'd,
Was India's proud tiara plac'd?

Why was of India's sons the care
By fatal destiny my share?
The Indian princes to behold,
Cast from their ancient thrones of gold;
To hear the long and loud lament,
From Indian kingdoms deeply sent,
Whilst of invaders fierce, a host
Sent from remotest Europe's coast,
Stretch thro' our shores their lawless way,
And mark with blood their impious sway.
Yet shall not India's genius long,
Bear unreveng'd this mighty wrong.
Ye sons of Albion, ye whose hand,
Has vext the most this injur'd land,
Ye who, with mightier power indued,
Have in pure blood your hands imbrued,
That in your treasures ye might hold,
A countless sum of Indian gold,
Ye yet your bloody deeds shall rue,
And give to India vengeance due.
Whilst on this shore your footsteps fall,
Dire Avarice shall you enthral
To work her will accurst, her slaves;
Or if ye measure back the waves
And seek again your native ground,
Yet there avengers shall be found.
There Luxury your souls shall hold,
And melt your hoarded heaps of gold.
And Pleasure, sought with eager chace,
Shall still elude your vain embrace,
Whilst your proud banquets to confound,
Remorse, dire spectre! from the ground
Shall rise, a guest of fell affright,
Who calling India to your sight

Shall shake her scourge, and snaky hair,
And fill your bosoms with despair."
  Thus from the green isle, his retreat,
The Genius pours his angry threat,
When lo! the British ship that bore
The young Amyntor from the shore
Of Albion to the Indian clime,
While soft gales blow, in luckless time,
Is seen afar along the deep,
To the green isle its way to keep.
The breezes fall, the vessel rides,
At distance on the rolling tides,
With face deceitful smiles the sky,
And now impatient to descry
An Indian land, Amyntor sweeps
In oary barge the level deeps,
And now with curious eye explores,
The untry'd windings of the shores.
  The Genius saw the youth the while,
In oary barge approach the isle,
The Genius wept, the Genius sigh'd,
And "Oh thou hapless youth!" he cry'd,
"Art thou too come of milder look,
Thy native Albion's cliffs forsook,
Art thou too come thy purer hand
To stain, the spoiler of this land?
Alas! ill-fitted thou to wage
The wars in Indian climes that rage,
Alas! unknowing thou what store
Of ills infest the Indian shore!
Inflam'd with Glory's radiant charms,
And nurtur'd to contend in arms
With a proud foe whose martial rage
With Albion well the war could wage,

Say wilt thou count it mighty praise
Thy trophies in this land to raise;
Land of a nation weaker far,
Shunning the strife of furious war,
Whose mind a languor soft inhales,
From sultry skies and melting gales,
Whose riches only, fatal gift!
The invader's steel against them lift,
Guiltless of crimes that may provoke,
Submitting to a gentle yoke,
And pouring gold in boundless stores
To turn the battle from their shores?
With gentlest arts and manners blest,
And all thy virtuous soul possest
By the sweet Muses, whose kind power,
Has nurst thee from thy earliest hour,
Wilt thou not weep to see the wrong,
Which hapless India suffers long;
Her nobles, innocent in vain,
By ruffian force or treachery slain,
Her princes in the fight subdued,
By dire Oppression's scourge pursued,
And War and Rapine's horrid band,
In bloody state led through the land,
That heaps of gold may sate the lust,
Of Albion's sons, severe, unjust;
Wrongs whose full measure to restrain,
Thy feeble power must strive in vain?
Or will this dire contagious clime
Infect thy bosom too with crime,
And stifling all the generous fire,
Which in thy breast now glows entire,
The mighty wish of godlike fame,
The gentle Virtues' heavenly flame,

Shall Avarice dire, in evil day,
Thy sliding nature here betray
To vices which it most disdains,
To thoughts unfeeling of the pains
And sorrows of a race opprest,
To arts of lucre, vile, unblest,
And deeds of rapine dark, that shun
The pure light of the radiant sun!
Oh, ere thy step these borders gain,
While yet thy soul is free from stain,
Oh, let me save thee from the snares
Which for thy youth this land prepares,
And from the pangs which sure will wound
Thy honest mind on Indian ground."
The Genius stretch'd his mighty hand,
And smote the waters with his wand:
The shores and hollow rocks around,
Send to the surge a solemn sound,
A sudden gloom the deep invades,
The noon-tide sun is hid in shades,
The sea with troubled face appears,
When lo! a wave its head uprears,
That seen afar in ocean's plain
Seems a huge mountain in the main;
Gathering the floods as vast it sweeps
Its furious way along the deeps,
The wave now rolls with thundering roar
Its weight of waters to the shore.
O, hapless youth whose pinnace vain
May ill the mighty flood restrain!
O, yet thou Indian genius quell
That wave which thou hast taught to swell,
O, yet thou Indian Genius save
The lost Amyntor from the wave!

The pious vow is breath'd in vain,
Nor may we our weak suit obtain.
The sullen shades of night are fled,
Old Ocean smooths his watery bed,
The wave its furious course has roll'd,
But, ah! within its bosom cold
The young Amyntor buried lies,
And endless night has clos'd his eyes.
Farewell, O youth too early lost,
With all thy virtues blooming most,
Farewell! the power that sways the deep,
From ills thy virtuous mind to keep,
Ordains an early grave for thee,
Nor may we blame that high decree.
No hallow'd tomb thy ashes holds,
No marble vain thy name unfolds,
Yet surely to that shore which gave
To thy cold limbs a watery grave,
The gentle spirits of the air
Shall oft with harp unseen repair,
And oft along that coast shall float
Soft music with a solemn note:
The sailor at the hour of night,
Who steers beneath the moon's pale light
His vessel thro' the Indian main,
Wondering shall hear the melting strain,
And down his rough cheek as he hears
Shall glide involuntary tears.
Thus, bending o'er the waves which roar
Against old Albion's rocky shore,
With strains which Fancy, musing maid,
Invents to lend her votary aid,
I strive to cheat my bosom's pain,
I strive, alas! too much in vain,

While sad remembrance to my mind,
Still calls, with busy care unkind,
A brother in the Indian wave
Untimely sunk, and in that grave,
Buried with him in all their prime,
Fair hopes and virtuous fires sublime.
O shade of him whose memory dear,
Calls from these eyes this streaming tear,
Forgive the verse that strives to frame
Some weak memorial of thy name.
Poor is the tribute of the lays
Which to thy dust a brother pays,
Yet shall the verse not flow in vain,
If aught avail the pious strain
To soothe with lenient note awhile
A parent's anguish, or beguile
These tears that streaming still anew
A gentle sister's cheek bedew,
Whose tender frame may ill I ween
Endure the shaft of sorrow keen.

TO A LADY

FROM VOLTAIRE.

That mind adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing art,
Might beauty's all-seducing aid despise;
Yet e'en an idiot could enslave my heart,
Had the fair idiot those enchanting eyes.

Ah! still imperfect: if thou canst not love,
Those heavenly graces are bestow'd in vain;
One tender sentiment is far above
Beauty and wit, with all their sprightly train.

1748. ANTHONY CHAMPION, ESQ.

HEROIC EPISTLE *

TO JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, L. L. D. F. R. S.

ACADEM. IMP. PETROP. R. PARIS. HOLM. TAURIN. ITAL. HAR-LEM. AUREL. MED. PARIS. CANTAB. AMERIC. ET PHILAD. SOC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN AGE †."

It is pleasant when we can be equally amused with our *own* mistakes, and those of *others*. I have *voluntarily* given *others* many opportunities of amusing themselves with *mine*.

PRIESTLEY ON AIR, Vol. II, p. 323.

PRINCE of philosophers, whose splendid page
Obscures the glories of each former age;
While through the cloud, around thy happiest lines
By mystic science spread, conspicuous shines
Thy wit familiar, as phosphoric light,
Mean tho' its composition, gleams through night:
In whose high presence sinks dejected HALES;
LOCKE's understanding in confusion fails;
BOYLE's fame exhausted like his air-pump lies;
And NEWTON's prism hides all its rainbow dyes!
‡ Oh more than NEWTON skill'd with every shape
Of wisdom to delight, egregious ape!
The Critic's boast! of Orators the pride!
In little school the little School-boy's Guide!

* Originally published in 1791.

† See Poetical Register, Vol. vi. p. 400.

‡ Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape! POPE.

* Polemic glutton, whose insatiate soul
Folios of Fathers gormandizes whole;
And, to relax from philosophic themes,
Sucks up their frothy Greek, like well-whipt creams!
Or in the pulpit if thou deign to shine,
The candid, charitable, meek Divine!
Or if thy breast with patriot rapture glow,
Of kings and kingcraft unrelenting foe!
Yet though with every gift, all learning blest,
Alike by printers, and by † peers carest,
A blushing egotist, whose modest pen
Displays the humblest of the sons of men!
Ah, say, my PRIESTLEY, to thy various praise
Why has no sweet encomiast tun'd his lays?
Still shall the muse, who to Sir WILLIAM's name,
Woo'd by MAC GREGGOR, gave heroic fame,
Grudge from his garden one poetic tint,
To deck the wonders of thy sprig of mint?

* "I would farther observe, that the attention I have given to theology does not engross so much of my time as some persons may imagine. I am particularly complained of as having thrown away so much time on the composition of my History of the Corruptions of Christianity, and of the Opinions concerning Christ. But the experiments contained in this single volume, is much more than I have given to the *six* of which those works consist, and to *all* the controversial pieces I have written in defence of the former of them. Single paragraphs have cost me more labour than whole sections or chapters of the former. *In general, during the composition of those works, the greatest part of the day was spent in my laboratory,* and the evenings and mornings only in reading or writing." —Priestley on Air, vol. iv. Preface, p. 9.

† "Some time after this I was in company *with Lord* SHELBURNE, at the seat of Mons. Trudaine, at Montigny in France," &c. "being at dinner *with the Duke of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *his Grace,*" &c.—"This scheme I immediately mentioned *to the Duke and the company;* all seemed much pleased with it," &c. &c.—Priestley on Air, vol. ii.

For BANKS's fleas shall PETER's lyre be strung,
While thou *, thy mice, and mouse-cage sleep unsung?
Oh then, my tuneful labours to beguile,
Deign me, my PRIESTLEY, one soft simpering smile;
So to the soothing cadence of my verse
MAC GREGGOR's strains shall grate like scrannel Erse;
And PETER's odes, which, seeking mirth alone,
Like his own lobsters, skip from tone to tone,
From theme to theme, shall shew a glittering waste
Of gay disorder, to my song more chaste.
Yet when thy works to my enraptur'd eyes
In all their mingled blaze of glory rise,
Amid such rich variety to choose,
Confounds, not daunts, my high-aspiring muse.
For who like thee with novelty can charm,
† Sooth us with error, and with truth alarm;
Like thee can prove, on thy phlogistic plan,
How death absorbs the vital part of man;
‡ At naked facts make all the learned stare,
And write more theories than lines on air;
Rend the tough web of HORSLEY's close-wove work;
Or from platonic dreams awaken BURKE!
But since the gaping world in deep amaze
Still on thy last eccentric pamphlet gaze,

* See the Frontispiece, and numerous passages in Dr. Priestley's first volume on Air.

† See the motto in the title page.

‡ "No man was ever more temperate in the introduction of new *terms*, considering the number of new *facts* I have discovered." Vol. ii. p. 334.—Of the manner in which those facts were discovered, the Doctor thus modestly speaks in the 323d page of the same volume. "I was determined to shew how little *mystery* there really is in the business of experimental philosophy, and with how little *sagacity* or *design* discoveries (which some are pleased to consider as great and wonderful things) have been made."

* Which, like great MILTON's hero, o'er the plain
Where tumult, discord, and sedition reign,
Wide hovering hangs, then as a rocket bright
Darts flaming up, and fires the realms of night;
Ere yet the wonder fades, my muse shall try
To trace its flaming progress through the sky.
And ye, who all your PRIESTLEY's soul inspire,
Spirits of freedom, animate my lyre!
Presumptuous BURKE! though ev'ry nobler part,
All scope of talent, and all worth of heart,
Sustain that fame which thou hast hardly won,
In the rough course of twelve long lustres run;
Puré from all envy, affectation, pride,
Without one little sneaking thought to hide;
Of brow as open as of mind sincere,
To vice alone, triumphant vice, severe;
While the just purpose of thy steady soul
Nor raging foes, nor shrinking friends controul:
Though on the manly graces of thy tongue
Britain's bold genius long has raptur'd hung,
As TULLY sweet, to charm our list'ning ears,
With TULLY's wisdom, but without his fears;
Though BACON's science, letters, wit, refin'd
From ev'ry base alloy of BACON's mind,
Distinguish thee from all of modern date,
Each rival star that gilds the sphere of state;
Nor less our praise attends thy hour serene,
Great in the private as the public scene,
Unequall'd when around the social hearth
Thy well stor'd fancy pours instructive mirth;
Firm to thy friend (whatever distant coast
That friend detains) as names which fables boast;

* ——————Satan——————
Springs upwards, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse.

Warm to each dearer charity of life
That closer draws the brother, son, and wife,
Their fond solicitude with tenderest care
Repaying—only not unequall'd there:
Yet vain are all thy powers, thy virtues vain,
Too weak thy wild ambition to restrain.
Unhappy BURKE! what phrenzy rash and blind,
What luckless dæmon, seiz'd thy raging mind,
And bade thee write of constitutions, kings,
Exploded, mean, unphilosophic things,
In spite of reason, and in friendship's spite,
The dictates of great Doctor PRIESTLEY slight?
Arm'd at all points this doughty champion turns,
Smiles now in scorn, and now with fury burns.
Down then in haste upon thy stubborn knees:
The moment that remains for mercy seize;
Convicted rebel, who to Britain's throne
Preaching one legal Heir, and one alone,
Dar'st in the madness of thy zeal maintain
That PITT or PRIESTLEY have no right to reign.
* High treason this in loftier tone he swears;
And, after a long "*intercourse of years*,"
An halter's all he gives thee of his love,
But hopes it will not "*inconvenient*" prove.
Oh that the muse, my PRIESTLEY, could but praise
One half the beauties which thy work displays!
To thee her richest stores while fancy brings,
Exulting genius claps his wearied wings!
Within the compass of one single line
What glow, what energy of thought is thine!
Above tame BURKE, while sickening envy dies,
How proudly does thy towering pinion rise!

* "From two acts of parliament, viz. the fourth and sixth of Anne, it appears that your assertion is nothing less than *high treason*.———Far am I from wishing to bring you into any serious *inconvenience*," &c.—Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 36.

Though to that star his princess he compare
Whose beams add splendor to the twilight air,
And darting through the radiance of the morn
With life and joy the face of heaven adorn;
Yet thou with keener eye canst mark from far
The wand'ring path of EDMUND's fancied star;
* Then bid this comet of disastrous tail,
This blazing mischief, lovely portent, hail!
A Venus, BURKE exclaims (and can we show
One trite expression which from him could flow?):
Thine is the boast, that to thy sight reveal'd
Twine the crisp hairs from vulgar eyes conceal'd;
Hairs, which display, in grimmest horror curl'd,
A gristly Gorgon to the wondering world!
But when thy genius to keen satire stoops,
And the proud crest of humbled EDMUND droops,
Critics must own, and as they own admire,
Thy words all daggers, all thy periods fire!
How pleas'd I view thee aim the glittering dart
Of pointed irony, and pierce his heart!
Sarcastic cry, † "In happy Russia born,
Where mildest graces the soft sex adorn,
Thee will I hail, great BURKE, with pride elate,
The gallant champion of the gentle KATE!

* "To the French she has appeared to be nothing better than a comet foreboding every disaster, and bringing desolation and ruin on her country. You saw nothing but the fine features, and imagined them to belong to a Venus. The French, it seems, have discovered the *snaky hair*, and find her to be a mere Medusa."—Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 19.

† "What an exalted freedom would you have felt, had you had the happiness of being a subject of the Empress of Russia, your sovereign being then *a woman!*—Fighting under her auspices, you would, no doubt, have been the most puissant of knights errant, and her redoubted champion against the whole Turkish empire, the sovereign of which is only a *man*."—Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 31.

Lo! where the gleam of thy bright sword alone
Scares slothful SELIM from the Turkish throne,
A *mere, mere man*—But ah! what lovely trains,
Once male, now pure from manhood's grosser stains,
With clamours shrill, as if by magic charm,
Check in its furious course thy vengeful arm!"
So well canst thou in thy own bantering style
Of half their rising scorn our hearts beguile!
Thus at some ale-house window have I heard,
In witty strain, a pert loquacious bird,
With look less arch, with less conceited mien,
Steal, while he rail'd, from passengers their spleen.
Thus on the back of Bruin mounted high,
A well-dress'd Pug the shouting rustics spy,
Great prince of mimics; who with grave grimace,
Facetious trick, and ever-varying face,
Disdainful mirth excites; then chattering loud,
Grins in his turn upon the grinning crowd;
While honest Bruin, heedless of his play,
Trots on with sturdy step his steady way.
How far, great Doctor, has thy pompous name
Already spread, nor gather'd half its fame!
Scarce can the cit, at Dolly's ere he takes
His daily fill of politics and steaks,
Seek *his* assistance, who perhaps may choose
Your wit to brighten, while he blacks your shoes,
But thus, as o'er the patient foot he hangs,
At every brush our orator harangues:
"What are these kings who keep the world in awe—
Such sage remarks from PRIESTLEY'S works I draw—
These blustering blades, that, proud of pomp and show,
Look with disdain on little folks below?
What GEORGE, the greatest of great kings I ween,
Good though he be, and gentle to his Queen?
What all—scarce worth the notice of his pen—
Mere drudges to us pop'lar gentlemen."

Oh glorious doctrine! that a king alone
Should have no rights, no pleasure of his own!
The servant of his people! slave of slaves!
Who for a paltry boon their favour craves!
Poor tawdry bauble, boast of China's land,
That nods obedient to the moving hand!
* In every place, I hear thee gravely cry,
Where Commerce lifts her muddy head on high,
Exists some public servant of renown,
Paid and appointed solely by the town:
In simpler style, one, who from dirty ways
Each nuisance in his rumbling cart conveys.
And thus great GEORGE—be clos'd ye royal ears!—
Is but the plumpest of plump scavengers!
If scavenger and King are like in this,
That both we choose, and one at will dismiss;
What sophist would persuade us that the other
Should find more favour than his dusty brother?
What? If we think the wight too fat, too thin,
Of smile ungracious, or of ghastly grin,
Because the snivelling soul of BURKE it shock,
Must we not bring our culprit to the block?
Oh, England, England! never wilt thou know
A prouder day than when fair freedom's foe,
Devoted CHARLES, in his blest subjects' sight
Bow'd his meek head, and bade the world good night.
And do our modern kings so mild and good,
Grudge us one little drop of regal blood?

* "If the town officer, in consequence of being *appointed and paid* for his services by the town, is never considered in any other light than that of the *servant of the town*, is not the chief magistrate in any country, let him be called *sovereign, king*, or what you please (for that is only a *name*), *the servant of the people?* What real difference can there be in the two cases? They each discharge a certain duty, and have a certain stipulated reward for it."—Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 27.

Degenerate times!—But o'er yon gloomy skies,
Lo! Anarchy's terrific genius flies,
And while around him headless phantoms dance,
Points in mute rapture to his sons of France!
Above all human, all divine controul,
How I respect thy ever-daring soul,
Eccentric PRIESTLEY, first of wonders, born
This first of wond'rous ages to adorn;
When thus thou criest with simile and face,
Each longer than a Presbyterian grace,
" * What is your boasted church but that vile beast,
" The sluggish Sloth, which, ere he quits his feast,
" Champs the fresh leaves, sucks the sweet juices dry,
" And strips the bark of Christianity:
" The Glutton, rather."—For thou feel'st no shame
Of good old sneers that from old Mess-John came:
" Vain are the struggles of the noble prey
" Clear from our Glutton's gripe to get away;
" The Glutton clings; and on the fat so fine—
" Pomp, honours, wealth—persists at ease to dine;
" Nor leaves one scrap, however gorg'd his maw,
" For the poor half-starv'd sectary's lanker jaw.

* " So far is a civil establishment from being friendly to Christianity, that it may be compared to the animal called the Sloth, which, when it gets upon any tree, will not leave it till it has devoured the leaves, and even the bark. Rather it is the animal called the Glutton, which falling from a tree upon some noble animal, immediately begins to tear it, and suck its blood. Now when I see this Sloth upon its stately branches, gnawing it, and stripping it bare; or, to change my comparison, when I see the Glutton upon the shoulders of this noble animal, the blood flowing down, and its very vitals in danger; if I wish to preserve the tree, or the animal, must I not, without delay, destroy the Sloth, and kill the Glutton? Indeed, Sir, say or write what you please; such vermin deserve no mercy. You may stand by, and weep for the fate of your favourite Sloth or Glutton; but I shall not spare them!"—Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 84.

" These are thy vermin, BURKE: stand thou, and weep,
" While the stern purpose of my wrath I keep;
" For I—ye Bishops tremble! Deans awake!
" Ye proud cathedrals from your bases shake!—
" *I*—and what arm of mortal nerve shall dare
" My vengeance to oppose?—*I* will not *spare!*"
May I not eat both what and how I will,
And take of cheering cup my daily fill,
Without the state's permission? Why then, say,
Must statesmen tell me what and how to pray?
* Shall others murmur, standing if I please
To worship God, nor bow, like them, my knees?
Grant that I choose another form to teach,
And sit cross-legg'd upon my naked breech,
Making wry faces to some idol grim;
Must I be thwarted in this harmless whim?
Who could complain should I, of spirit meek,
Like old Egyptians, deify a leek:
My stomach and my zeal to warm, one hour
Worship my savoury God, the next devour?
If on the bed of sickness tost I grieve,
And would by medicine my pains relieve,
No gracious monarch's tardy aid I crave,
To snatch a wither'd carcase from the grave.
Why in religion then so blindly trust
To erring man, frail creature of the dust?
For both these healing arts are ne'er allied,
Like sister plants that flourish side by side:
And in one thriving soil we often spy
Here Physic shoot, there spread Divinity.
Lo! where MACAULEY'S friend sage GRAHAM, shines,
First of Empirics! greatest of Divines!

* " What right has any man to complain of me, if I worship God in what manner I please, or if I do not choose to worship God at all?"—Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 55.

Oh! that thou could'st with this celestial man
Concert, my PRIESTLEY, some ingenious plan,
A scoundrel clergy from the earth to sweep,
Who not our consciences but purses keep;
And thus, than PITT more frugal, save us clear
At least * one million and a half a year?
Canst thou no nostrum find from guilty stain
Our souls to purge, nor give one griping pain?
For thou alike man's body and his mind
To be but sluggish matter hast defin'd;
And prov'd that all some preachers nick-name Sin,
The weekly burthen of their drowsy din,
Is—what a strong corrective might controul,
Mere effervescence of an acid soul.
Methinks I see, ere scarce thy work's begun,
The grand arcanum found, the vict'ry won;
While Fame, as swift she flies from town to town,
Bears on her paper wing thy great renown.
Proceed, illustrious pair, and bring to view
What few could hope, and none achieve but you!
Produce this wond'rous KATTERFELTO pill,
That shall the gnawing worm of conscience kill;
Shall rid our souls of all their frisky leaven,
And make them, heavy dolts! jog on to heaven.
But should at last this happy project fail,
Nor e'en thy own experiments avail,
Yet of thy zeal some little proof display:
Drive from our church at least the DRONES away.
† First all the powers of thy great *air-pump* show,
And close in vacuo shut the Mitred foe:

* Bishop Watson, in his Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, states this to be the amount of the church revenues, and expresses his surprise at the smallness of the sum!

† "The English hierarchy has reason to tremble *at an air-pump, or electrical machine.*" Priestley on Air, vol. i. Preface.

There like less noxious vermin let them lie;
There stare and gasp, there sprawl, kick up, and die!
Next on inferior Dignitaries steal;
And from below, where haply they may feel,
Charging their empty noddles through their nocks,
Ply all thy battery of *electric* shocks,
Till, dancing an involuntary jig,
From each dull pate they shake its owlish wig;
Then lightly scamper off with tingling breech,
And on their country livings *starve and preach!*
Let drivelling BURKE exclaim in pious glow,
That all our comforts from religion flow.
Thou, the great BURGERSDICIUS of our age,
With sounder logic arm'st thy manlier page.
Why must *religion* be our only good?
* Find we no real comfort in our food?
That few can feast on pure angelic love,
Well did that great Dissenting teacher prove,
Who boldly ventur'd on a day unmeet,
One sabbath day, his fasting maw to treat:
But while he gloated on his dainty bit,
A savoury goose just gliding from the spit;
The last, last clank of pattens now was o'er,
And BAREBONES peeping stood at meeting-door!
What could be done? the house of prayer he sought,
His goose, not God, possessing every thought:
Sore yearn'd his bowels for his absent bird;
In every pew their yearnings sore were heard.
"Do well, and Heaven will prosper you," was all:
When now, compell'd by a more powerful call,
To his soul's idol home again he flew,
And, dire to tell! without long grace fell to;

* "You certainly magnify the benefits derived from religion too much.—Is there no good, no comfort in any thing but religion? Will religion feed us? or is there no comfort in food?"—Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 86.

Cramm'd on with appetite by prayer uncloy'd,
And in fat goose his greatest good enjoy'd.
  Why then of faith, or modes of faith, dispute?
Why taste at all religion's bitter root?
To thy free soul the difference is but small
'Twixt God and Pagod, Christ and Belial.
One day we find thee a believer true;
The next thou seem'st half-Infidel half-Jew.
So well with Hebrews hast thou play'd thy part,
That they still think thee a staunch friend at heart;
And hope, in spite of Christian jokes and jibes,
To add another GORDON to their tribes.
Ah! see, where o'er Duke's place in shoals they spread,
With many a bearded rabbi at their head,
And, having seiz'd thee without noise or strife,
Prune thy luxuriance with the sacred knife!
  But now to more triumphant scenes I turn;
While new-felt transports in my bosom burn.
* Holy Saint EDMUND! will thy feeble hand
Save thy dear church, thy dear devoted land?
Ah no! for, hark! Saint JOSEPH from afar
"Cries havock, and lets slip the dogs of war!"
Yes, great Saint JOSEPH—for true Saint art thou,
Before whose shrine small saints like EDMUND bow—
Inspir'd by thee, all civil strife I bless,
And could the bloody dames of France caress;

* "If you, Sir, can steer the ship of the state through the storm which we all see to be approaching, and if you can save the church as well as the state, you will deserve no less than canonization, and *St. Edmund* will be the greatest name in the calendar. If the condition of other nations be as much bettered as that of France will probably be, this great crisis will be consummation devoutly to be wished for; and, though calamitous to many, perhaps to many innocent persons, will be eventually most glorious and happy. *Speculations of this kind contribute to exhilarate my spirits.*" Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 154.

By thee inspir'd, all regions would I search,
Captives on thrones, and martyrs in the church,
Rapes, scourgings, burnings, massacres to find,
That might *exhilarate* thy pious mind!
Dost thou from popish praise avert thine ear?
Then will I call thee sage, diviner, seer,
* JOSEPH the dreamer of a modern date,
Skill'd like old JOE in the dark book of fate.
Rise then, my muse, with all thy rage of rhymes,
To hail the dawn of those refulgent times,
When, after a long, dark, tempestuous night,
Freedom on all shall shed her genial light!
And, lo! where sprung from Frenchmen's giddy brains,
Man's rights for man PHILOSOPHY regains,
While to her blood-stain'd altar EUROPE brings
The Clergy's wealth, the pomp and power of Kings.
Come, ye who seek the light; her sacred shrine
With awe approach, and hear her words divine;
Where to swill'd clubs of Atheists, Jews, and Turks,
Her prophets, wise to dumb-found fifty BURKES,
The mad St. HURUGE, or the madder CLOOTS,
Prove our grand right—*for ever to be Brutes.*
Joy to my PRIESTLEY; joy. Behold, behold
† The blest Millennium, by thy tongue foretold!
Hail happy hour! when savage wars shall cease,
And all but thou my PRIESTLEY, be at peace;
When statesmen, like thy LANSDOWNE ever mild
" In wit a man, in innocence a child,"

* " And they said to one another, Behold, this dreamer cometh." Genesis xxxvii. 19.

† " This, Sir, will be the happy state of things distinctly and repeatedly foretold, in many prophecies delivered more than two thousand years ago, when the common Parent of mankind *will make wars to cease* to the ends of the earth, &c. Isaiah, ii. 4."—Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 150.

Lost too, like him, in labyrinths of thought,
Shall wonder why we rude * *barbarians* fought:
† When for a livelihood compell'd to shift,
And turn'd, unpitied, pennyless, adrift,
Now half the bench of Bishops we may meet,
Croaking "old clothes" about St. James's Street;
There see them, tumbling o'er each other, strive
Who first a bargain with their Queen shall drive;
While no mean lure her beckoning hand displays,
The well-known royal brogues of better days;
At Lambeth Ferry see broad-chested MOORE,
The tide against him, tugging at the oar;
See stout-limb'd MARKHAM, owner of a chair,
With Irish heroes scuffling for a fare;
WATSON, a chemist's journeyman, return'd
Again to thumb the books which late he burn'd;
Smooth HORNE an oil-man in the shop of SKILL *,
Dipping in unctuous puffs his gentle quill;
And HORSLEY, yet thy foe, for trunks and pies
In Grub-Street garrets scribbling new replies;
While PITT's own PRETTYMAN, now Peter Puff,
By auction sells his bankrupt brethren's stuff,
In his new pulpit thundering from on high—
Each look assurance, and each word a lie:
When Kings—O BRUNSWICK! raise thy drooping head—
Turn farmers, not for pleasure, but for bread:
When all the world, MORAVIAN like, shall prove
One universal family of love!

* "No description of men but *barbarians* will have recourse to war."—Priestley's Letters to Burke, p. 151.

† "*There will be no more Lord Bishops, and Archbishops,*" &c.—Ibid.

* For the daily advertisements of Messrs. SKILL and SON, see any of the thirteen Morning Papers.

Yet, spite of thy bland rhetoric, I fear
Men will not quite forget what once they were;
Some trace of former feelings may remain;
Some little blemish all their virtues stain.
Should EUROPE then be still too tightly lac'd,
Nor boast enough of nature for thy taste,
Oh! with one enterprising Scotchman more
Retire to AFRIC's uncorrupted shore.
There, mid a race who never heard the name
Of Church, or King, seek happiness and fame;
Of Ourang Outangs thou chief magistrate,
And great MONBODDO minister of state!
In England, PRIESTLEY, never hope to find
A philosophic apathy of mind.
For in this isle we few but madmen see,
While sober reason only dwells with thee!
Ah, why then strive a people long insane
To diet into simple truth again?
Be warn'd in time: nor with thy pamphlets dry
Too far their palates and their patience try;
Lest, like the witty Bedlamites of yore,
Who on their Doctor having clos'd the door,
Eager to dose him, in the very pot
That boil'd their oatmeal would have boil'd the sot,
These ruthless madmen of more modern times,
As the worst vengeance for thy fancied crimes,
Make thee—oh curse them with thy latest breath—
Read thy own works, and *gruel* thee to death!

A SECOND

HEROIC EPISTLE *

TO JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, L.L.D. F.R.S.

ACADEM. IMP. PETROP. R. PARIS. HOLM. TAURIN. ITAL. HARLEM. AUREL. MED. PARIS. CANTAB. AMERIC. ET PHILAD. SOCI.

The late Writings in favour of Liberty, civil and religious, have been like a beam of light suddenly thrown among *Owls; Bats, and Moles;* who being incapable of receiving any pleasure or benefit from it, only cry out and hide themselves when the light approaches and disturbs them.

PRIESTLEY'S OLD JEWRY DISCOURSE ON ACADEMICAL EDUCATION; p. 36.

OH thou, the joy, the glory of my Muse!
Proud thro' her works thy genius to transfuse;
And tho' to critics pert and dull she seem,
Scorning to *blush*, if PRIESTLEY be her theme,
Another moment to thy Poet spare,
From murd'ring mice †, or getting drunk with air;
And now again thy partial ear incline,
While round thy brows a second wreath I twine.
Scarce had I mark'd thee after EDMUND fly,
No vulgar wildfowl cackling thro' the sky,
And with some little strength of pinion blest,
Strive, where he soar'd, that eagle to arrest;

* Originally published in 1791.

† Viz. Dephlogisticated air. The feeling of it was not different from that of common air; but I fancied my breast felt peculiarly light and easy for some time afterwards. Who can tell but that in time this pure air may become a *fashionable article of Luxury?* Hitherto only two mice and myself have had the privilege of breathing it. Priestley on Air; vol. II. p. 102.

When, PRIESTLEY, thou thyself couldst condescend
To turn the panegyrist of a friend;
Pleas'd thro' each maze of rhetoric to run,
In praise of gentle virtue's gentlest son.
And hast thou, PRIESTLEY, e'en amidst the blaze
Of light diffusive in these wond'rous days,
Beside thyself, one man of merit found,
With praise like thine deserving to be crown'd?
One whom kind Heav'n vouchsafed this age to see,
At once a friend and rival worthy thee!
Yes, PRICE the Great!—But PRICE is now no more!
His ill-tim'd loss he leaves thee to deplore,
O'erwhelm'd in pious tears: ah, woe the while,
That thy sweet face should ever lose its smile!
Ye who the puzzling pow'rs of numbers know,
Skill'd the fam'd wonders of your art to show;
Who, taught by WINGATE, ready proof can bring,
By only learning the due length of string,
How many rood a patient ass can graze,
While round one steady stake he frisks and brays;
Ye too, who with establishments at war,
The Church of England from your souls abhor;
Deem her a slip of Babylon's proud whore,
Than JEZEBEL* more vain, more lewd than SHORE;
A witching wanton, that with luring charms,
Of half its coyness PITT's cold heart disarms;
And ye, who while for *Freedom* ye contend,
Scorn to your *God* the servile knee to bend,
Approach; and, weeping o'er yon mournful stone,
Exclaim—The wond'rous calculator's gone!
He that, without a microscope, could tell
On one small louse how many licelings dwell!

* These and similar allusions abound in the Writings of the prurient Puritanical Wits of the last century, and are to be found in some more modern compositions.

Gone thy fam'd preacher, HACKNEY, that great man,
Who taught religion on a *lib'ral* plan!
And thine, old JEWRY, who with pious brand,
Fir'd his own drowsy democratic band:
Slain by BURKE's quill, he sleeps, from sorrow free,
And leaves his cause to PRIESTLEY, PAINE, and me!
Art thou then dead?—By cruel fate oppress'd,
In Peace at last canst thou, my RICHARD, rest?
At thy pale presence shakes not EDMUND's bed;
Nor rise thy bones to rattle round his head?
Gall to all hearts! Grief to the good and wise!
Low the lov'd friend of gentle LANSDOWNE lies!
Yet, HACKNEY, clear at least *thy* gloomy brow;
Nurse of prim patriots, primmer preachers, thou.
Oh, turn thee where the lank-hair'd solemn trains
Of pious youths stalk o'er thy favour'd plains.
Unlike the giddy race by Churchmen taught,
Thy sons seem ever lost in sober thought.
Lo, in yon chamber two retir'd appear,
And while *this* aërates his vapid beer,
See that, an orator of modern days,
One stiff, pert, Unitarian finger raise;
Then in a jordan the sweet image trace
Of his own little sapient simpering face:
For all of thy true Presbyterian breed,
Can fix their *features* easier than their *creed*.
Others o'er newspapers and pamphlets pore,
And read thy RICHARD's Sermon o'er and o'er.
Proceed ye embryo PHILOMATHS! May you
Deep critics prove; sneer, dictate, and review!
Or, if of humbler wit, and void of spleen,
Shine editors of some fam'd magazine!
Turn all but Poets:—In these squeamish times
Few have a taste for tabernacle rhimes.
Nor yet, with BURKE, of constitutions dream;
But be the Rights of Men your darling theme.

With vulgar truths eternal warfare wage,
And rise the PRICES of an happier age!
Shall great philosophers resign their breath,
Like *meaner* mortals, in the gripe of death;
While Nature, all regardless of their doom,
Insulting dares her wonted smiles resume;
While still the turtles coo, the lambkins play,
And sparrows love their little lives away?
Shall he who taught thy genius *, France, to fly
On bolder wing, unwept, *unhonour'd*, die?
Blush, Frenchmen, blush! To Presbyterians dear
Can you for rank ROUSSEAU the statue rear;
Bid *Vanity's Professor* proudly stand,
And lift his brazen forehead o'er your land,
Nor one cold monument of patriot praise
To PRICE †, th' *Apostle of your Freedom*, raise?
Not thus your PRIESTLEY:—Mourning for his friend,
See him his RICHARD's pulpit now ascend.
There for a moment, quiv'ring at its tip,
Dies the faint simper on his languid lip:
There, with a *real* sense of grief imprest,
Fictitious feelings slumber in his breast.
Lo! he begins,—Yet tho' with music hung,
Scarce whine the whimpering accents on his tongue;
E'en the first egotizing sentence flags,
And ev'ry lumpish period still-born lags.
With head half-turn'd, both eyes in sorrow drown'd,
This on the preacher fixt, *that* on the ground,
Each silent hearer, pierc'd with anguish, sits,
And, great in suff'rings, smirks and sobs by fits;

* Considering the share which Dr. Price had in this event, viz. the Revolution of France, &c.—Priestley's Sermon on Dr. Price, p. 14.

† THE MOST AUGUST ASSEMBLY IN THE WORLD, *by which I wish to be understood the* NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF FRANCE, have justly styled him the *Apostle of Freedom*. Id. p. 8.

'Till now his words a readier passage find,
Pure, sweet, and simple as his RICHARD'S mind.
Hark, how the trickling stream melodious flows!
Hear the soft droppings of his gentle prose!
What tho', my PRIESTLEY, thy dark creed imparts
No ray of comfort to our throbbing hearts,
Yet, lo! where glimm'ring thro' thy gloomiest lines,
The *glow-worm tail of adulation* shines.
More to thy *friend* than to thy *Saviour* true,
Christ thou degradest to a low-born Jew;
While high his tow'ring head thy RICHARD rears,
And, more than man, *all but a God* appears!
Yet tho' of fame and honours few before
Cambrians or Scotchmen, had so rich a store;
Still were his *virtues* as his *manners, shy*,
Nor flar'd obtrusive in the public eye;
But ever humble, plain, and modest seem'd,
While like a *Meeting-sconce* they faintly gleam'd,
Where by old Barebones plac'd with frugal care,
Prim, well proportion'd, slender, sleek and fair,
A blended blaze the *farthing candles* form,
Which barely keeps their skins of tallow warm;
And with a steady flame, tho' small, yet bright,
Spread all around them one meek inch of light.
But who shall sing, to Presbyterian * sway
How states enlighten'd willing homage pay?

* For judgment and accuracy in calculations he was the *only* man particularly looked up to by those who compose the legislature of his country.—Priestley on Price's Death, p. 15.

His character and writings gave him access to men in power, and who have influence in public affairs, not only in England, but also in America and France, not to mention other countries; and *his wise counsels were not always without effect!* P. 11.

Beer-bibbling PHILLIPS *, imp of clerkly fame,
Tho' POPE's proud prose immortaliz'd thy name,
Boasting that thou and thy own alehouse band,
For England's rulers schemes of wisdom plann'd,
Eclips'd by patriots of the hymning race,
Poor psalmist, hide thy drowsy length of face!
Sweet humour'd souls, who kindly condescend
Our bungling politicians to befriend;
Who o'er the state extend their fostering wings,
Tutor our ministers, chastise our kings!
If they but simper, all the world looks gay,
And Atheists keep a pious holiday;
But when to blast the blades, who strut in crowns,
They arm their polish'd brows with angry frowns,
Proud monarchs tremble! thro' their sinking hearts
A sudden pang of terror thrilling darts!
Till in abdominal distress they groan,
As *new commotions* shake each tottering throne.
Nor less in arts than politics supreme,
Their *own* discoveries are their constant theme.
While to the shoals of science they resort,
And o'er the surface in grave gambols sport,
Still in themselves they centre all their bliss,
And each bold rival from their shallows hiss.
Thus may you see upon the muddy wave
Their sapient heads the snowy ganders lave;
Then proudly prank themselves in wanton play,
All spruce and sportive as they glide away:
But if you venture near their puddle's side,
Their plumes they ruffle with an angry pride:
'Gainst the whole world their *gander rights* maintain,
And o'er the dirty stream sole sovereigns reign.

* Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our generals and lawgivers, and from henceforth, *even as we devised, did they.*—Pope's Memoirs of P. P. (Paul Phillips) Clerk of this Parish.

Are they deem'd * factious? you, who hear them whine,
Say, can you charge them with one factious line?
All that they teach, with *half-closed twinkling* eye
Is but a few *experiments* to try:
Season the present mawkish state of things,
Turn kings to beggars and make beggars kings;
Or, just perhaps to cure her of the spleen,
Suggest to Frenchmen to dispatch their queen;
Frenchmen, who strutting, now new-breech'd appear †,
Too proud a silly female's sway to bear.
But hark! what tumult damps the muse's fire,
In terror as she drops her trembling lyre;
And while each accent faulters on her tongue,
Leaves half the virtues of her PRICE unsung?
Heard ye yon horrid crash and dismal yell?
Another Dagon, freedom's idol, fell.
Long had the power gigantic straggling stood,
Like the Colossus o'er old Corinth's flood,
With legs to suit its Presbyterian breech,
Which both thy Meetings, Birmingham, could reach;
When, ah! to work its downfall, lawless bands
Of impious wretches hurl'd their fiery brands.
Yet, tho' its favourite prop now shrunk away,
Leaving *one* leg to the fierce flames a prey,
Lo! the stout limb, rais'd up by hands divine,
Stood stiffen'd in a *horizontal* line;
And while the *other* still to budge disdain'd,
Thus man's ‡ *right-angled character* maintain'd.

* Was the train of his pulpit discourses ever factious? Did they tend to make you *discontented* with Government, or inflame your passions against those who had the administration of it? You know the *contrary*.—Priestley on Price's Death, p. 11.

† The French are now new-breech'd with manhood.—Paine's Rights of Men.

‡ Preserves in every latitude of life the right-angled character of Man.—Paine's Rights of Men.

But soon the last weak prop began to fail;
Then dropp'd the leg: yet, balanc'd by the *tail*,
Its heavy head a *new right-angle* form'd:
When the mad rabble with fresh fury storm'd.
Then rag'd the sacrilegious flames around;
Then all the god came thund'ring to the ground!
Now having pull'd thy pride, my PRIESTLEY, down,
See where the mob triumphant scours the town.
Commerce her drudges sends; men, women, boys,
The thousands whom her charity employs:
From the broad brawny smith, that works in steel,
To him who deigns in pens and threads to deal.
In vain the law's stout tipstaffs strive to wade
Thro' all this aggregated scum of trade:
Still the croud thickens: still with—Church and King!
Thy streets, O Birmingham, incessant ring.
From Oxford*, lo! a troop in deep disguise,
Fresh fuel to the kindled flame supplies.
Plump doctors see (no lank dissenting prigs)
Doctors whose cheeks rise o'er their bushy wigs,
With fiery faces lead the motley mobs,
Some in plain scratches, some in rough-comb'd bobs;
Or with black stumpy pipes (now laid aside
Their college pipes of argument and pride),
In greasy flannel night-caps skulk along
Thro' all the bustling, close-wedg'd, clam'rous throng.

* But you have been misled by the *discourses of your teachers*, &c. your bigotry has been excited to the highest pitch, &c.—Priestley's Letter to the Inhabitants of Birmingham. See also his Letter to M. Condorcet:—*The great body of the Clergy* in this country, *and many* of those who call themselves the *Friends of the King*, have long been my enemies; and in accomplishing my ruin, they have not spared the instruments of that *science*, my application to which gave some degree of weight to my labours in another field.

Soon to Fairhill in waves of tumult roll
The boisterous crouds, disdaining all controul,
Prepar'd, my PRIESTLEY, on a barb'rous plan
To make thee something * *more* or *less* than man;
Raise thee by death to honours all divine,
Or bid the fate of *Abelard* be thine!
But thou art fled. In vain above, below,
With disappointed rage they seek their foe.
Mark thro' that door yon villain burst his way,
Then back recoil with looks of wild dismay:
Haggard his eye, and wan his bloodless cheek,
Thrice he essays with quiv'ring lips to speak;
And thrice, as to a muffled clapper clung,
The sounds scarce murmur on his deaden'd tongue.
When now his comrades pressing on, behold
A crowded scene of horrors, yet untold;
A room appears (if room it can be call'd,
From which the stoutest hero shrinks appall'd;
More like some necromantic giant's cave,
To luckless knights their dungeon and their grave!)
Where, dire to tell! the long-polluted floor,
With many a drop of blood † is sprinkled o'er;

* Happily the minds of Englishmen have a horror of *murder*, and therefore you did not, I hope, think of *that*, though, by your clamorous demanding of *me* at the hotel, it is probable that, at that time, some of you intended me *some personal injury*. Priestley's Letter to the Inhabitants of Birmingham.

The good Doctor however, (whom we cannot suppose capable of misleading *designedly*) seems to have been mistaken as to their clamorous demand of him at the *hotel*. Mr. Keir, the president of this glorious meeting, having publicly asserted, that the Revolutionists dined there with the *greatest peace and harmony*, and dissolved the meeting in the *greatest order* between five and six o'clock. Nor did he *know* of the disturbances till the *next* day.

† The theory of the phlogiston of the blood, was first asserted by Dr. Priestley in consequence of many (as he jocosely terms

While there unburied * carcases are seen,
Some warm, some almost with putrescence green,
All grim and horrible in death; lo! here
What scatter'd heaps of shapeless † bones appear,
Whose hue and texture dreadful thoughts inspire,
Burnt white and spungy in some savage fire!
Hark! from yon corner foul, in feeble wails,
A slender voice the startled ear assails;
There thro' an iron grating may we 'spy
A crowd of gentle knights in thraldom lie;
And tho' once seiz'd by the enchanter's snare,
Captives to him, who man nor mouse will spare,
Their lives in hopeless misery they waste,
Nor more the sweets of liberty shall taste;
Yet rave they not for death's last bitter hour,
Like bold bad Saracens, who scoff its power;
For nature only to their race imparts
Fierce Paynim whiskers, not fierce Paynim hearts.
But from yon jar what suffocating fume,
Half-kindling as it rises, taints the room?
In that small space may haply be confin'd
Some restless spirit of malignant mind.
And lo! to keep secure his narrow cell,
Around the jar appears a ‡ wond'rous spell,

them) *bloody* experiments of *his own*, all quite *new* Letter from the celebrated Mr. Keir to the Author, on Dr. Priestley's Principles and Discoveries.

* The Dr. indeed, has destroyed more lives (it matters not whether of men or mice) than have been lost in the glorious French Revolution. Id.

† He prepares his own phosphorus, according to Scheele's method, from burnt bones; which, by the way, is almost the only discovery in modern chemistry which he has not himself *made* or *improved*. Id.

‡ Dr. P. observes, that he has found chemical characters particularly useful in labelling bottles, &c. A chemist of no mean

Of power, tho' but a single simple scrawl,
Ev'n the proud Prince of Darkness to enthrall.
A sturdy butcher now, one step alone
Boldly advancing, hurls a pond'rous stone
Its dire contents to prove. The hand of fate
Guides to a neighbouring jar the wand'ring weight;
Whence, the full vessel shiv'ring with the blow,
Strong scents exhale, and unctuous torrents flow.
Again his missile skill the invader tries;
Sent from his arm, a stone more pond'rous flies
Unerring to the mark.—Now smokes afar
A fluid bursting from the magic jar;
And now, scarce mingled with the turbid oil,
Bubbling begins in pitchy waves to boil,
Now kindling flames: when lo! with thundering sound,
A blaze tempestuous rushing from the ground;
By terror clad in hell's most hideous form,
See the Fiend mount amid the fiery storm,
Then spread his dusky pinions with delight,
And, wrapt in horrors, vanish from the sight.
Meanwhile redoubled clamours from without
Proclaim the triumphs of the maddening rout;
While now they fire that mansion, which can boast
* More real wealth than either India's coast;
Where PRIESTLEY's philosophic stock in trade,
His books and wond'rous manuscripts are laid.

reputation had once nearly demolished himself by mistaking, in an unlabelled bottle, nitrous acid for the ardent spirit, commonly called brandy. Id.

* You have destroyed the most truly valuable and useful apparatus of philosophical instruments that perhaps any individual in this or any other country was ever possessed of. You have destroyed a library corresponding with that apparatus, which no money can repurchase. But what I feel for more, you have destroyed manuscripts, &c. Priestley's Letter to the Inhabitants of Birmingham.

Ah, see too, where in effigy they turn
His meagre Reverence with his hoards to burn!
Ye senseless bigots! Traitors to a cause
Which sets your wills above your country's laws!
Too base in this enlighten'd age to pass,
Not men, but manhood's counterfeits in brass!
Say, what dire phrenzy in your breasts arose,
To trample on your friends and spare your foes?
Was it for this, ye dregs of humankind,
That your own doctor your own rights defin'd:
Taught you no modern mean disguise to wear,
But naked man without a blush appear:
And bade you, glowing with brave Gallic zeal,
'Gainst the *sick lion* raise the *asses'* heel?
Unhappy PRIESTLEY! who but weeps to see
Humanity itself distress'd in *thee*?
Long had'st thou mark'd, within his narrow stye,
The *British hog*, a grov'ling grunter, lie;
When, in the humours of the brute unskill'd,
And for his griefs with tender pity fill'd,
Thou, like poor Adams, where he roll'd at ease,
To raise the wallower, by his *tail* would'st seize.
Rash deed! The captive, bristling, rose in ire,
And gentle PRIESTLEY flounder'd in the mire.
But now the muse, as sad her numbers close,
Foretels from present suff'rings future woes;
In fancy marks, prophetic from her fears,
Where bigotry its bloody banners rears;
Till England prove one mad tumultuous scene,
And *London* be what *Birmingham* has been!
* For ah! the time may come, and now e'en now,
The starting fury bends her threat'ning brow,

* The friends of reformation must look for every species of abuse and persecution that the spirit of the times will admit of: if even burning alive was a sight that the country would now bear, there

When all, who flame with Presbyterian zeal,
Stern persecution's iron scourge shall feel:
While from the tortures they disdain to fly,
Like *Christians* triumph, and like *Christians* die!
HACKNEY's bright lights then haply may we meet,
Bepitch'd and fir'd in ev'ry blazing street.
While to our beaus, these save the link-boy's fee,
A different fate my PRIESTLEY, waits for thee!
Dragg'd down to Oxford, at its stern command,
Before dread Golgotha * I see thee stand,
Arraign'd, condemn'd: see too, with savage pride,
In that broad space where erst their Cranmer fry'd,
Within their Trinity's proud view, thy foes
One lofty column of thy works compose:
Tracts heap'd on tracts, and tome on mighty tome,
Till the pile towers o'er Ratcliff's swelling dome.
High on its top, my PRIESTLEY, art thou plac'd,
All that survives of virtue, science, taste.
TATHAM, tho' mild, too orthodox to spare,
First waves his fluttering pamphlet in the air,
Then fires the structure. Barb'rous clamours rise,
And the bright flame ascends the kindling skies.
Yet while thy face now this, now that way turns,
With blackening features writhing as it burns,
Death grins in mockery, nor relieves thy pains;
For ah! the *Lock*, the *fated Lock* remains.
But lo! dispatch'd thy sufferings to controul,
To whisper peace and comfort to thy soul,

exists a spirit which would inflict that horrid punishment, and with as much cool indifference and savage exultation as in any preceding age of the world! Priestley's Academical Discourse, p. 20.

* The meeting of the heads of colleges is familiarly so called.

The goddess of prim Piety appears;
And from that page where wit runs riot tears
* *The snaky hair:* down sink the languid fires,
And the world's last great prodigy expires!

INSCRIPTION

ON THE TOMB OF THE GREEKS WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

If in the field of death to fall,
In freedom's cause at honour's call,
And nobly die, that friends may live,
Be valour's high prerogative,
To us, the ruling power of heaven,
This noblest proudest fate has given;
To us, who 'mongst the honor'd dead
For our lov'd Grecia's freedom bled.
Hence fame's reward, hence glory's bloom
Unfading flourish on our tomb.

REV. R. BLAND.

* Nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice *Crinem*
Abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.
Ergo Iris croceis per cœlum roscida pennis
Devolat & supra caput astitit: Hunc Ego Diti
Sacrum jussa fero teque isto corpore solvo.
Sic ait & dextra crinem secat: omnis & una
Dilapsus calor atque in ventos vita recessit.

Virgil, Æneid. lib. 4. v. 698.

ODE

TO SENTIMENT.

DAUGHTER of dulness! canting dame!
Thou night-mare on the breast of joy,
Whose drowsy morals, still the same,
The stupid sooth, the gay annoy;
Soft cradled in thy sluggish arms,
E'en footpads prate of guilt's alarms,
And pig-tail'd sailors sadly queer,
Affect the melting mood, and drop the pitying tear.

When first, to tickle Britain's nose,
HUGH KELLY rais'd his leaden quill,
Thy poppies lent the wish'd repose,
And bade the gaping town be still.
Poor COMEDY! thine opiate lore
With patience many a day she bore,
Till GOLDSMITH all thy hopes dismay'd,
And drove thee from the stage by Tony Lumpkin's aid.

Scar'd by thy lanthorn visage, flee
Thalia's offspring light and merry,
Loud laughter, wit, and repartee,
And leave us moralizing CHERRY.
They fly, and carry in their line,
GRIMALDI, *Goose*, and *Columbine*,
To *Sadler's Wells*, by DIBDIN taken,
With him they vow to dwell, nor find themselves forsaken.

Soliloquy, with clamorous tongue,
That brings the lord knows what to view,
And Affectation pert and young,
Swearing to love—the lord knows who,
Still round the midnight cauldron caper:
Warm Charity, with Newland's paper,
And baby Bounty not unwilling
To give to mother dear, her new *King George's* shilling.

Oh gently o'er the modern stage,
Fair preacher, raise thy deaf'ning din!
Not with the metaphoric rage,
That guides the sword of *Harlequin:*
(As erst thou did'st the town amuse)
With tender bailiffs, generous Jews,
Socratic hosiers, praying sailors,
Chaste harlots, letter'd clowns, and duel-fighting tailors.

Forbear thy handkerchief of brine,
Some gleams of merriment admit;
Be tears in moderation thine,
To water, not to drown the pit.
But if with streaming eyes askew,
Thou still wilt blubber five acts through,
Have pity on a son of rhyme,
Usurp the play—'tis yours—but spare the *pantomime.*

J.

EPIGRAM.

HOW TO PUT DOWN SUNDAY PAPERS.—ADDRESSED TO MR. WILBERFORCE.

WOULD you take from these papers their poison away,
And induce all the public to slight 'em;
No need of harsh measures;—I'll tell you the way,
Engage for one Sunday to *write 'em!*

TO ——.

HAST *thou* forsaken, then, my side,
And given to hopeless woe my heart!
The sacred knot our love had tied,
I fondly thought no force could part.

I thought though all the world forsook me,
In sternest mood though fortune frown'd,
Though want, though madness overtook me,
That faithful still would'st *thou* be found.

Spite of my sorrows I was blest,
To think there surely would remain,
One bosom where my head might rest,
One voice to calm my throbbing brain.

The dear delusion now is ended!
And O what pangs my soul distress,
Of deep surprise, and anguish blended,
The power of words can ill express.

So feels the mariner, who, steering
His tranquil course o'er summer seas,
While not a cloud is round appearing,
And gently blows the favouring breeze,

Perceives with horror, and with wonder,
His vessel, wont the storm to brave,
His treacherous vessel burst asunder,
And plunge him in a watery grave.

R. A. D.

TO MR. C——GE.

MIDWAY the hill of science, after steep
And rugged paths that tire the unpractis'd feet,
A *grove* extends; in tangled mazes wrought,
And filled with strange enchantment: dubious shapes
Flit through dim glades, and lure the eager foot
Of youthful ardour to eternal chase.
Dreams hang on every leaf: unearthly forms
Glide through the gloom; and mystic visions swim
Before the cheated sense. Athwart the mists,
Far into vacant space, huge shadows stretch
And seem realities; while things of life,
Obvious to sight and touch, all glowing round,
Fade to the hue of shadows—*Scruples* here,
With filmy net, most like the autumnal webs
Of floating gossamer, arrest the foot
Of generous enterprise; and palsy hope
And fair ambition with the chilling touch
Of sickly hesitation and blank fear.
Nor seldom *Indolence*, these lawns among,
Fixes her turf-built seat; and wear the garb
Of deep philosophy, and museful sits,
In dreamy twilight of the vacant mind,
Sooth'd by the whispering shade; for soothing soft
The shades; and vistas lengthening into air,
With moon-beam rainbows tinted—here each mind
Of finer mould, acute and delicate,

In its high progress to eternal truth
Rests for a space, in fairy bowers entranced;
And loves the soften'd light and tender gloom;
And, pamper'd with most unsubstantial food,
Looks down indignant on the grosser world,
And matter's cumbrous shapings. Youth beloved
Of science—of the muse beloved, not here,
Not in the maze of metaphysic lore,
Build thou thy place of resting! lightly tread
The dangerous ground, on noble aims intent;
And be this Circe of the studious cell
Enjoy'd, but still subservient. Active scenes
Shall soon with healthful spirit brace thy mind:
And fair exertion, for bright fame sustain'd,
For friends, for country, chase each spleen-fed fog
That blots the wide creation—
Now heaven conduct thee with a parent's love!

EPITAPH

Ye chosen few of Pity's soft-ey'd train,
Whose sympathetic tears unbidden flow,
Whose hearts re-echo to each plaintive strain;
And sadden at the melting tale of woe;

Approach with reverence this sacred place,
Check not the sigh, nor stop the trickling tear,
The trickling tear will not your checks disgrace,
For sweet *Louisa's* angel form lies here.

1777.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium &c.

I.

Goddess, whose ever-varying wings,
Still shade this favour'd nation,
But whisk down continental kings
In whimsical rotation:
Thee oft invokes the rural squire,
To bid the circling frost retire,
To join the hunt half-frantic:
And thee the hardy tar implores,
When outward bound from Britain's shores
He ploughs the huge Atlantic.

II.

The wandering Scot, the gipsy lass,
Without thy aid would falter;
And *Winsor* lights his flame of gas,
At thy bright-burning altar:
Should'st thou desert his lecture room,
The shades of night, in Stygian gloom,
Would bury all his trouble;
And Boreas, with discordant yell,
Charge at full gallop down Pall Mall,
And dissipate the bubble.

III.

Necessity before thee flies
In calimanco breeches,
And *Opposition* dims thine eyes
With party-colour'd speeches;
Rough Honesty disdains to wait
Where mobs besiege thy levee gate,
Nor courts thy hand with fawning;
Skill'd in thy meretricious wiles,
True Policy will scorn thy smiles,
And treat with smiles thy scorning.

IV.

Than Gallia's self-elected king,
Dread goddess! canter faster,
Should he attempt his herds to bring
To feed on British pasture—
O lead him safely from St. Cloud,
To join his fierce invading crew,
In numerous camps at Calais:
Then bid the herd of swine advance,
Down headlong from the coast of France,
To Neptune's oozy palace.

V.

But since big words will break no bones,
Prevent (to make things even)
The *Ins* and *Outs* from throwing stones,
And wounding poor St. Stephen.
I hate this skirmishing and pique,
This tug of war—where Greek meets Greek—
Both sinning, both complaining.
Retire, ye self-destroying hosts,
And banish this *affair of posts*,
For open bold campaigning.

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus ; &c.

HERE, waiter, I'll dine in this box,
I've look'd at your long bill of fare,
A Pythagorean it shocks,
To view all the rarities there.

I'm not overburthen'd with cash,
Roast beef is the dinner for me,
Then why should I eat calipash,
Or why should I eat calipee?

Your trifles, no trifle I ween,
To customers prudent as I am:
Your peas in December are green,
But I'm not so green as to buy 'em.

With venison I seldom am fed,
Go bring me the sirloin you ninny;
Who dines at a guinea a head,
Will ne'er by his head get a guinea.

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK II. ODE I.

TO MR. KEMBLE.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum, &c.

In battles provok'd by the blood-tainted *Thane*,
When tempests assail aged *Lear*,
When fortune deserts the poor lunatic *Dane*,
In *Richard* the cruel or *Hotspur* the vain,
O! when shall your equal appear?

The wreath of applause what philosopher scorns?
'Tis a crown of the sweetest moss-roses:
But when it the brow of an actor adorns,
The public oft mix a few good-natur'd thorns,
To tickle his ears when he dozes.

Awhile to your Theatre now bid adieu!
Fly, fly from the tumult and riot!
Attempt not your truncheon and staff to renew,
But give them to Townsend to help to subdue
The foes to *new prices* and quiet.

For, hark what a discord of bugles and bells,
What whistling and springing of rattles,
What screaming, and groaning, and hissing and yells,
Till mad-headed *Mammon* his victims compels
To scuffles, *rows*, riots, and battles!

And now from the barracks of *Bow-street*, good lack!
A band under *Townsend* and *Sayers*, [thwack
Wave high their gilt staffs, while the dull sounding
Falls frequent and thick on the enemies' back,
Or visits their pate with a merry-ton'd crack,
In aid of *King John* and the players.

The Billinsgate Muses indignant to find
Catalani, and fiddlers from Paris,
Usurping their place, in revenge have combin'd,
To kick up this dust in the popular mind,
So fatal to *Kemble* and *Harris*.

What surly *Brown Bear* has not gladly receiv'd
The misers who old prices stick to?
At *Bow-street* what knight is not sorely aggriev'd
Where Christians are cross'd, unbelievers believ'd,
O story *mirabile dictu*.

To mix in this warfare, regardless of fear,
What 'prentice or clerk is unwilling;
From Smithfield and Wapping what heroes appear,
Who fight, I acknowledge, for all they hold dear,
When the object of war's the last shilling?

What fists of defiance the pugilists wield;
What Jews have not had bloody noses?
What victim of law, who to *Mainwaring* yields,
But gladly forever would leave *Cold-Bath Fields*,
To fight here *pro* ARIS *et focis*?

But gently, my Muse; hush your angry-ton'd lyre,
From *rows* so disgraceful remove,
And seated at home by your own parlour fire,
Let beauty and claret your numbers inspire
To melody, laughter, and love.

B.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK II. ODE IV.

Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori, &c.

An Actress! well, I own 'tis true,
But why should that your love subdue,
Or bid you blush for *Polly*?
When all within is sense and worth,
To care for modes of life, or birth,
Is arrant pride and folly.

A *Polly*, in a former age,
Resign'd the Captain, and the Stage,
To shine as *Bolton's Duchess*:
Derby and *Craven* since have shown,
That virtue builds herself a throne,
Ennobling whom she touches.

In each new pantomime that's hatch'd,
The Columbine is quickly snatch'd,
To wed some wealthy suitor:
'Tis—*All for Love, the World's well lost*,
Who calculates the care or cost,
When Passion is the tutor.

Why, *All the World's a Stage*, and we
Its pantomimic pageantry,
  Change places and conditions:
Fortune's the magic Harlequin,
Whose touch diffuses o'er the scene,
  Fantastic transpositions.

Your *Polly* in her veins may bear
The blood, perchance, of London's Mayor,
  Who smote the King's reviler:
Whose mace a monarch's life secures,
But slays an ancestor of yours,
  In knocking down *Wat Tyler*.

She, who is artless, chaste, refin'd,
Disinterested, pure in mind,
  Unsoil'd with vice's leaven,
Has that nobility within,
Which Kings can neither give nor win,
  Her patent is from Heaven.

Discard your doubts—your suit prefer,
You dignify yourself not her,
  By honourable passion:
And, if your noble friends should stare,
Go, bid them shew a happier pair,
  Among the fools of Fashion.

H.

EPIGRAM.

ON SOME ELEGIES ON A LAP DOG.

Poor dog, whom Rival Poets strive
  To celebrate in plaintive strains;
If *thou* hadst *howl'd so* when *alive*,
  Thou hadst been beaten for thy pains.

HORACE,

BOOK I. EPIST. XVIII. VERSE XCVI. to the End.

BY THE LATE REV. GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

'MIDST all thy cares, some hours of respite find,
With stores of science to enrich thy mind;
Her votaries ask, those votaries only know,
How clear and calm the stream of life must flow;
Lest fears and fruitless hopes destroy thy rest,
Or craving passions rankle in thy breast;
Ask them, if learning virtue's robe impart,
Or nature weave the tissue in our heart;
What boundaries, ask, care's wide excursions end;
What lore will make thee to thyself a friend?
If that pure bliss, compos'd affections know,
In the rank soil of wealth and grandeur grow;
Or in the still sequester'd vale alone,
Where winds the path unnotic'd and unknown.
Sooth'd by the waves, that cool Mandela's swain,
'Midst the full glories of my rural reign;
Say, friend! what thoughts engage my bosom there?
What the fond project, and the secret prayer?
Without one wish to make my substance more,
Tho' time impair the pittance of my store,
E'en thus my future days, if Heaven should give
Those future days, I to myself will live.
May year by year of food its portion find,
And books, the nobler banquet of the mind;

Lest my loose purpose, sway'd by fortune's power,
Float on the balance of each wavering hour!
For life, and life's support, to Jove I pray;
Those his high will, or grants, or takes away.
Those if he give, myself supplies the rest,
Curb'd passions, fix'd resolve, and tranquil breast.

Dorchester Gaol, July 13, 1800.

LINES

From Lord Melcombe (Doddington) to Dr. Young, written not long before his Lordship's death.

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth and truth,
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart,
Take the Muse's latest spark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He who parts and virtue gave,
Bade thee look beyond the grave.
Genius soars, and virtue guides
Where the love of God presides.
There's a gulf 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy gulf be trod;
Why stand shivering on the shore,
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring virtue guides,
Let us brave the winds and tides;
Safe, through seas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which virtue steers.

DIRGE,

Over the Grave of an old Friend,

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1807.

Be hush'd ye winds that scatter wide
The faded glories of the year;
Serene, in Autumn's latest pride,
Thou evening sunbeam gently here.

And o'er this heap of mouldering clay
Affection's pious dews be shed;
His course well run, well clos'd his day,
Here peaceful rest his aged head!

The tears that tell a nation's woe,
When heroes fall, or monarch's die,
Are not so true as those that flow
To bless the graves where good men lie.

O ye of independent mind,
From pride and sordid passions free,
Of spirit gentle, meek, resign'd,
Weep here—for such a one was he!

Ye whom misfortune, want, and pain,
Thro' life's sad vale of tears attend;
Who seek for pity, oft in vain,
Weep here—for you have lost a friend.

A nobler soul did ne'er depart
From worldly strife to endless rest;
A worthier and a kinder heart
Ne'er glow'd within a Briton's breast.

Yet, called to meet the all-gracious Power,
Why weep that hence that soul was borne?
The sunshine of his parting hour
Betoken'd his eternal morn.

V.

EPITAPH ON HOMER.

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCÆUS OF MESSENE.

The visionary dream of life is o'er,
The bard of Heroes sleeps on Ios' shore;
Fair Ios' sons their lamentations pay,
And wake the funeral dirge, or solemn lay.
O'er his pale lifeless corpse and drooping head
Nectarean sweets the weeping Nereid's shed,
And on the shore their slumbering favourite laid
Beneath the towering mountain's peaceful shade.
Nor undeserv'd their care. His tuneful tongue
Achilles' wrath and Thetis' sorrows sung;
His strains Laertes' son in triumph bore,
Thro' woes unnumber'd, to his native shore.
Blest isle of Ios! on thy rocky steeps
The Muses' star, and Graces' offspring sleeps.

REV. R. BLAND.

STANZAS

To my Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Symmons, on the Anniversary of their Wedding Day.

WELL may the wretches who complain,
And clank the matrimonial chain,
Wish to oblivion to consign
The fated hour, when hands alone,
Not blending hearts, were join'd in one,
Pale victims at Ambition's shrine.

The torch of Hymen soon expires
Lighted at any other fires
Than those which feed the lamp of love:
Nor ever in her baleful hand
Erynnis shook a fiercer brand
Than such a spurious torch will prove.

But they who to the altar led,
Like you, from purest motives wed,
Ne'er blot this day with sorrow's tear:
Nor lours upon their haggard brows,
For broken or extorted vows,
Of much-offended Heaven the conscious fear.

Bless'd pair, whom, side by side,
No jarring interests divide;
No painful shackles gall or bind,
But wreaths like those with which the loves
Yoke to their mother's car the doves—
United only, not confin'd.

Around your happy pillow glows,
Without a thorn, Love's blushing rose,
Which, pluck'd, has not a power to wound;
Not yours that unsubstantial joy
Which will, if only tasted, cloy;
For love, by chaste desire is crown'd.

R. FENTON, ESQ.

SONG.

PRITHEE, sweet fair one, why so coy,
Hence with that frown of cold disdain,
Beauty like thine was form'd for joy,
And mirth and gentleness should fill thy train,
Let meaner beauties study to give pain,
'Tis nobler far to build than to destroy.

Tune then thy heart to gentle love,
With smiles my fondest vows receive,
Each anxious care shall far remove,
To love and mutual joys alone we'll live,
Joys only heav'nly charms like thine can give,
Joys only constant hearts like mine can prove.

1777.

THE ISRAELITE IN LOVE.

A SONG.

Or my moniesh I make cent per cent,
And can cheat in the way of my trade;
But alas! I can ne'er be content,
For the love of a fair Christian maid.

She is brighter than silver or gold,
She is fairer than any Bank note;
When first I her charms did behold,
My moniesh I almost forgot.

Since without her I scarcely can live,
If she would but consent to my wish;
Every thing in this world I would give——
Excepting mine own propertiesh.

What though I can tell the d——d lies,
For raising the price of the stocks;
With disdain my embraces she flies,
And my passion she scornfully mocks.

Alas! there's no end to my woe;
I'll haste from the world in despair;
No;—now I think better, I'll go,
To 'Change Alley, to end all my care.

Cambridge, 1796. B.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WARTON.

SENT TO THE REV. DR. WARTON, BY A FRIEND.

SAY, shall the Muse o'er the fall'n hero's bier
The eternal monument of glory raise,
Swell the loud Pæan of harmonious praise,
And high Ambition's banner'd trophies rear,
While silent flows the tributary tear,
Which to her favourite son she sorrowing pays,
Unstrung her useless lyre, and mute her lays?—
But, hark! a strain divine now strikes mine ear:
The sacred bard his independent fame,
Shall from his own immortal verse receive!
Soon dies the warrior's and the statesman's name,
His aid if no recording poet give;
But wreaths of endless bloom shall Warton claim,
While wit, while learning, and while fancy live.

SONNET.

CHEERLESS my road, and long and lone the way,
As on I wander'd thro' the vale of life,
Not undisturb'd by cares, nor for the strife
Of jarring crowds well meet; and when the ray
Of Love's mild torch beam'd forth its radiance pure,
Its radiance pure beam'd only to disclose
A dark drear scene, a gathering cloud of woes,
Which tho' philosophy might teach t' endure,
She knew not to avoid. O lov'd! O fair!
Thy gentle influence cheer'd the gloomy shade;
Ev'n as the angel, Hope, thou cam'st to aid,
And Love his clear torch wav'd amid the air,
Cheering, as to the fearful sailor's sight,
Streams the far beacon's blaze amid the stormy night.

B.

SONNET.

Spirit of sylvan silence! thee I hail
With wonted joy, when in the western sky
The parting sun has clos'd his golden eye,
And on the mountain's top, and dewy vale,
The breeze of evening slumbers: When at rest
The hours that track'd the flaunting car of day,
And one alone remains, with pensive ray
To cheer the pathway of thy woodland guest.
For surely blest is he, who now can turn
From vanity and noise, with thee to stroll,
In sweet seclusion, there content to learn,
That thou canst frame to rapture every sense,
And by communion still, attune the soul
To Meditation's softest influence.

7th Oct. 1807. J. B. A.

SONNET

FROM THE FRENCH OF JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

With rank academic the scholar we grace,
The lawyer a seat on the woolsack obtains,
The clerical courtier a bishopric gains,
And the soldier's reward is in honours and lace,
For riches the merchant contends in the race,
The fees of his office the placeman retains,
By his wages the lackey is paid for his pains,
And on foreheads poetic the laurel we place.
Then why dost thou murmur, my friend, and complain,
That the favours of fortune thou never couldst gain?
Wouldst thou scramble for honours, or hoard up the pelf,
Other means than the muse's delights must be sought;
For is not thy labour repaid as it ought,
When labour with pleasure compensates itself?

W. R.

SONNET

TO THE RED-BREAST.

YES, my sweet bird! the dull decaying year
Much needs thy music, for the sons of spring
Sit in the silent shade with flagging wing,
And still Creation waits with anxious ear
Thy ever-pleasing song. Thou seem'st to me
The cherub Consolation at the bed
Of withering Age, when summer friends are fled,
Cheering his hours with heavenly minstrelsy.
Like the declining year, I too have known
The sweet spring-time in cloudless beauty fair,
And winter's storms may find me left alone,
Unscreen'd and naked as the leafless tree:
Thrice happy then! would heaven in mercy spare,
One friend as constant and as true as thee.

Dec. 3, 1807. J. B. A.

SONNET.

RECOLLECTION OF AN ABSENT LOVER.

FROM THE SPANISH OF EL CONDE DE NORONA.

BRIGHT ebon threads, that vainly try to hide
A cheek of roses, and a neck of snow;
Or, thrown with happy negligence aside,
The beauteous forehead's dazzling whiteness shew;
Eyes where the flames of young Desire abide,
And sable eye-brows, Love's resistless bow;
Though distant far, still on my faithful breast
Indelible is every charm impress'd!
And you ye dimples sleek, by accents form'd
Of playful laughter, breath'd through pearly rows,
Whose gentle murmurs seem to sooth mine ear!
If by this fleeting image only warm'd
My agitated soul its senses lose,
How shall I bear, indeed, to see and hear!

SONNET

WRITTEN WHEN ABROAD.

HERE, where the azure sky no low'ring knows,
Where milder gales breathe o'er the favour'd land,
Where the rich vintage, annual, meets the hand;
Here, where the sweetly-perfumed orange blows,
And native myrtle, without culture, grows,
Where yellow Tagus rolls his golden sand,
And decks with verdure all th' adjacent strand;
Why can my restless heart find no repose?
Is it in fondness for my native shore
That northwards still I turn my longing eyes;
No—yet her stormy coast and bleak winds' roar—
Far beyond other softer climes I prize,
I burn to view my Anna's charms once more;
Hence roll these tears, hence swell these struggling sighs!

From the Banks of the Ouse.

SONNET

ON A KISS.

BY THE LATE MR. SIX, JUN. OF CANTERBURY.

OFFSPRING of Love, first born, whom young Desire,
Invited often by a wanton smile,
Snatches inflam'd, and trembles all the while,
Trembling with awe, with passion all on fire,
No common Muse thy praises will require.
What bliss from coral lips to bear the spoil!
The bees in spring with less delightful toil
Suck op'ning blossoms ere their sweets expire.
While on the vermil altar thou art lying,
Like some fair off'ring sprinkled o'er with dew,
Amidst the fire of pure affection dying,
Thee oft the votaries of Love renew;
Rekindle oft the holy flame with sighing,
And swear by thee their mutual passion true.

SONNET

ON THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

Sweet pledge of Love, and early fruit of Joy!
The wounded breast with balmy nectar healing,
The secret mind by gentle touch revealing,
Sweet, unembitter'd by the wayward Boy,
His hourly sport, his never-tiring toy,
Cemented souls with mutual rapture sealing,
Soft summoner of ev'ry tender feeling,
Though sensual, pure, and rich without alloy!
Such is thy pow'r, as when, her skill displaying,
Or to beguile disquietude of heart,
Through mazy notes with fairy finger straying,
Some virgin makes the wakeful iv'ry start,
This to the strings the soft alarm conveying,
Fills with harmonious tremor ev'ry part.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE SWALE.

In the mild west when sinks the purple day,
And hush'd in silence sleeps the winding vale,
A pensive listener to the murmuring Swale,
Through the steep woods that crown its banks I stray,
Where, absent to the world and all its care,
Reckless of sorrows past and ills to come,
I meditate beneath the o'er arching gloom,
While the still grandeur of the solemn air
Bathes my rapt soul in happiness serene,
And every sense in extacy is lost:
And, ah! on life's tumultuous sea though tost,
For soon I quit the pleasure-breathing scene,
Still shall kind Fancy paint the ideal feast,
And with this vision charm my soul to rest.

1796. E.

SONNET.

No more the skies serenely blue appear,
  Which late with joy the peaceful peasant view'd;
  Nor thro' his meads, where bloom'd the flow'ry food,
Due to the labours of his patient steer,
He muses grateful: but with drooping ear
  Low sinks the corn, by furious storms subdu'd;
  And o'er pale earth eternal vapours brood,
To blast the promise of the plenteous year.
Such is the life of man: his cheerful way
  Awhile the cloudless sun of hope illumes;
Light joy and pleasure wing the festive day,
  Secure he roves 'mid bow'rs of sweet perfumes:
But soon his disappointed eyes survey
  The toilsome road o'ercast with black'ning glooms.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

SWEET is the hour, when stealing shadows close
The face of things, and, as the sober light
Slow fades, the pleasant fields retire from sight,
And weary Nature sinks to mute repose.
By fits the sheep-bell sounds, or heifer lows;
Till all is silent, and the queen of night
Slow from the dark blue heav'n appears more bright,
And o'er the world her silver mantle throws.
Far in the gloom of some romantic wood,
Where sounds no mortal step, the sage sublime,
Rapt in high musing, feeds on solemn themes;
Immortal life, the first eternal good,
Pure friendship's laws, th' unfathom'd depth of time,
By turns all mingle with his soaring dreams.

1795. R. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

How oft, Cornubia, to my longing soul
Thy barren heaths and simple cots arise;
Where soils ungenial scorn thy milder skies,
Nor streams majestic thro' thy valleys roll:
For ev'n those sullen hills, whose frowns controul
The shudd'ring thoughts, before the pilgrim's eyes
Calling dread shapes, my filial bosom sighs
To climb once more, of all my cares the goal.
Hail naked rocks! with huge and shapeless stones
O'erspread, of Druid pomp the wild remains;
Its native soil the warm empassion'd breast
Still full of painful pleasing longing owns;
Ev'n bleeds to view its pale and leafless plains,
Seats of pure infant joy and blameless rest.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

O FRIEND! when smiling skies and Zephyrs call,
Forbear in towns the blooming hour to lose;
Nor Nature's pure and simple charms refuse
For costly banquets or the midnight ball.
Yet here no stately tow'rs, no storied hall,
But twilight groves, where roaming bards may muse,
Fair sunny hills, and fields of various hues,
And streams, that down the sloping valley fall,
From Earth to Heav'n the soaring spirit raise:
And the sweet lovelorn bird, that all night long
In shadowy thickets pours the plaintive strain,
Melts the warm soul to passion with her song:
Yet poor these charms, and dim the smiling days,
While far my friend's enliv'ning looks remain.

1795. R. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

'Tis sweet to view in safety from the shore
A vessel rolling on the stormy main,
Pleas'd to escape ourselves the dangerous roar,
Not that we triumph in another's pain.
'Tis sweet when loud conflicting cannons pour
Their ghastly rage, to view the gleamy plain,
Where neighing steeds toss high the floating mane,
And trample warriors gasping in their gore.
But sweeter far the tranquil heights to gain
Of Wisdom, rais'd above the madding crowd;
Thence to look down on all their tumults vain
And needless fears, as through the maze they stray
Of Error, lost in Superstition's cloud,
Where darkling still they roam, and find no day.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

A THOUSAND griefs o'ercast our fleeting day:
On most disease and chilling want attend,
Dim the few joys the fates in pity send,
And veil in clouds the sun's all-gladd'ning ray.
With hopeless passion now we pine away;
Now o'er the bier of some departed friend
With swelling heart disconsolate we bend;
Those looks, that voice, which chear'd our anxious way,
Warm Memory paints in all her glowing hues;
From her each hour of social joy receives
A double charm: yet lull'd by hope we rest,
Nor shed for ever pale affliction's dews;
And e'en the fond regret, which pleasure leaves,
Is not unpleasing to the tender breast.

1795. E. HAMLEY.

SONNET.

TO THE MUSE OF SONNET.

Sweet Muse of Sonnet!—if one Muse there be,
Who deigns o'er sonnetteering to preside,
Haply do thou my pen descriptive guide,
Whilst I relate, concernment much to me,
How she—of women far the dearest she!—
In all the glow of beauty's vaunted pride,
Still hath my suit relentlessly denied:
She, sighs and songs, and vows and tears, hath parried;
Me though, I ween, she loves!—The Fates' decree
Nor firmly binds, nor sets us wholly free.
How then, say some, hath love like thine miscarried?
We sigh'd, we vow'd; when, in a luckless hour,
Just as she felt and own'd affection's power,
Some friend her whisper'd—"Why, the man is married!"

QUIZ.

HERVOR AND ANGANTYR.

An Ode, Imitated from an antient Scald, Author of a Book, intitled Hervarer Saga, Published by Olaus Verelius.

BY THE LATE REV. BAGSHAW STEVENS, D.D.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hervor, standing at the tomb of Angantyr, by her magical Incantations, calls up the spirit of her dead father, and demands the enchanted sword, Tirfing, which had been buried with him.

Waknadu Angantyr,
Wekur thig Hervor, &c.

HERVOR.

AWAKE! my father from the dead;
From thy dark and dreary bed
Awake!—It is thy child that cries,
SVAFUS' daughter bids thee rise;
Bids thee from thy tomb of hell,
(Answering to my mutter'd spell)
Bids thee from thy hallow'd side
Give that sword the warriors pride,
Whose hardiest strength and keenest power,
Forg'd by * dwarfish hands of yore,
Gave an empire firm and free,
To thy fathers and to thee:

* Hic gladius vocatur opus fabrile Nanorum. Notandum autem veteres per Nanos non intellexisse Monstra humana in

By my helmet's sable crest,
Mailed coat of martial wear;
By my sword, in sharpness drest,
Fiery shield, and bloody spear;
From all, 'neath every * root compress,
HERVOR breaks your iron rest.
What are ANDGRYM'S sons no more,
Vers'd so well in mischief's lore?
Mute are EYVOR'S children all,
Unresponsive to my call?
Then let my curse, of blasting power,
Within your ribs unhallow'd light;
O let corruption's tainted shower
Pierce you in your beds of night;
Unless, with ear to my commands,
Ye give the sword that dwarfish hands
Call'd to life, and bade to live,
And the belt of glory give.

ANGANTYR.

Daughter! thou whose powerful spell
Opes the dreary jaws of hell,
Muttering thus those accents dread,
What mischiefs wait thy desperate head!
Madness sure thy soul oppress'd
Thus to break my sealed rest.
No father led me to my grave,
No friend the tears of pity gave;

defectu debitæ quantitatis peccantia aut gibbo deformata, sed quoddam saxicolarum et monticolarum Genus artificum perinde ac Cyclopes perquamgnarum.

HICKS, Thesaurus *Literaturæ Runicæ*.

* The warriors, who had signalised themselves in battle, were honoured by their friends, at their decease, with a monumental tree planted upon their graves, to perpetuate their memory.

And two, who still surviv'd, possess'd
The sword in magic laurels drest;
And TIRFING still the one enjoys.

HERVOR.

Cease thy vain, thy impious lies,
Nor ODIN more shall grant thee sleep,
While TIRFING's force thy shoulder keep:
And would'st thou, sire, refuse to give
Thine only child the means to live!

ANGANTYR.

List! HERVOR, while my prophet tongue
The words of future fate unfold,
List! and believe the story told.
TIRFING, curst with terrour strong
Thy present quest, a coming bane,
Shall thy dearest buds destroy,
Thou shalt weep thy offspring slain:
'Till, bless'd by time, a future boy
To thee shall rise, a future joy;
HEIDREK nam'd his men among,
To him shall TIRFING's might belong.

HERVOR.

By my spell of magic power,
Breathing slow in solemn sound,
O'er this haunted holy ground,
Never be thy sleep restor'd!
Never taste the genial hour!
Till ANGANTYR give the sword.

ANGANTYR.

Maid! thou own'st a lion soul
Which no female fears appall;
Who lead'st thy foot's unhallowed tread
O'er the mansions of the dead;

Who at this ghostly hour of night,
Arm'd with spear of magic might,
With helmed head, and iron stole,
Ope'st the door of ODIN'S hall.

HERVOR.

Courage once I thought was thine;
Ignorant of your boasted hall;
Give me, from your dreary shrine,
Give the sword, again I call!
The sword that, driving deep and far,
Hates the coat of mailed war;
Forg'd by dwarfish hands of yore,
Give the sword, or sleep no more!

ANGANTYR.

HERVOR'S quest, HIALMAR'S bane,
Beneath my weary limbs is lain
All wrapp'd in fire. No maiden mild
Would touch a sword, the Fury's child.

HERVOR.

I will touch, and I will take
The sword, however large its make;
However sharp, I scorn to fear,
Give me but the sword to bear:
And sure those feeble fires are vain,
That play around the warrior slain!

ANGANTYR.

Foolish girl! whose empty pride
Has led thy every sense aside;
Ere thou meet, thro' vengeful ire,
The deadly flames of hallow'd fire,

Conceal'd no more, the sword I give,
Take it, virgin, take and live.

HERVOR.

Offspring of the heroic line!
Praises deck this deed of thine!
Prince! more joy thy gifts convey
Than if all NORWAY met my sway.

ANGANTYR.

Foolish girl whose empty pride
Has led thy every sense aside;
Foolish girl! how vain thy joy!
TIRFING shall thy sons destroy.

HERVOR.

My seamen wait my glad return,
My feet desire another plain,
Father! small is my concern,
When or how my sons are slain.

ANGANTYR.

Take and keep HIALMAR's fate,
Hold it long, and long enjoy;
Thousand deaths around it wait,
Edg'd with poisons to destroy;
Many a man of martial might
TIRFING has consign'd to night,
And many a soul of living power
TIRFING shall again devour.

HERVOR.

I will keep and I will take
The sword, however large its make,

Thou hast given, and I will keep;
Nor ever from thy iron sleep
Thy bloody ghost shall hear me 'plain
When or how my sons were slain.

ANGANTYR.

Fare thee, fare thee, daughter, well!
My hand, obedient to thy spell,
With deadly force, and winged speed,
Has destin'd heroes twelve to bleed;
And if a manly heart be thine,
Warmth to war, and strength to slay;
TIRFING shall to thee consign
ANDGRYM'S wreath, and ANDGRYM'S sway.

HERVOR.

Farewell! and rest each holy shade,
Ye manes of my fathers, rest!
No spells your dread repose invade,
Beneath your sacred roots comprest!
I must go, and I must fly,
This dreary earth, this angry sky,
Warn me hence; for all around
Funereal flashes 'flame the ground.

EPIGRAM

ON A REFORMER, WHO AFFECTS THE CHARACTER OF CATO.

WHEN legal coercion deep Cato pronounces
A despotic system which reason renounces,
Conclude him not mad: for the knave has good cause,
Who so well deserves hanging, to rail against laws.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK II. ODE VIII.

TO MRS. CLARKE.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati, &c.

If, aided by *Sir Vicary Gibbs*,
The Fates, indignant at your fibs,
Had made your cash one pound less:
If as each accusation rose,
A pimple had usurp'd your nose,
I might believe them groundless.

But now, the grand enquiry o'er,
You blaze upon us more and more,
For public life grown fitter—
To *Westbourne-place* all parties go—
At lovers' perjuries, you know,
Great Jove himself will titter.

Whether a widow or a wife,
Who cares? admit your private life
Than Erebus were fouler;

The public is indifferent quite,
Whether upon a certain night
You slept with me or *Dowler*.

Psha! Venus laughs at tricks like these,
Her nymphs, whatever their degrees,
Will cheat when they are able.
Yes, when *commissions* are the bait,
E'en *Dulwich* hermits emulate
The *Santon* in the fable.

New lovers swell your list; the old
Still make your suit, all potent gold
Unwilling to abandon:
Revolving time may view again,
Bowing obsequious in your train,
Some future *Captain Sandon*.

Your charms appal the matron mild,
Her blue-ey'd Jacky, darling child!
From *Clarke* and Cupid saving.
The prudent parsimonious sire
Trembles to see his son admire
Your mezzotint engraving.

The blushing bride your name revile,
And in your fascinating wiles
Anticipates disaster.
Too blind the precipice to view,
Whoever keeps a *Clarke* like you,
Will find the Clarke the master.

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK II. ODE IX.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos, &c.

Not for ever bleak November
Chills the gayly-dancing hours;
Rolling time, dear girl, remember,
Decks the bright parterre with flowers.

Ice the Serpentine may cover,
Oaks their leafless boughs display;
What care I? the winter over,
Soon shall follow laughing May.

Why should'st thou, all joy denying,
Still in tears thy 'kerchief steep?
Pale Aurora hears thy sighing,
Setting Phœbus sees thee weep.

Clad in bombazeen and camblet,
Gertrude wept a monarch dead,
See her soon, forgetting Hamlet,
Take his brother to her bed.

Dido, torn from poor Sichæus,
Thus repining sought relief;
" *Anna! don't you think Æneas*
Might contrive to heal my grief!"

Thy good man in sleep reposes,
Soon thou wilt another choose;
Widow's weeds all turn to roses,
When a comely suitor woos.

Give the hours to joyous greeting,
Vulgar sorrows far above;
Youth and beauty, O how fleeting!
O how fleeting woman's love!

Let us sing the song you relish,
Who at *Brighton* bears the bell,
Walking *Barclay*, racing *Mellish*,
Fun, and *vive la bagatelle!*

Tears from Pluto's dark dominion
Cannot now thy husband keep;
If they could, 'tis my opinion,
Those bright eyes would cease to weep.

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK II. ODE XV.

NEW BUILDINGS.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiæ, &c.

St. George's Fields are fields no more,
The trowel supersedes the plough;
Huge inundated swamps of yore
Are changed to civic villas now.

The whistling plane, the builder's hod,
Wide and more wide extending still,
Usurp the violated sod,
From *Lambeth Marsh* to *Balaam Hill.*

Pert poplars, yew trees, water tubs,
No more at *Clapham* meet the eye;
But velvet lawns, Acacian shrubs,
With perfume greet the passer by.

Thy carpets, Persia, deck our floors,
Chintz curtains shade the polish'd pane,
Virandas guard the darken'd doors,
Where dunning Phœbus knocks in vain.

Not thus acquir'd was GRESHAM'S hoard,
Who founded London's mart of trade;
Not such thy life, *Grimalkin's* lord,
Who *Bow's* recalling peal obey'd.

In *Mark* or *Mincing Lane* confin'd,
In cheerful toil they pass'd the hours;
'Twas theirs to leave their wealth behind,
To lavish, while we live, is ours.

They gave no treats to thankless kings,
Many their gains, their wants were few,
They built no house with spacious wings
To give their riches pinions too.

Yet sometimes, leaving in the lurch
Sons, to luxurious folly prone,
Their funds rebuilt the parish church:
Oh! pious waste, to us unknown!

We from our circle never roam,
Nor ape our sires' eccentric sins,
Our charity begins at home,
And mostly ends where it begins!

FUTURITY.

" Tell us, ye dead; will none of you in pity
" To those you left behind disclose the secret?
" O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out!"

Blair's Grave.

Rise, spectres, rise! some pitying ghost appear,
And pour the grave's dread secret in mine ear!
Ye live, ye live! Yes, by the generous glow
Of Virtue struggling through a night of woe;
By the fell tyrant on his blood-stain'd throne;
By nameless wretchedness that dies alone;
By lovely Hope who sooths the parting sigh;
By Faith bright beaming from the death-fixed eye,
Ye live! From forth the narrow dark abode
The spirit steals some viewless unknown road;—
Then, each fond tie to earth and matter broke
By the free soul, disdainful of the yoke,
Shall it not soar on vigorous pens away
Beyond the ken of thought and golden eye of day?
Or, by fierce flames from mortal dross refined,
Shall it not mingle with the mass of mind,
Absorbed and lost the old familiar store
Of treasuring Memory's many-coloured lore?
Or does this self, this conscious self, remain
Awake to human joys, to human pain?
Hangs the fond mother o'er her orphan's head?
Cheers the loved spouse the widow's sorrowing bed?
In airy watch do guardian spirits stand,
And guide our faultering steps, an angel band?

Or, senseless, hushed in lone sepuchral gloom,
Sleeps the regardless tenant of the tomb,
'Till the dread blast shall rouse the silent earth,
And joyful Nature start to second birth,
All nations waken from the awful trance,
And realms and times in wondering gaze advance,
While Memory's voice renews its tuneful sound,
And marshals all the tribes of earth around,
Bids fresh reviving scenes salute their eyes,
And friends with friends to virtuous bliss arise?
Cease, curious thoughts! too thick the shades of night
Veil the dread future from our anxious sight;
The boldest thoughts here urge their course in vain,
Nor pass one bulwark of the drear domain.
Then, when the last faint panting heaves my heart
And weary life stands fluttering to depart,
One beam of joy shall warm my trembling soul
And Doubt's dun clouds to awful distance roll,
Truth's angel form my fleeting spirit own,
And spring to clasp her in the world unknown.

L.

EPITAPH FOR OPIE.

The forms which Nature doom'd to fail,
Thy stronger hand would bid endure—
The hour of her revenge is come—
Still thy creations shall prevail,
To thee an equal date insure,
And save thee from oblivion's tomb.

EPIGRAM,

Written by Politian on the premature Death of Simonetta, a Florentine Lady of uncommon Beauty and rare Accomplishments, beloved by Guiliano de Medici.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

When lovely on her sable bier
The corse of Simonetta lay,
And beauty's Queen, still hov'ring near,
Bedeck'd with charms the lifeless clay,

Sly Love a heedless moment found,
When all were sunk in tender woe,
A thousand arrows scatter'd round,
And bade a thousand bosoms glow.

In soft amazement each began
To feel unknown sensations rise;
Instant the sweet contagion ran,
As flash'd mild light'nings from her eyes.

"She's mine," th' exulting stripling cried,
"See Love triumphant over Death;
"She's mine; still conquers on my side,
Though Fate has suck'd her honied breath."

He spake, and sigh'd; for ah! the sound
Of triumph ill accorded here;
Soft Pity shed her influence round,
And Nature claim'd the tender tear.

S. ELSDALE.

SONG *.

How comes it, neighbour Dick,
That you, with taste uncommon,
Have serv'd the girls this trick,
And wedded an old woman?

Each belle condemns the choice
Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
But we, your friends, rejoice
That you have judg'd so rightly.

Though odd to some it sounds
That on threescore you ventur'd:
Yet, in ten thousand pounds
Ten thousand charms are center'd.

Beauty, you know, will fade,
As does the short-liv'd flow'r;
Nor can the fairest maid
Ensure her bloom an hour.

But wisely you resign,
For sixty, charms so transient;
As the curious value coin
The more for being antient.

Observing hence, by you,
In marriage such decorum,
Still wiser youths shall do
As you have done before 'em.

* For two different accounts of the occasion upon which this Song was written, see Supplement to the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1796, p. 1066.

With joy your spouse shall see
The fading beauties round her;
While she herself shall be
The self-same thing you found her.

Oft is the marriage-state
With jealousy attended;
And hence, through foul debate,
Are nuptial joys suspended.

But you with such a wife
No jealous fears are under,
She's yours alone for life—
Or much we all shall wonder.

Her death would grieve you sore,
But let not that torment you;
My life, she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you.

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
Unless the Devil's in her.

Some have the name of hell
To matrimony given;
How falsely you can tell,
Who find it such a heav'n.

Each day of yours, and night,
Is crown'd with joy and gladness,
While envious virgins bite
Their hated sheets for madness.

With spouse long share the bliss
You'd miss'd in any other;
And when you've bury'd this,
May you have such another.

AN ELEGIAC ODE

To the Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, late President of the Royal Academy.

BY THE REV. JOHN WHITEHOUSE.

———Alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the poem here submitted to the public, it has been attempted to delineate some of the principal paintings, on which Sir Joshua Reynolds's reputation as an artist, must chiefly rest. The author was induced, as an admirer of the art in general, and more particularly, of the late worthy president's style of colouring and design, to pay some little tribute to his memory. Nor is it easy to do justice to the merits of one, who being the first painter of eminence that this country has produced, has by his excellent instructions, and professional skill, formed an English historical school of painting, which bids fair to rival those of Rome and Florence in their best days. The writer would have esteemed himself very happy, had it been in his power to convey to the mind in this short sketch, some of those great and sublime ideas which the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds are so peculiarly calculated to excite.

I.

COME, Genius, from thy star-clad throne sublime,
Where far above the wrecks of Time
Thou sitt'st; thy banners waving high
Amidst the blaze of immortality!
O thou, whose aid both bards and painters claim,
Who wak'st in human breasts the hallowed flame
Whence to young Rapture's eye
Beauty unveils her form divine;
Where thron'd with Nature and the Nine,
Foremost of all the heavenly throng,
Thou hear'st the magic tones of soul-subduing song;

II.

Come, mourn thy son: and lay aside
Thy azure mantle's flowing pride;
The radiant vestments that infold
Thy graceful form with waving gold;
Where hues of brighter lustre glow,
Than Iris' varied woof can show:
No more, when meek-ey'd evening pours
Her wild hues o'er a thousand shores,
Gaze on the painted clouds, that pass
On the light pinion of the gale;
Nor there, where like pellucid glass,
Ocean's calm breast reflects the gleaming sail:
Nor at the blush of dawn,
Along the level lawn,
Sport with the Oreads in their twilight bowers;
Nor by the green hill's side,
Or where the Naiads glide
Enamour'd stray, nor wreath thy brow with flowers:
Though clad in Beauty's changeful hue,
And in Aurora's dewy fragrance bright;
LORRAINE, to set their charms to view,
Dipp'd his gay pencil in the fount of light,
And with a flying sketch the breathing landscape drew:
Genius of Painting! cease to trace
Thy forms sublime of finished grace;
Thy bright resplendent robe forego,
And veil thee in the garb of woe:
The dim cloud now be o'er thy shoulders thrown,
The mists of Night be o'er thy bosom spread;
Pour to the passing gale thy plaintive moan,
And be the tear of bitter sorrow shed!
Genius of Painting! now thy loss deplore,
Since He, thy best belov'd—since REYNOLDS is no more.

III.

For say of those, on whom the crown
Thou hast bestow'd of high renown,
Which from the Muse's hallow'd grove
Fancy's fairy hands have wove;
(Fairer than in days of yore,
The palm that Pisan victors wore,
Oft as the chariot's rapid speed
Adjudg'd the high-contested meed;)
Say, in this far-fam'd western isle,
That own'd but late thy favouring smile,
Who e'er like him thy power display'd,
And flung contrasted light and shade,
With such inimitable grace and force,
While Envy sicken'd, as she mark'd his course;
Or who of Albion's sons have brought
To such perfection that enchanting art;
Or to the canvass could impart,
Such bold expression, and impassion'd thought?
What potent touch could o'er the whole
Breathe such enchanting energies of soul;
Or bid to live, in nature's colouring warm,
The hero's stately port, the virgin's matchless form?

IV.

'Twas his to group the historic plain,
To call dim Horror from his dungeon drear,
To wring the tortur'd breast with Pain,
With Pity thrill, or shake with Fear;
And from the lofty Epic Muse
The magic scene of wonder chuse:
In many a hue divine portray'd,
Lo, on the funeral pyre where DIDO lies! *

Paintings. * The death of Dido.

Her warm blood bathes the reeking blade,
And death's pale image swims before her eyes;
The twilight shades of woe that stain her cheek,
The mighty master of the pencil speak.

V.

Him DANTE's daring genius led
Where UGOLINO's vision dread *
The palsied soul with horror shakes!
'Tis done! see from yon cell forlorn,
Her cheeks with many a furrow worn,
And gleaming from her hollow eyes
The dark-red wrath of wintery skies,
Famine with hideous scowl awakes;
And with the rattling whirlwind's sound,
Thrice bars yon dungeon's gloom profound.
Mark, 'midst the colouring's wild, pathetic glare,
The dying father o'er his children dear,
Hang in dumb woe, the semblance of despair!
Choak'd the deep sigh! congeal'd the struggling tear!
While Death advancing stern, with leaden pace,
Shadows the glazing eye, and veils the pallid face.

VI.

But lo, amidst yon blaze of glory †
From the bright skies of fairy Fiction brought,
How Fancy's breast enraptur'd glows,
As o'er the canvass Painting throws
The illusions of poetic thought!
Where fam'd in Grecian story,
The undaunted INFANT grasps his speckled foes!
In vain their threatening crests they rear,
In vain destruction waits their course;

* Count Ugolino starved to death with his children.
† The infant Hercules.

Compress'd, and vanquish'd by superior force,
They wreath their fiery folds, and yawn their souls in air.
Swept in a flood of light along,
Through many a labyrinth of transparent shade,
By various passions rous'd, the attendant throng
Here wrapt in wonder, there by fear dismay'd
Clad in sublime, harmonious hues, impart
Enchantment to the eye, and pathos to the heart.

VII.

From SHAKESPEAR's bold, dramatic song,
In Fancy and Expression strong
The mighty artist's pencil drew [crew.
The FAIRY's wondering form, the WIZARD's yelling
Lo! 'midst the terrors of the storm *
That wildly flash around him, fierce MACBETH
Encounters many a griesly form,
And high amidst them waves his shadowy blade;
While Hecate through the murky air,
Seated in her magic chair,
(Of human bones the hoary texture made)
Mutters her wayward spells, and prophecies of death.
As o'er the heath the yellow Harpies run
Their charms astonished Nature feels;
Black vapours blot the noon-day sun,
And Hell alarum'd wakes, and clamours at their heels:
The dead shake off their deep repose,
And massy-bolted Ades open throws
Her brazen gates; whence issuing slow,
The spectre-forms of monarchs go.
With many a blood-polluted stain
Wave their thin robes; their steps beneath,
With shaggy crest, and serpent-train,
Monsters abhorr'd their hideous volumes wreath:

* Macbeth and the weird sisters, &c.

From the dull realms of unsubstantial night,
They crawl upon the day, and blast the gazer's sight.

VII.

In such aerial colouring drest
Immortal ANGELO express'd
His wild creation: Fancy by the hand
Oft led him through her empire wide,
And bade him trace her shadowy band;
Bade him on Rapture's pinion soar,
Invention's daring heights explore,
Traverse her boundless tracts, and regions undescried;
And o'er the impassion'd canvass throw
Forms that breathe, and hues that glow!
To REYNOLDS next she gave her free design,
Her pencil's graceful tints, and energy divine.

IX.

Awe-struck, as when heaven's bliss unfolds
To dying saints, the astonish'd eye beholds
Yon visionary splendors bright! *
Where half amidst the keen effulgence lost,
On wings of ecstacy the angelic host
Ride on the sable clouds, and charm the ear of Night:
The sunny radiance of their plumes
The canvass far and wide illumes,
And burn the clouds beneath amidst the excess of light:
While Mercy from the Eternal throne [known.
Her beaming looks unveil'd, and made her wonders
In vestments of cerulean die,
Religion oft, of birth divine,
Shall greet, at Truth's unsullied shrine,
The forms that genius bade to bloom,
The immortal offspring of the sky!

* The Nativity.

Where HOPE amidst the stormy blast
Rests on her firm-fixt anchor fast,
And FAITH that triumphs o'er the tomb;
With CHARITY'S unchanging glow benign:
A radiant Virtue wing'd! to whom is given
To ope, with golden key, the pearly gates of heaven.

X.

Not such yon scene of horror dread *,
Where BEAUFORT side-ways on his bed,
Turns him, with anguish all aghast!—
While Conscience summons up the past,
Lo! how his eyes with terror roll!
With listening ear, the fiend unblest
Plants keen Remorse's daggers in his breast,
And Guilt sits heavy on his soul:
Convulsive struggles catch his parting breath,
He grasps the sheets with pain, and grinning, yields to death.

XI.

Hail, REYNOLDS, to thy just design,
The grace, the grandeur of thy line!
Whose daring energy of soul,
Just glanced on parts, to catch the whole.
The many-coloured Muse whose power
Presided o'er thy natal hour,
On thee, with partial fondness smil'd;
And laid thee oft in holy trance,
And bade Perfection's train advance,
And breath'd around thy head her visions wild.
Thy rapt ear drank the lore she taught,
Her hues divine thy pencil caught,
With her thou oft with musing step hast stray'd,
Or with the shadowy tribes of fairy Fiction play'd.

* The death of Cardinal Beaufort.

XII.

Fann'd by loose Zephyr there was seen *
Infantine LOVE of placid mien,
With lips, like rose buds, moist with dew,
And radiant eyes of glossy blue;
While HOPE the smiling babe caress'd,
And nurs'd the prattler on her breast.
Obedient to the pencil's power,
With swimming step, and sweet majestic state
The Queen of smiles on whom the Graces wait, †
Oft left the Idalian bower;
Or, on her rosy couch reclin'd,
Her tresses waving in the wind;
Some Cupid as by chance he stray'd
Amidst the thick embowering shade,
Woo'd her unseen; as oft with dalliance coy,
And looks of soft desire, she won the enamour'd boy.

XIII.

In Nature's living semblance fair,
As if her very self was there,
The faithful PORTRAIT long shall stand
A witness of the master's hand;
Who knew, with skill sublime to trace
Expression's soul, and Beauty's grace;
The undaunted Warrior's fix'd regard,
The Sage, the Patriot, and the Bard.
Youth's vivid blush, impassion'd, warm,
And Innocence in Childhood's form.
Passing the common bounds of Art,
Each Character his pencil took;
Delineated the air, the look,
And imag'd to the eye the language of the heart;

* Hope nursing Love. † Venus.

To distant times transmitting down
Those whom most Albion boasts to own,
The honour'd sons of Science, Valour, Worth,
Patrons of human kind, and ornaments of earth.

XIV.

O'er the sad shrine where REYNOLDS sleeps,
The Genius of his Country weeps!
In sable pomp above his head
The shadows of the night are spread;
Wild are his looks! behind him cast,
His mantle to the howling blast
Unfurls its sweepy folds: around
O'er all the consecrated ground,
Aerial forms of pensive mien,
That shun the busy glare of day,
Shall oft, with lingering footsteps stray, [scene:
And wave their gleaming wings, and gild the solemn
There Virtue, daughter of the sky,
Shall lift the groveling soul from earth,
To bid it claim its heavenly birth,
And turn, by Reason's lamp its steady eye,
Where, 'midst the regions of empyreal light,
Sit her enthroned sons in dazzling order bright.

XV.

And hark, in solemn cadence clear,
A voice, methinks, from yonder walls
In Music's melting accents calls,
And thus it meets my ravish'd ear;
'Not Fortune's gem, nor Beauty's flower,
The glittering pageants of an hour,
With Glory's brighter meed may vie,
The wreath of immortality!

Merit survives the grave; sublime
She builds, in mockery of Time,
On Truth's eternal base;
Whence, whilst her hallowed altars blaze,
Ascends the sacrifice of praise,
The full symphonious quire of all the human race.'

1792.

EPITAPH.

FROM THE GREEK OF LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Farewell my child!—In manhood's bloom
Thou sleep'st within the silent tomb,
Ere twenty fleeting springs have shed
Their roseate honours on thy head.
Henceforth upon thy early bier
I'll daily shed the gushing tear,
And waste in sighs the tedious stage
That closes life's sad pilgrimage.
For ah! no more the orient ray
Soft glitt'ring on the ocean's spray;
No more the mead, with flowrets drest,
Can waken rapture in my breast.
Come then, my child, and let me share
In death's dread hour thy constant care,
And let me from life's sorrows free,
Sink in the grave and rest with thee.

REV. R. BLAND.

HORACE IN LONDON

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti, &c.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER, ESQ.

THE youth, from his indentures freed,
Who mounts astride the flying steed,
The Muses' haunt to follow:
With terror eyes the yawning pit,
And for a modicum of wit
Petitions great Apollo.

For wit the quarto-building wight
Invokes the Gods; the jilt in spite
Eludes the man of letters:
Wit thro' the wire-wove margin glides,
And all the gilded pomp derides
Of red Morocco fetters.

Vain is the smart portfolio set,
The costly ink-stand black as jet,
The desk of polish'd level;
The well shorn pens to use at will,
'Tis no great task to cut a quill——
To cut a joke's the devil!

Happy, for rural business fit,
Who merely tells his mother wit,
In humble life he settles:
Unskill'd in repartee to shine,
He ne'er exclaims—"Descend ye *Nine*,"
But when he plays at skettles.

They who neglect their proper home
To dig for ore in Greece or Rome,
Are poor Quixotic vandals;
Europe was over run by Goths,
But why should we, like foolish moths,
Buzz round the Roman candles.

Care swarms in rivers, roads, and bogs,
Unfricaseed, like Pharoah's frogs;
We cannot all be merry;
It roams thro' London streets at large,
And now bestrides a Lord Mayor's barge,
And now a Vauxhall wherry.

The man who no vertigo feels,
When borne aloft on Fortune's wheels,
But at their motion titters;
Emerging from a sea of strife,
Enjoys the present sweets of life,
Nor heeds its future bitters.

Poor *Tobin* died, alas! too soon,
Ere with chaste ray his *Honey Moon*
Had shone to glad the nation:
Others, I will not mention who,
For many a year may, (entre nous)
Outlive—their own damnation.

Who creep in prose, or soar in rhyme,
Alike must bow the knee to time,
From Massinger to Murphy;
And all who flit on Lethe's brink,
Too weak to swim, alas! must sink—
Tom Dibdin or Tom Durfey.

Fortune to thee two Muses gave,
One *debonnaire*, the other grave;
You hospitably screen 'em:
For still, O man of virtue rare,
Altho' the love of both you share,
You never *sleep* between 'em.

She gave thee to a summer stage,
'Gainst opera chiefs the war to wage
With bodies lean and taper.
I list beneath *thy* Muse's wing,
Who would not rather hear her sing,
Than see her sister caper?

My Muse is of the ostrich sort,
Her eggs, of Fortune's gale the sport,
She in the sand conceals 'em;
By no intrusive wanderer found,
'Till watchman Phœbus walks his round,
And with his ray reveals 'em.

But should the god's far-darting ray,
Destroy her feeble lines to day,
She'll breed again to-morrow:
These trifles ne'er her mind annoy,
Who never knew a parent's joy,
Ne'er felt a parent's sorrow.

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK II. ODE XX.

Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar, &c.

STAND clear! and let a poet fly!
On *this* wing lyric,
That satiric,
I'll mount, like Garnerin, the sky,
Nor mope in Grub-street garret:
Tho' lowly born, I'll fear discard,
My amorous odes
To gay abodes
Shall bear me, like a merry bard,
To sing and tipple claret.

Enroll'd among the black-leg race,
No longer man,
A milk white swan
Aloft my airy course I trace,
And mount o'er London city—
On wings of foolscap, wire-wove, glaz'd,
Thro' margin wide
Serene I glide,
Whil'st long-ear'd citizens amaz'd,
Cry "bravo" at my ditty.

Trotting thro' Pindus' flow'ry path,
In Scottish reels
I'll shake my heels,
I'll dip at Brighton, sip at Bath,
And doff my suit of sables;
Invited to each tavern club,
From muddy Bow
To Saville Row;
I'll leave the *Diogenic* tub,
For *Alexandrine* tables.

Tho' all the while my proper self
Is snug at home,
My *pen* shall roam,
A modish tour in quest of pelf,
(My pride the scheme unravels)
I'll visit Egypt, Florence, Greece,
And then return
Thro' Basle and Berne,
The London booksellers to fleece,
And sell John Bull my travels.

Of comedies I'll write a *few*,
The vile reviews
I'll ne'er peruse,
I'll edit bards I never knew:
With none I'll change conditions.
Like Harlequin, tho' far more plump,
My tricks I'll play,
Then hey! away!
Bounce at a single leap I'll jump
Thro' half a score—editions!

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

THE METROPOLIS.

BOOK III. ODE VI.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues, &c.

O London! the crimes of your fathers you'll mourn,
Old Beelzebub yawns for your people,
Unless you that heathen extinguisher burn,
That smothers your churches—a steeple.

Henceforward in Rowland's conventicle groan,
Abolish your hot Sunday dinners;
Go double your methodist meetings, then own
The saints are a match for the sinners.

Your Israelites, lost in the mazes of pelf,
Prefer a pork griskin to manna;
And Anacreon Moore has condemn'd to the shelf,
His namesake, the pious old Hannah.

Your chapels, where carpets and eloquence reign,
Are surely for Satan a fit field;
There organs and anthems have banish'd the strain,
Of Wesley, of Watts, and of Whitfield.

Old Bunyan, his budget of sins at his back,
Exhausts on the rabble his fury
In vain—they forsake the celestial track,
To haunt Covent-Garden and Drury.

O Liberty! parent prolific of crimes,
Thy spirit of discord the apple,
Has blacken'd the press, and infected the times,
And spread from Pall-Mall to Whitechapel.

The back-boarded girl, who can scarce point the toe
Now laugh at decorum as stupid;
With pantomime graces affects Parisot,
And plays with the arrows of Cupid.

When married, her bacchanal husband to baulk,
New lovers at dances engage her;
She trips to Vauxhall, and adores the dark walk,
And flirts with the bright-booted major.

In prudence an infant, in vice an adult,
With features by art render'd florid,
She sits in the boxes, with quicunque vult
Depicted at large on her forehead.

Not such were the times when, the church to protect,
Old Calvin admonish'd the nation;
Condemn'd all the world, save himself and his sect,
And dealt by wholesale in damnation.

Return, golden days, when the orthodox few
In flames might an heretic dish up;
Or mangle a martyr, or strangle a jew,
Or roast before breakfast a bishop.

Then London apprentices rose with the lark,
(Ere Luxury open'd her flood-gate)
Nor broke their indentures each night in the dark—
Their souls never stray'd beyond Ludgate.

Our fathers, I ween, were a sad wicked crew,
Their sons only add to the evil;
And if the next age shall be worse—entre nous,
Old England must go the devil!

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK III. ODE VII.

Quid fles, Asterie, &c.

TO MRS. ———

NAY, *Fanny* check that falling tear;
The northern circuit over,
Soon shall thy *Willy* homeward steer,
With ardour greet his wedded dear,
And live with thee in clover.

Tho' forc'd from town to town to rove,
For thee he wears the willow;
True as the mild mate-widow'd dove,
And nightly with the tear of love
Bedews a sleepless pillow.

Flora meanwhile, with flirting skill,
Would fain with thee change places,
With Cupid's shaft attacks him still,
Hoping to clasp thy constant *Will*
In contraband embraces.

With many a sad and sly remark,
She moves him to compassion;
Tells him of *Osmyn*, Moorish spark,
Thrown in a dungeon deep and dark,
For slighting *Zara's* passion.

She tells of *Joseph Andrews*, dead
To pleasure, senseless looby!
Who quarrell'd with his butter'd bread,
And, urg'd by *Parson Adams*, fled
The love-sick *Lady Booby*.

Vain her endeavours to create
A matrimonial riot!
Deaf as the haddock on his plate,
He hears the wily fair one prate,
And eats and drinks in quiet.

But, *Fanny*, pray beware of *Jack*,
For gallantry his trade is;
Lest, swerving from decorum's track,
You take more pleasure in his clack,
Than suits with married ladies.

Tho' none like him can dance a reel,
Head, knees, and elbows shaking;
Or o'er the Serpentine can steal
Like Mercury, with flying heel,
Ice bending, Sabbath breaking:

Shut, shut, your door, at eight o'clock,
Nor walk down *Piccadilly*;
Firm as the surge-repelling rock,
His rude assailing passion mock,
And think on absent *Willy*.

J.

EPIGRAM.

REASON FOR THICK ANCLES.

"HARRY, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ancles grow so thick?"
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a *calf* they have to carry!"

H.

STANZAS.

BY W. HAYLEY, ESQ.

"Ye gods!" cried a Bard, with a classical oath,
Who had order'd the busts of Pope and of Prior;
That on each side of Seward, who rivals them both,
They might properly honour that queen of the lyre.

"O Jove! (he exclaim'd) if I wielded thy thunder,
I would frighten the sculptor who ruins my hope;
Sure never did artist commit such a blunder!
He has sent me a Newton instead of a Pope.

"In the wonders of nature he ever was versed;
But, alas! with the Nine he had little alliance;
And, though to the bottom of comets he pierced,
He ne'er sounded woman, that much deeper science.

"But away, old astronomer! 'tis not thy post!
Here, (exclaim'd the vex'd poet) take Newton away;"
When, (O wonderful speech!) in the tone of a ghost,
The meek modest head thus petitioned to stay:—

"Dear irascible bard, be a little more just,
Nor thy sculptor accuse of a careless transaction;
In the shape of a cold and insensible bust,
I am drawn to thy house by the laws of attraction.

" The sages and bards judge but ill of a brother,
While matter encumbers the spirit of each;
All the children of science are just to each other,
When they soar out of human infirmity's reach.

" E'en on canvas fair Seward has virtue to draw
A philosopher's soul from the regions of bliss;
To contemplate her genius, may charm him who saw
All the secrets sublime of the starry abyss.

" Then on me, I beseech you, this charge to confer;
Of Seward's attendants I justly am one;
The fond student of light may well wait upon her
Whose fancy has all the rich hues of the sun!"

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF LEONIDAS.

FROM THE GREEK OF LOLLIUS.

On Phocis' shores the cavern's gloom
Imbrowns yon solitary tomb.
There in the still and silent grave
Repose the spirits of the brave;
Who, when the Persian from afar,
Pour'd on their shores the storm of war,
At Freedom's call, with Spartan pride,
For their loved country fought and died.
Seek'st thou the place, where 'midst the dead
The hero of the battle bled?
Yon sculptur'd lion crouching near
Points out Leonidas's bier.

REV. R. BLAND.

A SPOUSAL HYMN,

OR AN ADDRESS TO HIS MAJESTY ON HIS MARRIAGE. 1761.

BY JAMES SCOTT, M. A.
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Το διαμεφιδιον δε μοι μελος αρτιστατα
Αμφι λοετρατε, και λεχος
Σον υμεναιων ιστητι γαμων. ÆSCHYLUS.

As, when diffused in solemn trance
Her dear delight the Latmian shepherd lay,
Fond Cynthia came with light'ning-glance,
And o'er his bosom streamed her virgin ray;
So come, O gentle Muse, if e'er aright
I pay my vows, if e'er implor'd
One scanty beam of thy celestial light;
Proof to the muckworm miser's golden hoard,
Nor envious of the statesman's fair renown,
The warrior's death-bought wreath, and monarch's thorny crown.

Come, guardian of my natal hour,
That bad'st me chuse the still sequester'd grove,
The pathless mead, and wood-bine bower,
Where placid Cares, and pensive Pleasures rove;
Where oft by moon-light's silent, solemn glade,
Pale Passion musing loves to stray,
And hand in hand, by Melancholy led,
In thoughtful loneness wear herself away;
O come, in all thy radiant charms confest,
And fire with glowing zeal my fond, devoted breast!

I ask not flow'rets fresh and gay,
From Pindus culled to please the vainly great;
No silken strain, no tinsel lay,
To cloke some public knave from public hate:
No, Virgin, no—fair Freedom's vestal flame
Pervades my soul; for Her I twine
The votive wreath, for Her thy hallowed name
Invoke, O make thy choicest treasures mine;
Breathe inspiration through each generous line,
Thy genuine form impress, and stamp the work divine!

Then shalt thou, George, the song approve,
O British-born! O Freedom's sacred heir!
O thou, whom all the Graces love,
Religion's boast, and Virtue's darling care!
Fain would the Muse attempt thy various praise,
But ah in vain!—thro'* Ida's bowers
With dubious foot the astonish'd woodman strays;
Where shall his work begin?—Ye sylvan powers
Direct the blow; here oaks aspiring rise,
There, Monarchs of the grove, tall cedars prop the skies.

Say shall the Muse thy patriot-sire
Recall to view? Tell how with conscious state
She saw the god-like Prince retire
To glorious exile, like Timoleon great?
Glad heard the voice, "Avaunt, ye wretched train,
"Shall I my country's cause betray?
"Betray my soul, my God, for sordid gain?
"Perish the thought!—Ye slaves of gold away!—
"In venal courts though base corruption reigns,
"Know Liberty shall breathe through Kew's indignant
"plains."

* Theoc. Εγκωμ. πτολ.

He spoke, and lo the reptile crew
Struck dumb with wonder fled!—Hail sacred source,
Where GEORGE his patriot morals drew:
Prosper, ye heavenly powers, their genial course!
O bid them branch into a thousand rills,
A thousand streams!—Where'er they flow,
Whether all glistening down the loftier hills,
Or through the still, and humbler vales below,
Let health pursue, no noxious weeds be found,
But flowers immortal rise fresh-breathing sweets around!

Prophetic wish!—See Discord flies,
With all her rebel rout, her hell-born train!
See Faction falls, and Party dies,
They die fell serpents, in his dawning reign:
Thus sure presage of many a glorious deed,
Blest omen of immortal fame,
The Son of Jove, when near his infant head
Devouring snakes in poisonous volumes came,
Graspt in his brawny arms the scaly foes,
Smiled on the danger past, and sunk to soft repose.

And now again, with careful hand,
Her goodly plants fair Science joys to rear;
And now again all blooming stand
The beauteous progeny of art; they fear
No killing frosts, no thick unkindly dews,
Such as from Belgian plains arise;
The genial clouds their pearly drops diffuse,
And shower increase of sweetness from the skies;
The youthful Sun, in his meridian throne,
Beams with indulgent ray his fostering influence down.

Hail favour'd Isle! blest seat of Fame!
For conquering arms, and peerless arts renown'd!
Hail mighty GEORGE, thy darling name
Oft shall the Muse with honest joy resound:
Not that abstemious, prudent, just, and wise,
Thy every deed fair virtue guides;
Nor that thy thoughts with holy ardour rise
From earth's low base, where vice and passion bides,
To Heaven's bright mansions, there their sweets dispense,
Grateful as hallow'd fumes from breathing frankincense.

Ay me so great, so bold a flight
Beseems not shepherd-swain, in lowly mead
Far from preferment's giddy height,
Condemn'd alas! an hireling flock to feed!
Yet will I sing how thy discerning eye
The boisterous sea of life surveys,
Where toiling sore the sons of merit lie
Till called by thee their weary heads they raise;
What minute drop, but cherished by thy care
A costly pearl becomes of matchless beauty rare.

Charm then your pipes, ye shepherd swains,
And bid the hills and dales the song repeat,
Your Patron, your Augustus, reigns!—
But hark with undulation soft and sweet,
What melting music steals upon the ear!
Am I deceived, or doth a choir
Of winged Cupids fan the buxom air
'Till Silence smiles: while from their silver lyre
Harmonious numbers flow, whose dulcet breath
Would recreate a soul beneath the pangs of death?

I did not err, a choir of Loves
Sublime in air attune the enchanting lay;
They leave Idalia's blooming groves,
And Cypria's myrtle shades, where jocund, stray
The Graces, Smiles, and Hours, where Nature's care
Profusely kind allures the sight,
And wraps the sense in bliss: ye virgins fair
Of Britain's Isle, sweet daughters of delight,
Receive the cherub throng, to you they fly
With welcome tidings fraught, blest harbingers of joy.

Lo! lo she comes from the' Albine shore,
Your maiden Queen, adorned with peerless charms:
Like Phœbe, when by Taurus hoar
Enamour'd Alpheus strove with eager arms
To grasp the fair: ah fond, and hapless boy!
Ah cruel, wayward Dame!—in vain
He breathed his amorous soul, for all too coy,
Swift as the Roe she sought the distant plain;
Left him to pour in tears his plaintive theme,
'Till chang'd by love and grief he melted to a stream.

See where from Ocean's pearly bed,
Whose huddling waters pass unwilling by,
She comes with easy modest tread,
'Midst echoing crouds, and rapt'rous shouts of joy:
'Twas thus, the life-resembling * tablet shows,
In youth and beauty fresh and gay
The Paphian Goddess from the waves arose,
While dolphins gambol'd through the watry way.
Old Neptune smil'd, the sea-green sisters sung,
And all the rocks around with Iö triumph rung.

* The famous picture of Venus by Apelles.

But ah what Dædal hand can trace
The glowing beauties of her air and mien;
The lively sweetness of her face,
And eyes where wisdom's azure beams are seen!
Her bosom fraught with honour's maiden treasure,
Unblemish'd faith, mild modesty,
Eternal love, unsoil'd by baser pleasure,
And constant truth, and spotless chastity,
Where thoughts, that angels might admire, are bred,
And flames of holy zeal, by pure religion fed?

Hail, Virgin, hail, divinely blest,
By heaven endowed with all that's good and great!
O Flower of Virtue, in whose breast
Imperial Reason dwells in royal state!
There, there she sits as queen on ivory throne,
The vassal passions round her stand,
In suppliant guise her rightful power they own,
And hear her still small voice, her soft command:
Far from the pure, and unpolluted shrine
Each base affection flies, each haggard nurse of sin.

Leave then, ye sisters, leave the * Spring
Whose hallow'd waters flow through Minyas' land;
Conduct to Britain's blooming King
This all-accomplisht work of nature's hand:
'Tis your's imperial Nymphs, whate'er is sweet,
And fair and splendid to bestow;
On you attend Wealth, Wisdom, Beauty, Wit;
Nor seated on Olympus' laughing brow
Will choirs celestial move till you advance.
Nor share the ambrosial feast, nor lead the sprightly dance.

* The river Cephisus in Bœotia, on whose banks the Graces were thought to reside. Pind. Olymp. 14.

And thou, O Queen of soft desires,
Whose radiant smiles dispel the gloom of care,
And kindling Friendship's purest fires,
Chase from the soul Suspicion, Doubt, and Fear,
Those grisly forms: O come, bewitching power,
Come, gently o'er the bridal bed
In genial dews thy choicest pleasures shower;
Such as in Arcady's voluptuous shade
* Lycæus felt, when stretch'd on Maia's breast
An image of himself the enraptur'd God imprest.
Nor thou, Lucina chaste and fair,
Nor thou, sweet genius of the nuptial bower,
Be absent; on the royal pair
Profuse of joy your kindly blessings pour!
O haste, ye Guardians of the sacred rites,
Whose aid prolific power supplies,
So shall Britannia bless their pure delights,
When future GEORGES, future CHARLOTTES rise;
By whom reflected distant times shall find [mind!
The mother's matchless charms, the father's virtuous

EPIGRAM

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARTIAL.

FILL high the bowl with sparkling wine,
Cool the bright draught with summer-snow,
Amidst my locks let odours flow,
Around my temples roses twine.
See yon proud emblem of decay,
Yon lordly pile that braves the sky!
It bids us live our little day,
Teaching that gods themselves may die.

* Jupiter.

REV. R. BLAND.

ON WOMAN.

FROM THE GREEK OF EUBULUS.

O JUPITER, adored in pray'r!
Shall I speak ill of woman fair?
No, rather let me perish!
For she, of all by us possess'd,
Is surely far, by far the best,
And what we most should cherish.

What tho' *Medea* was so base,
Penelope was full of grace,
In her you find no evil:
Alcestis too, I'm bold to name
'Gainst Clytemnestra, faithless dame
Who was, 'tis true, the devil.

Perchance some one may *Phædra* note,
Of whose black crime the Grecian wrote,
Yet there was one right good—aye, twenty—
But who? ah me! of thought bereft,
I've not another good one left,
But bad ones more in plenty!

ODE TO POPULARITY.

BY THE LATE R. CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

O POPULARITY, thou giddy thing,
What grace or profit dost thou bring?
Thou art not honesty, thou art not fame;
I cannot cannot call thee by a worthy name.
To say I hate thee, were not true,
Contempt is properly thy due;
I cannot love thee and despise thee too.

Thou art no patriot, but the veriest cheat
That ever traffick'd in deceit;
A state empiric bellowing loud
Freedom and frenzy to the mobbing crowd;
And what car'st thou, if thou canst raise
Illuminations and huzzas,
Tho' half the city sink in one wide blaze?

A patriot! no, for thou dost hold in hate
The very peace and welfare of the state;
When anarchy assaults the sovereign's throne
Then is the day, the night, thy own;
Then is thy triumph, when the foe
Levels some dark insidious blow,
Or strong rebellion lays thy country low.

Thou canst affect humility, to hide
Some deep device of monstrous pride;
Conscience and charity pretend,
For compassing some private end;
And in a canting conventicle note
Long scripture passages canst quote,
When persecution rankles in thy throat.

Thou hast no sense of nature at thy heart,
No ear for science, and no eye for art,
Yet confidently dost decide at once,
This man a wit, and that a dunce;
And (strange to tell!) howe'er unjust,
We take thy dictates upon trust:
For if the world will be deceiv'd, it must.

In truth and justice thou hast no delight;
Virtue thou dost not know by sight;
But as the chemist by his skill
From dross and dregs a spirit can distil,
So from the prisons or the stews,
Bullies, blasphemers, cheats, or Jews,
Shall turn to heroes if they serve thy views.

Thou dost but make a ladder of the mob,
Whereby to climb into some courtly job;
There safe reposing, warm and snug,
Thou answerest with contemptuous shrug,
"Miscreants, begone! who cares for you,
Ye base-born, bawling, clamorous crew,
You've serv'd my turn, and vagabonds, adieu!"

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK III. ODE IX.

AN ITALIAN DUET.

Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.

TAYLOR.

ANGELIC dame! when leagu'd with me,
Your *tweedle dum* and *tweedle dee*,
Charm'd each be-sotted ninny,
I thought not of the sons of France,
Nor join'd with VESTRIS in the dance,
LE CLAIRE or ANGIOLINI.

CATALANI.

Whilst I possess'd the golden fleece,
Nor you, like him of ancient Greece,
Stuff'd your dull ears with cotton,
All other syrens on the shelf,
E'en stately BILLINGTON herself
Was in my fame forgotten.

TAYLOR.

In vain my whiten'd boards to grace,
Her skipping pantomimic race,
Indulgent *Gallia* proffers:
Alas! dear CATALANI fled,
My benches blush all rosy red,
And empty are my coffers.

CATALANI.

Young HARRIS now demands my aid,
To win me he a price has paid,
More liberal than rational,
For pounds *four thousand*, I engage
To sing one season on his stage—
Nicknam'd by me the *national*.

TAYLOR.

Nay, plight again with me your truth,
Dear *Dalilah*, discard that youth;
Smit with Italian singers,
He, amorous *Sampson*, soon I dread,
Will pull a new house o'er his head—
I know he'll burn his fingers.

CATALANI.

Tho' you are but a slippery wight,
And he in modish garments dight,
Looks and behaves quite prettily—
I scorn you both—my purse is full—
So now dear credulous *John Bull*,
Adieu! I'm off to Italy. J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK III. ODE XIII.

TO BRIGHTON.

O fons Blandusiæ, splendidior vitro, &c.

O BRIGHTON! thou friend of the town-jaded lass,
Thy waters when calm are transparent as glass,
But not quite so fit for *reflection!*
When next with the lads of the *Castle* I dine,
I'll toast all thy charms in libations of wine,
Dear scene of my fondest affection.

A new-wedded youth (I won't mention his name)
Shall bring thee to-morrow his termagant dame,
Well pleas'd on thy shrine to exalt her.
His forehead unfurnish'd two antlers shall grace,
And his bride shall increase the gay amorous race,
Whose characters bleed on thy altar.

When hot-headed Phœbus affords us no shade,
Thy *library* stretches its cool colonnade
To charm us with novels and fables.
There pounded like cattle we list to the tunes
Perform'd by the band of the *Prince's Dragoons*,
And gaze at the dome of his stables.

If right I opine, my poetical graces
Shall make thee the proudest of *watering places*.—
How charming the fun and commotion,
When down a steep place, with our tresses dishevell'd,
A huge herd of swine we all tumble be-devil'd,
Head over heels into the ocean!

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK III. ODE XVI.

Inclusam Danaën turris ahenea, &c.

By triple walls and brazen towers,
And frowning parapets sustain'd,
Tho' Magdeburg defied the powers
Of war, and every foe disdain'd;

Yet won, like Danae, by gold,
Her pride succumbs, her gates unfold,
She sells the ravisher her venal charms,
And finds, (alas too late!) destruction in his arms.

Almighty gold, to thy control,
Man is the ever-yielding slave;
As thy behests transform his soul,
The true are false, the timid brave.—
By thee the Prussian king betray'd,
Saw his fair realms in ruin laid;
By thee, Napoleon bought his iron crown,
By thee, the lance was tipp'd, that dash'd his rivals down.

Yet why should mortals, blind to fate,
For thee exchange their peace and rest;
And madly gorge thy fatal bait,
Until it rankles in the breast.
Wealth has a long and hideous train
Of terror, doubt, disease, and pain,
While o'er the lowly unambitious head,
The Heavenly powers, unask'd, their silent blessings shed.

Slave to no love of pomp or place,
And rich because my wants are few,
I scorn the struggling, greedy race,
Who fortune's gifts incessant woo.
Far happier in my humble lot,
My modest wealth and quiet cot,
Than if, possessing an exhaustless store,
My discontented heart petition'd still for more.

Let nobles vaunt their high degrees,
Their stars that clothe an aching heart;
Let merchants toss o'er golden seas,
And tremble lest the waves should part;

They know not that my cot and field
To me such tranquil pleasures yield,
As they in splendid mansions ne'er possess'd,
Tho' born of royal stock, or nurs'd on fortune's breast.

What tho' no gilded domes be mine,
No crested carriage wait my call,
No goblets foam with Gallic wine,
No gaudy servants crowd my hall;
The lord of all this empty wealth,
Stranger alike to peace and health,
Would gladly see his dearest treasures spent,
To buy my little cot embellish'd by content. H.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK III. ODE XXVI.

TO FASHION.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus, &c.

Of old it form'd my chief delight,
On Saturday's revolving night,
The opera pit to enter—
To praise *Grassini* was my aim,
And—because others did the same,
Cry "*Bravo*," at a venture.

Such sports no longer I pursue;
Farewell Italia's stage! Adieu
Ye grand ballet beholders!
My opera hat, its uses gone,
Some other peg shall hang upon
Than that between my shoulders.

Henceforth, inspir'd with honest rage,
I leave old Rome's degenerate stage,
To *Flavio* and his doxies:
There booby baronets may sit,
Romp with the girls that throng the pit,
And then salute the boxes.

O thou whose impulse rules complete,
From *London Wall* to *Baker Street*;
All mortal cares forgotten:
This *Catalani* fever kill,
Restore the town to sense, or fill
Its ass's ears with cotton.

J.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK III. ODE XXX.

A POET'S MODESTY.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

My work is establish'd—pale Envy, be still,
My fame is not now to be undone,
I rank with the first of the sons of the quill,
Even elegant Horace of Strawberry-Hill
Must now yield to Horace in London.

Blow, Boreas, blow, tumble torrents of rain,
How tough is the hide of the witty;
The seasons may dance, hands across back again,
They never can injure my permanent strain,
Nor blot out a line of my ditty.

I rather suspect, when I'm lock'd in a hearse,
My friends will consider me dead,
O no! from that circumstance never the worse,
My far better half, not my wife, but my verse,
Will pop up its flourishing head.

Posterity long shall be proud of my name,
Than Parian marble far whiter:
When fashion shall die, and Ephemeral fame
No longer shall trumpet the charms of the dame,
Who lower'd the Osnaburg mitre.

My odes shall be sung from the mouth of the Nore,
Old Thames shall the stanza prolong,
From Westminster-bridge to fair Twickenham's shore,
Where pleasure and beauty shall rest on the oar,
At eve to attend to my song.

If beauty applaud me, let pedantry foam,
I'm proud of the plan I have hit on,
To make the old bard when transplanted from Rome,
Leave learning and classic allusions at home,
And talk the free language of Britain.

I care not a fig what the critics may say,
My fame is too firm to be undone,—
Then hold up your head, pretty muse, from this day,
And crown with a chaplet of laurel and bay,
The forehead of Horace in London!

J.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES AT ETON.

Scene of my boyish years! there is a charm
Inwoven with each shade of circumstance
That marks our infant pleasures; every sight,
And every sound; the tree, the field, the stream,
Like friends long sever'd, seize upon the heart;
And joys almost forgotten, reassume
A shape, and twine around the memory;
Till dreaming fancy paints them more than joys.
Scene of my boyish years! I not disown
These natural feelings. Let me rest awhile
Here on this grassy bank: beneath these elms,
Whose high boughs murmur with the leafy sound
That sooth'd me when a child: when truant-like,
Of the dull chime that summon'd me afar
Nought heeding, by the river-wave I lay
Of Liberty enamour'd, and the Muse.
Fairest of rivers! I have seen the Rhine
Roll its blue waters wide, midst sunny vines,
Now flashing to the noon, now dark revolv'd
Midst forest glooms, while mould'ring abbey towers

And rocks, bow'd awful o'er the sullen flood;
Yet owns my heart thy pastoral imagery
Fairest of rivers! flowing calm and clear,
Midst thy green islets, while the swan divides
Thy silver wave, and the swift-gliding sail
Recedes in distance midst thy winding shores.
As yon grey turrets rest in trembling shade
On thy transparent depth, the days long past
Press on my fond remembrance; when averse
From sport, I wander'd on thy loneliest banks;
Where not a sound disturb'd the quiet air
But such as fitly blends with silentness;
The whispering sedge—the ripple of the stream—
Or birds faint note; and not a human trace,
Save of some hamlet spire, in woods immerst,
Spake to the sight of earth's inhabiters!
Then have I rush'd prone from the topmost bank,
And given my limbs to struggle with the stream,
And midst thy waters felt a keener life.
Healthful thy milky temperature of wave
Reviving Thames! associate with delight
Thy stream to thrilling fancy flows, when faint
I languish in the sun-blaze; and with thee
Ingenuous friendships, feats of liberty
That reck'd not harsh control, and gravely sweet
The toils of letter'd lore, and the kind smile
Of him, who even upbraiding could be kind,
On sooth'd remembrance throng. Some heaviness
Blends with my joyful spirit, as I pause,
To bid thee Thames farewell; the years of youth
Return no more; and sad Reflection sighs
To know that youthful gaiety of heart,
And youthful innocence, no more return.

CHARLES A. ELTON.

THE PRAISE OF SULPICIA,

ADDRESSED TO MARS UPON HIS CALENDS.

Occasioned by her being uncommonly ornamented in her dress.

FROM TIBULLUS.

BY F. N. C. MUNDY, ESQ.

GREAT Mars, Sulpicia deck'd in pomp appears!
To grace your festival that pomp she wears.
Come, (if you're wise), from heaven to view her charms;
Venus awhile will spare you from her arms,
But ah, beware while all amaz'd you stand,
Lest the spear fall inglorious from your hand.
When Love would make Immortal hearts his prize,
His flame he kindles at Sulpicia's eyes.
Her every act, her every motion trace;
Each act, each motion has a secret grace.
Graceful her locks, that careless flow behind;
Graceful alike in plaited braids confin'd.
How much she charms us in a snow-white dress!
Nor rob'd in purple does she charm us less.
Vertumnus thus, in heaven's supreme abode,
In thousand forms appears,—in each a God.
To her, whate'er the Tyrian arts supply
(The softest fleeces of the choicest dye)
Alone is due; let rich Arabia yield
To her the harvest of her spicy field.

Be hers the precious gems, and golden store,
The spoil of tawny India's eastern shore,
Her on this sacred day, ye muses praise;
To her thy sounding lyre bright Phœbus raise,
Long may her praises with this day be join'd;
A nobler theme than her ye cannot find.

1769.

INSCRIPTION FOR HIS OWN TOMB.

FROM THE GREEK OF LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

List all ye swains, whose thirsty flocks
In silence wander o'er these rocks,
And oh! let my sad spirit share
Your constant love, your tender care.
In parching summer's fervid heat
May your young lambs a requiem bleat;
Whilst on the rocks the shepherd swain
In mournful murmurs swells his strain.
To my lone shade in early spring
Ye pilgrims grateful offerings bring;
And o'er my solitary grave
With reverence pour the milky wave;
Then rifle every flow'ret's bloom,
To deck the turf that forms my tomb;
For think not that when life is fled,
No hopes or fears affect the dead;
E'en then their shades your care approve,
And own with gratitude your love.

REV. R. BLAND.

STANZAS.

While the madly raging nations
Rush on to furious fight,
I'll seek the silver moonbeam,
And wander by its light.
Beneath yon hanging ruin,
Where the screech-owl sits on high,
I'll forget the clangous trumpet,
And the shout of victory!

Vile is the field of slaughter,
And vile the trade of blood;
Hence! parasites and tyrants,
Ambition is *your* god!
To me the silent nightfall,
And curfew's soothing knell,
And sound of distant waters,
Delightful stories tell.

What time the chilling shadows
Creep o'er the dusky dale,
What time the distant mountain
Puts on his thickest veil,
What time the poet's phrenzy
Darts from his radiant eye,
I'll despise the clangous trumpet,
And the shout of victory!

Yet dare the sons of rapine
E'er seek my country's shore,
And peace with holy anthems
Delight my dale no more;
Oh, then, with every Briton,
To shield my home, I'll fly
To hail the clangous trumpet,
And the shout of victory!

London. W. A.

ODE

To the Juries who asserted the Constitutional Rights of the Subject, on the State Trials, in 1794.

Amidst a venal age,
Ye who have stemm'd corruption's torrent tide,
And, fir'd with noble rage,
Have curb'd injustice, and insulting pride:
The great, the good, the brave,
To you shall raise the tributary lay;
And even the titled slave,
Struck with a secret awe, unwilling homage pay.

Justice shall bless the hour,
With shouts of myriads, when your firm decree,
Unaw'd by lawless power,
Once more bade Albion's happy isle be free.
Now from her long repose
At length, behold Britannia's genius rise,
Triumphant o'er her foes,
To bless with all her charms, a nation's longing eyes.

See from her leaden throne
The fiend Imposture, with deep ruin hurl'd,
By mighty Truth o'erthrown,
The scorn and wonder of the admiring world:
See Truth with powerful ray
Through clouds of error and detraction rise,
And, bursting into day,
Holds his majestic course unwearied through the skies.
Still let the venal bard
To power his songs of gratulation pay,
And for his base reward
To deeds of war and havoc tune the lay.
The Muse, to Freedom dear,
To Freedom's sons the votive song shall raise,
And still with zeal sincere
Shall Independence fire, and Truth direct her lays.
Freedom, to thee we owe
All that adorns, or dignifies mankind;
From thy fair fountain flow
The purer spirit, and the nobler mind.
Long may that holy fire,
That warm'd a Hampden's or a Sidney's breast,
Britannia's sons inspire,
Ere yet fair Freedom sink, by Gothic force opprest.
Soon may her happy reign
Chase from the earth Oppression's monstrous brood,
And all the impious train
Of Anarchy, the fiend that thirsts for blood;
Soon, soon may discord cease;
Nor War, and Havoc, waste the affrighted plain;
But Freedom, join'd with Peace,
Wide o'er the peopled earth extend their blissful reign.

Cambridge. I.

EPISTLE

To Thomas Mansel Talbot, Esq. on his Travels in France, Switzerland, and Italy.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN WALTERS, A.B.

O Muse, or fancied power, whoe'er thou art,
Dear to the feelings of my faithful heart,
Who to th' autumnal grove and summer mead
My willing steps a thousand times hast led,
Blest in whose love I spent the careless day
While youth and time slid unperceiv'd away;
If bold at length a loftier task to dare,
Now to the lines of tented camps repair:
Tho' the artillery of each rampir'd wing
To thy scar'd thought unusual wonder bring,
And tho' the gleaming front alarm from far,
And all the dread habiliments of war;
Yet, gentle virgin, still thy care shall be,
Tho' far from peace they wander and from thee,
The mind of virtue and the soul sincere;
Nor fear to go, for Talbot meets thee there.
How rare, O Talbot, is thy lot, to live
Blest with each gift that bounteous heaven can give!
With fortune, health; with youth, a manly mind
By education's genuine lore refin'd!

That guardian genius, who thy conduct guides,
Smil'd on thy birth, and o'er thy life presides,
To Oxford's towers thy young impatience led,
And bound the wreath of science round thy head.
Soon came the wish that won thy willing heart,
To mark thro' Europe each politer art.
First to thy view fair France her charms display'd,
Her vales, her plains, her hills in vines array'd;
Her vine-clad hills, where Nature, smiling, pours
A gay profusion and exhaustless stores;
Her vine-clad hills, where every muse might sing,
And poets wanton in perennial spring.
Such were the scenes that charm'd thy amorous sight,
Those fields of joy, those gardens of delight!
Then peace and plenty whisper'd in the gales,
And stretch'd for Gallia's shore the friendly sails,
Then Britain's rocks o'erhung the stormy main,
And ev'n loud ocean roll'd betwixt in vain.
But lo, proud Power, more fierce, more dreadful far,
At length unlocks the brazen gates of war,
Yields to the steeds of Havoc's car the reins,
And giant Horror, fatal fiend! unchains,
Whose thirsting vengeance in this dark sojourn
For five long lustrums heaven had doom'd to mourn:
The fatal fiend in thunders rushes forth
Fierce as the tempests of his native north,
Climbs the tall cliffs, and waves with horrid hand
His black broad banner o'er the bleeding strand,
The angry beacon fires, with silent dread
Beheld far-blazing on the mountain's head,
Th' expanded bosom of the deep deforms,
Roars in each surge, and swells the sounding storms.
Commerce and Science, hapless maids! no more
Mount the swift bark, and sail from shore to shore:

They seek their ports; alas, in vain! for there
Dwells death with war, and famine with despair:
Their towns they seek; but there with sad surprise
They mark the towering battlements arise:
Last to their fields, with hopes of peace, they fly,
Till camps and castles strike th' astonish'd eye;
There for the woodland shade and chrystal flood,
They mark the groves of steel, and streams of blood:
The Harmonies unstring their useless lyres,
And Art's fair empire o'er the realms expires.
  But, O my strains, to milder themes return,
Not yet the flaming tides of battle burn;
In gentler, happier scenes, while yet we may,
Awhile forget the dangers of the day,
Each boast, each beauty of the Gallic shore
With curious search, while yet we may, explore.
  Soon to thy sight majestic Paris rose,
Where Seine, Burgundian stream, triumphant flows:
Serenely smiling at his sacred side
See Science, tended by the Arts, reside!
Then 'twas thy care a people to survey,
Ingenious, courtly, volatile, and gay:
Theirs is the land, where youthful Fashion strays,
Where Luxury her silken pride displays,
Where Pleasure reigns,—but Freedom is not found,
The plant that only blooms on British ground:
Plant of celestial growth what honours thine—
Thy flowers immortal, and thy root divine!
  But hence we haste to seek the wintry plains,
The land of old Helvetia's hardy swains,
Whose arms the Julian legions long withstood,
And bath'd the chains, that Rome had forg'd, in blood.
They ne'er, with hands in kindred wounds imbrued,
Th' imperial eagle's dreadful track pursued

O'er heaps of dead, with whom they once were free,
(Sad reliques of expiring liberty!)
But still the smiles that Cæsar's brow display'd,
With sullen frowning majesty repay'd.
Like them, their rough descendants, fam'd in arms,
Whom the same soul of dauntless valour warms,
Still to the charge advance with martial rage,
But, ah! no more in freedom's fields engage:
Intent no more their country's rights to save,
With palms inglorious crown'd, and meanly brave,
From their own Alps and native mountains far,
They wake the rage of mercenary war,
And bend, as onward sweeps their Pyrrhic dance,
The Corsic neck beneath the yoke of France.
Guide of their march, Ambition lifts her eye,
And waves her glittering oriflamb on high.
Meanwhile the faithless Gaul with proud command,
Invades the rights of sinking Switzerland;
Ill-fated realm! adorn'd by freedom's reign,
By courage arm'd, by nature fenc'd, in vain!
To vanquish Rome, with conquest's nobler claim,
O'er your rude rocks the son of Carthage came.
But baser Bourbon's avarice of sway,
That stoops with false protection to betray,
With fraudful arts, and vengeance more severe,
Halts on the rock, and plants her standard there.
At length must Rome th' instructive tour complete,
The seat of arts, of empire once the seat.
Hail, lov'd Italia: on thy classic ground
Still, nurs'd by peace, the liberal arts abound.
Here Architecture's regal roofs arise,
And taller temples meet their kindred skies.
Here Music breathes her heavenly airs around,
While Painting lives, and listens to the sound,

But say, doth life inspire that ancient band,
Or the bold fancy of the sculptor's hand?
See Jove and thunder shake the Olympian throne,
Soft Venus smile, and stern Alcides frown;
See where young Ammon storms proud Persia's walls,
And, great in death, unconquer'd Julius falls!
Tho' from false fame their forms ideal sprung,
In dreams created, and in fable sung,
Or to the silence of the tomb convey'd
Their mortal frames in dust are long decay'd;
Here still the lasting lineaments we trace,
Nor can the waste of time, the immortal traits deface,
But oh, my faint unequal lays despair
To speak the praise of Italy the fair:
Those vales where fam'd Florentian Arno flows,
Those groves and plains of plenty and repose,
Whose rich perfumes ambrosial scents diffuse,
Whose fruits nectareous flame with golden hues!
Such are the scenes that Europe's garden yields,
Rival of old Elysium's fabled fields.
Smit with surprise, behold the painter stand,
And his true pencil fail the master's hand!
The chisel oft its patient stroke suspend,
While Art and Nature, rival queens, contend!
Music awhile in wond'rous magic bound
Forgets her power of soul-enchanting sound:
But soon, impatient to be silent long,
Declares her transport in a flood of song,
With louder voice resumes her siren strains,
And joins the general chorus of the plains.
And yet, O Talbot, may their charms no more
Withdraw thine eye from Albion's peaceful shore;
No more detain thee from thy native isle,
Blest with thy country's fond, maternal smile,

For thee the nymphs of Cambria's vales shall bring
The fruits of Autumn and the flowers of Spring,
For thee the vine adorn each green alcove,
For thee the orange blush in Margam's breathing grove.
Here shalt thou find the plants exotic rise
Whose vernal bloom with soft Italia vies,
Shalt find, if truth their rival charms compare,
Hills, vales, and groves, and gardens full as fair.
Yon hill, these groves, this garden's cool cascade,
Where erst in youth thy fond affection stray'd,
Of thy long absence from their shades complain,
And court thee to their solitudes again:
Return (they seem with silent voice to say),
Protract no longer thy unkind delay;
Leave the gay courts of Paris and of Rome,
And bring their taste, their arts, and learning home.
If still thy long-reluctant heart refuse,
Deaf to the voice of no unpartial muse,
Lo, soft Compassion woos thee to her arms,
And sore Distress thy pitying breast alarms;
Distress, that weeps, and points to yonder plain,
Oft heard by thee, but never heard in vain:
See, to their sheds the trembling peasants fly,
Black thunders roll tempestuous o'er the sky!
See, from the clouds th' impetuous floods descend;
In vain the walls and faithless roofs defend;
Th' unsparing deluge sweeps the ruin'd plain,
And wafts their lost possessions to the main:
On whom shall they now fix their gloomy eyes?
On thee—the grateful multitude replies.
Thy sires in senates and in fields renown'd,
With olive wreaths and war-won laurels crown'd,
True to their prince, and champions of the laws,
They fought and conquer'd in their country's cause;

Oft round their warrior lords the hardy swains
Took arms, and march'd embattled on the plains;
For still, at liberty's inspiring call,
A train of heroes pour'd from Margam's hall,
Now, all alone, all silent in the grave
Repose the good, the eloquent, the brave:
Their fame, their worth, their memory Time invades,
And Fate surrounds them with her tenfold shades.
From the dark vault, where each great Mansel lies
On thee we turn our all-expecting eyes;
Thee from their tombs the sacred dead implore
Their steps to follow, and their fame restore.
Hard is the task (a task for few design'd),
But heaven hath blest thee with a noble mind:
A mind that prompts the generous tear to flow,
And melting feels the pang of kindred woe;
That sacred deems the bounds of right and wrong,
And with abhorrence shuns the guilty throng;
That knows with hate demerit to pursue,
And glories to reward, whene'er rewards are due.
To thee hath heaven the sacred task consign'd,
To introduce the arts that bless mankind,
To seat the liberal arts on Cambria's shore,
The arts, to Cambria little known before.
Led by thy hand, majestic Sculpture deigns
To leave the Tuscan for Glamorgan's plains:
See, Architecture's graceful form appears,
And all the desart with her presence cheers!
The gothic glooms her near approaches flee,
And leave the shades to science and to thee.
Whate'er thy lot assign'd by partial fate,
Fix'd in a public or a private state;
To gain in senates well deserv'd applause,
And rise a patriot in thy country's cause;

To lead, if Britain call, and George command,
In future fields thy brave domestic band;
Or the dear blessings of a social life,
A blooming offspring and a tender wife:
Whate'er thy purpose, in whate'er degree,
Still virtuous fame shall thy great object be.
So may the Powers, propitious, ever shed
Their choicest, noblest influence on thy head:
So shall thy brows with palms of peace be crown'd,
So shalt thou live—lov'd, honor'd, and renown d.

EPITAPH.

ON HERACLITUS, AN ELEGIAC POET.

FROM THE GREEK OF CALLIMACHUS.

And art thou gone, O friend belov'd?
Hence heaves this sigh, hence flows this tear,
And hence by sad remembrance mov'd
I love to linger at thy bier.

For still by Memory's faithful ray
Those scenes of childhood cheer my breast,
Where we have view'd the parting day
And watch'd the weary sun to rest.

Thou'rt gone, but still around thy tomb
Unhurt by death's relentless sway,
Thy tuneful songsters cheer the gloom,
And pour the tributary lay.

REV. R. BLAND.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Pro patria pugnare, homine libero dignissimum; vincere, felicius, mori autem, honor, gloria, triumphus.

Shout o'er the warrior's grave!
Shed no tear o'er him!—soldiers! there,
Pile the plum'd helm, and banner'd spear,
In honour of the brave:
He gain'd his crown;—he fought and won,
His fame was full; the warrior's gone,
He earn'd a glorious grave!

Spent with famine, worn with toil,
Struggling o'er Spain's devoted soil,
Fighting his desperate way,
Thro' many a desart wide and wild,
Mountain on mountain endless pil'd,
He led his bold array.

Forc'd with a chief's unshrinking eye,
To see his silent heroes die,
Far from their native shore;
Without a human sigh to part
The gallant brothers of his heart,
Never to see them more!

Burning with thwarted power and pride,
In many a deed of murder dyed,
  Her hosts tho' Gallia pour;
Rolling, like tempest, surge on surge,
Tho' rushing thousands, thousands urge
  To whelm the Briton o'er;

Where dark and thick the battle glows,
Where the blood in torrents flows,
  The steady leader stands:
Column and line, and squadron deep,
Swelling the slaughter, heap on heap,
  Before the British bands.

Where the red artillery flashing,
Bayonet against bayonet clashing,
  Horse and horseman, plung'd in gore,
Crushing in the mortal strife,
Struggling for the parting life,
  Deepest swell the battle-roar;

Where the fiery-volum'd cloud,
Broadest hangs its sulphurous shroud,
  He spurs his charger on:
His soul on flame;—his parting cry,
"Death, Death, or glorious victory!"
  His fame was full!—he's gone!

Britons! weep not, tho' his head
Cold on the crimson earth is laid;
  Th' unconquerable will,
Th' immortal mind, shall hover o'er
The standard that he led before,
  And love and lead it still.

Weep not! tho' a corpse he lies,
Heroes like himself shall rise,
On Britain's eye again;
Rous'd by his deeds to marshal on,
To future fields of proud renown,
Our gallant British men.

Bold companions of his fame!
Think of your chieftain's deathless name,
And learn of him to die:
Like him in glory's high career,
Your country's trophied banner rear,
And fall in victory.

Bold companions of his grave!
Your country's richest wreath shall wave,
In pride and sorrow o'er your tomb;
And the sad infant on the knee,
Shall lisp the dear-bought victory,
In ages yet to come.

MEMORIA.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF HESIOD,

FROM THE GREEK OF ASCLEPIADES.

SWEET bard of Ascra! on thy youthful head
The Muses erst their laurel branches spread,
When on the rugged summit of the rocks
They saw thee laid amongst thy sultry flocks:
E'en then to thee, o'er fair Castalia's wave
Their sacred pow'rs unbounded empire gave;
By this inspir'd thy genius soar'd on high,
And rang'd the boundless azure of the sky,
With joy transported view'd the blest abodes,
And sang the ecstatic raptures of the gods.

REV. R. BLAND.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF EDWIN.

Composed in a Grove.

BY W. CASE, JUN.

A PENSIVE strain be thine, sweet lyre!
Awhile the frolic lay forego—
Notes, that young pleasure's throng admire,
Would ill befit a theme of woe.

O let each wildly warbling chord
To sorrow's softest tones give birth,
For he, whom pity would record,
Lies pillow'd on the lap of earth!

Departed soul! than whom more dear
None hath this woe-fraught bosom known,
May'st thou the dirge of friendship hear,
And claim the tribute for thine own!

Claim it by that congenial love,
Which prompted erst our daily theme,
By all the joys 'twas ours to prove
Amid the shades of ACADEME.

By all the hopes, that fancy's power
Gave in our youthful hearts to beat,
That vision'd ev'ry future hour
Blest, and as heavenly moments sweet.

Invidious time! ah why so soon
Those dear enchanting spells destroy!
Ah why withhold so small a boon—
To revel in ideal joy!

As now these arching branches stirr'd,
Swept by the spirit of the breeze,
My EDWIN's voice methought I heard,
Soft whispering through the quivering trees.

To him, at dawnlight, once 'twas sweet
Among these winding glades to stray,
Here would he shun the noontide heat,
Or mark the tints of closing day.

And striking oft his sylvan shell,
Here would he breathe the soul of song;
Then listening to the notes' deep swell,
Ne'er deem'd the summer hours too long.

Welcome thou grove's thick waving gloom!
For EDWIN's sake I hold thee dear,
Here will I weep his hapless doom,
And raise a fond memento here.

Here oft affection shall be seen
To ponder o'er his rustic shrine,
Whilst many a leaf of saddest green
Around the lowly base shall twine.

And many a flower of fairest hue
Shall bloom upon the hallow'd earth,
The primrose, harebell, violet blue,
And snowdrop, type of modest worth;

For he, sweet flowers! your every tribe,
That sips of Heaven's ambrosial dew,
Oft, (O how fondly) would describe;
He well your every beauty knew.

Thou too, fair Naiad of yon stream!
Still pour thy limpid waters near;
Their murmur (so would fancy deem)
Will soothe each passing mourner's ear.

For me, alas! my steps must dwell
Amid the venal crowd unblest;—
Farewel, my lyre! awhile farewel!
Let sorrow hush thy strings to rest.

1801.

RONDEAU.

That Love has wings, we oft are told,
By present poets, and by old:
Yet sure we need no fabling poet—
Oh! no—nor e'en a ghost, to know it.
When to his fair the lover flies,
To plead his suit with melting sighs;
We wonder at his breathless speed,
And own, to win his wish'd-for meed,
That Love has wings.

But when, to his impassion'd arms,
The simple maid resigns her charms;
She finds, too, 'mid suspicious fears,
'Mid damning proofs, and sighs and tears,
And moans her false one never hears,
That Love *has* wings.

AUSONIANUS.

A CHARACTER*.

See next on the scene brainless Atall advance,
With a grin on his face, and a walk like a dance!
Of wise men the scorn, but of puppies the king,
A strange, a non-descript, hermaphrodite thing,
Part painter, part scribbler, part soldier, he comes
With pencil and pallet, with goose-quills, with drums!
To monopolize praise the poor elf how he strives;
And aiming at all, to be nothing contrives.
O Atall wer't not that I very well know,
You're to reason, alas! such a desperate foe,
That your head in its make has so much of the log,
All good council to you, is a pearl to a hog,
I'd tell you your vanity's whispers to hush,
Nor thus on disgrace with blind ardour to rush.
Your pencil resign; for the figures you draw
Are such as no mortal or devil e'er saw:
They seem meant, by grimace and contortion most wild,
To terrify children and women with child.
Your scribbling give o'er; nor e'er scribble again,
'Till sense and good English can flow from your pen;
For each sentence you write all your readers confounds,
And inflicts on poor Priscian unmerciful wounds.
But if, labouring under some spell or some curse,
Your bosom a favourite folly must nurse,
Then scribble, or paint; be of coxcombs the lord;
Do any thing, Atall, but carry a sword.

* This was originally intended to form part of a satire called The Magic Lantern.

For sad would it be, when along our white shores *
The storm of the battle tremendously roars,
If to arms weak as thine the high cause we should trust,
The cause of the fair, and the wise, and the just:
Heart-sick at the thought, Freedom smothers a sigh,
And fears from her ancient abode she must fly.
'Tis no time for such beings as Captain Parolles,
Things with sinews unstrung, and with finical souls;
Not powder'd and plum'd beau-commanders can save
From the Corsican's malice the Queen of the wave;
No! all steel must the arm be, all fire be the heart,
That takes in the terrible contest a part.
Then once more, though my accents may not be deem'd sweet,
My former advice I must loudly repeat—
Still scribble; still paint; be of coxcombs the lord;
Do any thing, ATALL, but carry a sword.

R. A. D.

EPIGRAM

ON THE TWO STATUES ERECTED ON THE NEW COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

WITH steady mien, unalter'd eye,
The Muses mount the pile,
Melpomene disdains to cry,
Thalia scorns to smile.

Pieria's spring when moderns quaff,
'Tis plainly meant to show
That Comedy provokes no laugh,
And Tragedy no woe!

J.

* This was written at a period when an invasion was expected.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT *.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

THE Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelp'd by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not:
Only that film †, which flutter'd on the grate,

* This poem, which was first published with "Fears in Solitude," and "France an Ode," has been since enlarged and corrected, and with the other poems, is now inserted in the Poetical Register, by the kind permission of Mr. Coleridge.

† *Only that film.* In all parts of the kingdom, these films are called *strangers*, and supposed to portend the arrival of some absent friend.

Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me, who live,
Making it a companionable form,
With which I can hold commune: haply hence,
That still the living spirit in our frame,
Which loves not to behold a lifeless thing,
Transfuses into all things its own Will,
And its own pleasures; sometimes with deep faith,
And sometimes with a wilful playfulness,
That stealing pardon from our common sense
Smiles, as self-scornful, to disarm the scorn
For these wild reliques of our childish Thought,
That flit about, oft go, and oft return
Not uninvited. Ah there was a time,
When oft, amused by no such subtle toys
Of the self-watching Mind, a child at school,
With most believing superstitious wish
Presageful have I gaz'd upon the bars,
To watch the *stranger* there! and oft belike,
With unclos'd lids, already have I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirr'd and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear,
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gaz'd I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lull'd me to sleep, and sleep prolong'd my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Aw'd by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fix'd with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half-open'd, and I snatch'd
A hasty glance, and still my heart leapt up,

For still I hop'd to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more belov'd,
My playmate when we both were cloth'd alike!
Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this dead calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it fills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think, that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander, like a breeze,
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreasts sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw: whether the eve-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast;
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

PROPOSED INSCRIPTION

FOR THE MONUMENT OF LORD NELSON.

TO BE ERECTED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ENGLAND, thy sons beneath this solemn dome
In mournful triumph pil'd their Nelson's tomb;
Groans from assembled thousands here arose,
And a whole nation hymn'd him to repose.
Fall'n on those times, when torn by Rapine's lust
Pale Europe wept her honours in the dust,
First of the brave he mingled in the strife,
And for his country's freedom gave his life.
Not this his monument—the seas that roll
From Nile's hot region to each freezing pole,
The dread of foes who crouch'd beneath his power,
The tears of friends that grac'd his dying hour,
Navies that fled the terrors of his name
And nations sav'd, the glorious chief proclaim.
Here first the musing Briton shall aspire
To patriot deeds, and emulate his fire;
The storm of seas and battles wish to brave,
And catch a kindred virtue from his grave.

AVRAN.

THE MEETING.

BY MR. P. GENT.

Ah! Susan, dear Susan! again I behold thee,
Thy beauties as blooming as nature can form;
Ah! Susan, dear Susan! again I enfold thee,
Thy cheeks still as rosy, thy lips still as warm,

As when erst in the days of our childhood we gambol'd,
And thought not of love, though we tasted its bliss,
While as thro' the green woodlands together we rambled,
Each look was a smile, and each word was a kiss.

And Susan, dear Susan! art thou still the same then?
The same that in *those* days of pleasure I knew?
No longer be constancy deem'd but a name then,
Since the heart of my Susan continues so true!

And didst thou despise all the offers of splendor?
Had titles or wealth no enchantment for thee?
And was it to *Love* thou wouldst only surrender?
And didst thou surrender to *that*, but for me?

Affection, then, let the world treat with derision,
Let them treat as ideal what they never felt,
Or let dreamers imagine that love is a vision,
Which lives but the night and with morning will melt.

But no fancies like these cast a gloom on our truth, love,
I fondest of husbands, thou fairest of wives,
For the sun that shone bright on the dawn of our youth, love,
Will still shine as bright on the eve of our lives!

P. G.

DOMESTIC MUSINGS.

Chide not his peace, proud reason; nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

CAMPBELL.

My own beloved! with exceeding hope
I do desire the moment, that awaits
Our tranquil presence in that rural home;
There did thine eye beam pleasure, as it rov'd
Beneath the towering elm-shade, and imbibed
Refreshing greenness from the grassy lawn.
The stir and turmoil of the world have weighed
Heavily on my spirit: I have sigh'd
In solitude; have sighed to breathe the gale
Of freedom; canopied by some green oak
While at the shady hill crag's verdant foot
Gemm'd by the sun, the brooklet sparkling play'd,
Tranced have I thrown my limbs, and seem'd to muse,
The pensive page, or meditate the lay,

Midst crowded haunts of artificial life
Has nature pour'd her verdure on my view,
Her sunshine on my soul: has fancy wreath'd
The cottage-portal with her woodbine bower.
And now at length, the bliss of certain hope
Preys on my thought, like some unquiet thing;
Nor seldom when my realizing glance
In eagerness of its presagings, darts
O'er the dim future, do I feel a glow
As of predestin'd joy; beholding him
In whom again I live; child of my youth
He shall not, midst the smoak of cities draw
Polluted breath; but yon dilated heaven
Wrap every sense in balm: his foot shall climb
The mountain, and shall print the ocean-shore;
His ear shall drink the melodies of birds,
And flocks; of winds, and rills, and whispering boughs;
His eye shall gaze the sunset's ruddy light
And grow enamour'd of the gliding moon:
And thus to him shall solitude become
A season of all pleasantness; and thoughts
Of virtue steal thro' beauty on his heart:
And he shall bear within himself a spell
To sooth each grief and every bliss refine;
A nameless and inseparable charm
Of lonely joy.
Beloved! dear art thou!
Yet for this precious pledge O doubly dear!
Hence do our nature's intricately blend,
And in each other and in him we feel
One vital impulse; nay, it seems we feel
One consciousness of being; dear thou art,
But doubly dear for this thy pledge of love.

CHARLES A. ELTON.

ADDRESS

FOR THE MAGDALEN ASYLUM.

Ye whose light hearts no early cares have wrung,
The rich, the great, the happy, and the young;
Ye whom no sighs have reach'd, no sorrows taught
On Life's dark shades to turn the sadden'd thought;
Let Folly pause!—far other sighs than those
That airy Fiction feigns o'er mimic woes,
In real Calamity's severer name
Now plead for pity with a truer claim.
Let Youth's gay heart th' impressive lesson learn,
O'er fallen Humanity to pause and mourn,
And heal with Mercy's sympathetic tear
Woes, how transcendent! anguish, how severe!
No conscious pride, the solemn claim avows,
For awful Virtue veils her blushing brows!
No finer feeling's elevating glow
Sublimes to heaven the sacredness of woe!
Above, around, the clouds of terror roll,
For Guilt is here—the scorpion of the soul;—
And shall no ray the tenfold night illume,
And pour the day-spring on the deepening gloom?
To mortal hands is godlike power assign'd
To chase the agonies that rend the mind,
Once more redeem to virtue's lost control,
And wash from moral stains the tainted soul!
Shall mortal hands th' exalted power resign
That links created nature to divine!

Heaven's own prerogative! the glorious boast,
"To seek, to shelter, and to save the lost."
No! while exultant tears spontaneous start,
Burst the warm accents from each swelling heart—
Let meaner hopes in fading triumphs shine
Be this immortal glory—be it mine!

Edinburgh.

HYMN TO HEALTH.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARIPHRON.

Health, brightest visitant from Heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest;
For the short term by nature given
Be thou my constant guest:
For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er attends on royal state,
That makes men covet to be great,

Whatever sweets we hope to find
In Love's delightful snares,
Whatever good by heaven assign'd,
Whatever pause from cares,
All flourish at thy smile divine,
The spring of loveliness is thine,
And every joy that warms our hearts
With thee approaches, and departs.

REV. R. BLAND.

THE BATTLE OF BAYLEN.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

ROLL, *Andugar* *, roll thy flood,
Died, of old, with Moorish blood!
Swell thy tide!
Flow with pride!
How for ever fam'd in story:
Lo! again thy banks are spread
With our foes:—the vanquish'd dead
Weltering lie all pale and gory.

Umbla † saw, in strange affright,
By the moon's uncertain light,
In thy stream
Helmets gleam;
Baylen heard the tempest rattle:
Horse to horse, and man to man,
Ere the dawn, the charge began,
To the brazen roar of battle.

* Andugar, a winding river which passes through the city of the same name, and near to Baylen.
† Umbla, a commanding eminence near the scene of action.

As the wintry torrent sweeps
Down *Morena's* ravaged steeps;
Rush'd the foe,
To overthrow,
SPAIN the bulwarks of thy glory:
As old *Calpé* braves the flood,
Our unshaken phalanx stood;
Brothers, sons, and fathers hoary.

Xempoalla, with the shock,
Felt her vine-clad summits rock.
Gueva's vale,
Hill and dale,
Trembled with the mighty motion:
Guadalquiver's current fled
Swiftly from her troubled bed,
Foaming like the angry ocean.

Falchion, pike, and bayonet,
Smote, and pierc'd, and clashing met.
On the plain,
Strew'd with slain,
Charg'd with Fate's avenging power,
Thro' the fleeting shades of night,
Flash'd the vollied blaze of light,
Fell, like hail, the deadly shower.

O'er groves, and fields, and mountains blue,
On rosy pinions morning flew.
Broad and bright
Stream'd the light,
The golden face of day unveiling:
In darkness still the conflict lay;
The dismal war-field's grim array,
The sullen shade of death concealing.

Their whirlwind rage, five times we stood,
And stemm'd the whelming battle-flood.
Still amain,
O'er the plain,
Roll'd the hostile peals of thunder.
Afar the wild bull cowering fled;
And man and steed recoil'd in dread;
Earth shook, and rifted rocks asunder.

Long and bloody was the strife.
Trumpet, drum, and shrilling fife,
Groans and cries,
Pierc'd the skies;
Pealing Cannon swell'd the chorus.
Raging, like a stream of fire,
Burst our old *Iberian* ire,
Fast consuming all before us.

Weep, ye hapless maids of Gaul!
Weep your absent lovers' fall!
In despair
Rend your hair!
Weep beside your willowy fountains!
Wan, beneath the frowning sky,
Gash'd with wounds, they vanquish'd lie,
On our Andalusian mountains.

The wolf, at midnight, laps their blood,
Their limbs shall glut the eagles brood;
Tyrant! haste
To the feast.
Erect thy crest: be bloodier, bolder!
Behold thy conquest! claim thy spoil!
Thy heroes *shall possess our soil:*
Yes,—*there they shall unburied moulder.*

1808.

SONG OF ORPHEUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

Oh King of Ghosts! at Love's alarms,
Behold a wretch his sorrows pour:
Dread Pluto, to these widow'd arms
My lov'd Eurydice restore:
Hark! while I paint my soul's distress,
My harp's sad notes responsive move,
Oh let your cruel heart confess
The power of music and of love!

From Afric's sands to Asian shores
Mortals adore on bended knee:
The god of war my aid implores,
And Cupid steals new charms from me.
My lyre now swells the trumpet's note
Loud as the thunder from above;
And now its strains melodious float,
And tell of music and of love!

Oh joy! the monarch grants my prayer,
'Tis she—I clasp her in my arms!
Music revives my sleeping fair,
And animates her faded charms.
Away! my lovely bride away,
The Muses hail thee from above,
And sing in jocund roundelay,
The power of music and of love.

J.

CANZONET

From the Italian of Francesco del Teglia, on a nosegay of Jonquils, in the bosom of his Mistress.

CARE SOAVE FIGLIA, &c.

FLOWERS of the sun, whose parent care
Your golden lustre has bestow'd,
O say, did Cupid place you there,
To guard from harm his lov'd abode?

If so, watch well her gentle heart;
The approach of cold disdain dispel;
Nor let soft pity e'er depart
The shrine where she delights to dwell.

Beam forth, while in that bosom worn,
The brightest gems of all the field;
Those which Aurora's brows adorn,
To your transcendent glow must yield.

Nature, when she endow'd my fair,
From each gay flower some sweetness drew;
She gave to Sylvia's waving hair
Your fragrance and your golden hue.

Ah see! she smiles to view your bloom;
(As heaves her snowy breast the while)
Waft grateful then your glad perfume,
Blest flowers! for 'tis an angel's smile.

Reviving in her balmy breath,
  Sunn'd by the radiance of her eye,
There flourish long, nor fear your death—
  Such death 'tis even bliss to die.

Tell her, when other charms expire,
  Your orient tints remain the same,
And say, surviving life's last fire,
  That thus shall live her lover's flame.

V.

Criticisms.

POETRY.

EPIC AND HEROIC POEMS.

Marmion; a Tale of Flodden Field. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. pp. 503.

It is not often that an author, who has gained general applause in a first attempt, is equally successful in a second. Mr. Scott, however, continues his poetical flight with an untired wing. Marmion is certainly, on the whole, not inferior to the Lay of the Last Minstrel. In some parts it is superior. Than the battle scene it would be difficult to find any thing finer in the great body of modern poetry. Innumerable other passages also are distinguished by energy and beauty. One thing must be objected to Mr. Scott, namely, that his hero, De Wilton, is thrown completely into the shade by the superior splendour of Marmion, whom, wicked as he is, the reader is compelled to admire for his undaunted spirit, and the patriotic heroism of his expiring moments.

The Exodiad, a Poem. By the Authors of Calvary and Richard the First. Part II. 4to. pp. 201.

THE character, which, in our last volume, we gave of the first part of the Exodiad, is strictly applicable to the second part. It contains many fine passages; it proves the authors to be men of no mean talents; but it tires the reader. Extracts from it may be read with pleasure more than once, but we are convinced that no person will ever peruse over again the whole of the poem.

The Fall of Cambria, a Poem. By Joseph Cottle. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 531.

MR. COTTLE, though he cannot be ranked among the great writers of Epic or Heroic poetry, may fairly be placed in the same class with Wilkie and Glover. The Fall of Cambria is a poem which is honourable to his talents. It contains much fine and animated sentiment and description, and the characters are drawn with skill, and sustained with considerable effect.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

The Poetical Works of the late Christopher Anstey, Esq. with some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by his Son, John Anstey, Esq. 4to. pp. 563.

THE poetical merits of the late Mr. Anstey are so well known that it is quite unnecessary for us to touch

upon them. Were we to say that he was one of the most polished and most witty of our writers, we should say no more than the truth, but we should say nothing with which every body has not long been acquainted. This edition of his works is elegant and complete, and the life is written with much taste, neatness of style, and filial affection.

The Pastoral, or, Lyric Muse of Scotland: in three Cantos. By Hector Macneill, Esq. 4to. pp. 68.

THE general complaint which we have to make against authors is, that they write too much. But our complaint against Mr. Macneill is of an opposite description; it is that he writes too little. By his present production, he has added another leaf to his poetical wreath. The Pastoral or Lyric Muse of Scotland is an excellent poem. The sentiments are animated, the language is elegant, and the versification is free and melodious.

Blackheath, a Poem in five Cantos; Lumena, or the Ancient British Battle; and various other Poems, including a Translation of the first Book of the Argonautica of C. Valerius Flaccus. By T. Noble. 4to. pp. 383.

BLACKHEATH is a descriptive poem of high merit. The topics are selected and arranged with judgment, and described with picturesque effect, in good blank verse. Lumena is an animated composition, and the remaining poems are all entitled to a respectable share of praise. The translation of the first book of Valerius Flaccus induces us to wish that Mr. Noble may be en-

couraged to make English readers acquainted with the whole. He is fully competent to the performance of such a task.

The Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius. In Continuation of the Poem left unfinished by Dr. Beattie. Book the Third. 4to. pp. 31.

If the anonymous author of this Canto should complete his task, there will be little reason to regret that The Minstrel was left unfinished by Dr. Beattie. In beauty of thought and language, in all that constitutes the Poet, we do not think him inferior to his Predecessor. After this, it is scarcely necessary to say that we warmly recommend this continuation of the Minstrel to the notice of our readers.

Poems, by Felicia Dorothea Browne. 4to. pp. 111.

Much poetry is not to be expected in poems, written, as these were, between the ages of eight and thirteen. It is sufficient if such productions give promise of something better in future; that promise we think is given by Miss Brown's verses. They are pretty, and not devoid of poetical ideas. We recommend to the fair authoress to form her taste upon the best models, and to beware of being too easily satisfied with her own compositions.

The Remains of Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, late of St. John's College, Cambridge: with an Account of his Life. By Robert Southey. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 661.

"To scorn delights and live laborious days," for the purpose of acquiring an honourable fame, was the

noble resolution of Kirke White; but, alas! in the bloom of his youth,

> "Came the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slit the thin-spun life."—

We may, however, justly add "But not the praise!" The compositions of Kirke White will preserve his memory from oblivion. They give him a legitimate claim to the title of a poet. Had he lived, much might have been expected from his matured genius. The life, by Mr. Southey, cannot fail to obtain for its author the respect and affection of all who read it. Nothing can be more amiable than the warmth and tenderness which Mr. Southey displays in doing justice to departed worth.

Poems, by Charles James, Author of the Military Dictionary, Regimental Companion, &c. &c. in Two Volumes. Third Edition, with Additions. 8vo. pp. 550.

MAJOR JAMES seems to be one of the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease." We have somewhere seen an old Epigram, which says

> "You write with ease, to show your breeding,
> But easy writing's d—d hard reading."

To the justice of the Epigram we can bear testimony. We have found the reading of these volumes a hard task. There is in them nothing new, brilliant, or elegant. All is tame and tiresome. It was impolitic in the Author to add to his volumes some poems by the late Mr. Bedingfield. Those poems make his own appear worse by contrast.

A Day in Spring, and other Poems. By Richard Westall, Esq. R. A. 8vo. pp. 234.

GENIUS itself frequently fails when it attempts to shine at once in various ways. Cicero, transcendent as an orator, rendered himself ridiculous as a poet. Mr. Westall, however, who holds an elevated rank as a painter, will not be despised as a bard. His volume proves that he can strike the lyre with grace and animation. He has a correct taste and a poetical spirit.

The Cruize; a Poetical Sketch, in eight Cantos. By a Naval Officer. 8vo. pp. 472.

THIS large volume contains, we imagine, nearly fifteen thousand lines, among all which there is scarcely a single line which we can call poetry. The metre and the rhyme, are frequently detestable. Yet, in spite of these faults, the volume is amusing. It is a minute and perfect picture of a naval life, such as could only be drawn by a close and accurate observer. There are some passages which lead us to think that the author might write better, if he would take greater care.

The Resurrection, a Poem. By John Stewart, Esq. Author of "the Pleasures of Love." Small 8vo. pp. 253.

IN our last volume, we were compelled to blame Mr. Stewart, for imitating the brilliant but vicious style of Dr. Darwin. We are not now under the same necessity; or, at least, we need blame with little severity. Mr. Stewart has nearly got rid of all his Darwinian

peculiarities. When we have censured a few awkward or affected epithets and expressions, and a very few feeble or ill-constructed lines, we have done all that our duty calls upon us to do in the way of censure. There then remains only the pleasing task of saying that The Resurrection is a poem of more than common merit, and that we hope its Author will pursue with spirit his poetical career.

The Plants, a Poem; Cantos the First and Second; with Notes, and occasional Poems. By William Tighe, Esq. 8vo. pp. 156.

In the leading poem of this volume, there are many elegant and pleasing passages. The language is good, and the blank verse is well constructed. We hope the author will publish the concluding Cantos. The smaller poems are not unworthy of approbation.

Fragments, in Prose and Verse. By a Young Lady, lately deceased, with some Account of her Life and Character, by the Author of "Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity." Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 219.

Miss E. Smith, the author of these Fragments, was a female of uncommon talents and acquirements. She was mistress of almost all the ancient and modern languages, and of all the elegant arts. To crown the whole she was unaffected, amiable, and truly pious. She died young, and her death may be considered as a heavy loss to literature and society. Her poems, which are the only compositions in her volume that come under our cognisance, are written in a pure

taste, and with true poetic spirit. Mr. Bowles, in some lines to her memory, has justly observed that it was her's,

"To look on Nature with a Poet's glance."

The Renovation of India, a Poem, with the Prophecy of Ganges, an Ode. Crown 8vo. pp. 121.

THE author of this anonymous volume may, with a just consciousness of his own abilities, exclaim "I, too, am a Poet!" Why he should conceal his name it is not easy to imagine. "The Renovation of India" is in blank verse; not that disgusting sort which is merely prose cut into lengths, but blank verse full of melody and spirit. The thoughts and diction are not less happy than the versification. The introductory Address and the paraphrase of the Latin Ode, are likewise honourable to the talents of the Author. These poems were written for the prizes offered by Dr. Buchanan, of which prizes, however, no award has yet been made.

Bidcombe Hill, with other Rural Poems, by the Rev. Francis Skurray, A. M. Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. pp. 153.

BIDCOMBE HILL contains some good thoughts and lines. As a whole, nevertheless, it is not above mediocrity. It wants vigour, and the verse, which is blank verse, is not good. The other poems are in general but indifferent. Two or three of them, however, may be read with pleasure.

Edwy and Elgiva, and Sir Everard; two Tales, by the Rev. Robert Bland. Small 8vo. pp. 187.

THESE Tales are the productions of the Author whose "Translations from the Greek Anthology" we mentioned, with great and merited commendation, in page 522 of our last volume. Mr. Bland may justly claim to rank high among modern poets. To eminent talents he unites taste and judgment. The Tales which he has now given to the public make us wish that he had given more. The interest of each story is well sustained, the language is poetical, and the versification has at once a sweetness, strength, and freedom, which are not often found in the compositions of modern writers. Dryden seems to be Mr. Bland's model, and the disciple is worthy of the master.

Poems, sacred to Love and Beauty. By Hugh Downman, M. D. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 330.

IN these two volumes Dr. Downman has made an offering which Love and Beauty need not disdain to accept. His poems are characterised by simplicity, elegance, tenderness, and purity of ideas. They deserve a place in every select collection of amatory poetry.

Poetry in Letters, relative to Books, Men, and Manners. By William Dyason. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 375.

THIS is one of the books which make a Critic curse his occupation. The following are the opening lines of the first volume.—

"TASSEL, well thou know'st my theme;
Letter'd fancy lends the gleam,
In easy writing to rehearse
The varied song in pleasing verse;
Be the mind's progressive care
Studious in the effort here;
My letters chiefly written are;
To the upright, just, and pure."

Our readers will readily believe, that the perusal of these lines inspired us with sad forebodings of the labour we should have to encounter, in reading Mr. Dyason's volumes. Our worst fears, however, fell infinitely short of the reality. The lines we have quoted are the best, far the best, in the whole 375 pages. There is neither metre, good English, nor sense in Mr. Dyason's poems. We can remember nothing like them, except a Non Sequitur, called an Elegy on the battle of Landen, which is to be found, we believe, in "An Essay towards a Theory of the intelligible World, by Gabriel John," and which opens thus:—

"O that my lungs were made of butter'd pease!
And eke with scratching get the itch;
To be as mangy as the Irish seas,
Ingend'ring windmills and a melted witch!"

We conjecture that Mr. Dyason formed his style on this model. It must be confessed that his imitation is perfect.

Poems, Elegiac and Amatory, including the Poet's Rumination, Ode to Cupid, Venus, &c. By William Dyason. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 495.

"MISFORTUNES," says the old adage, "never come single." We are almost convinced of the truth of this

adage. No sooner had we got through Mr. Dyason's "Letters" than the Elegiac and Amatory Poems came under our view. They are not worse than the Letters, because that is impossible; but they are equally as bad, and, having said *that*, we need say no more.

Poems and Tales, by Miss Trefusis. Small 8vo. 2 vols, pp. 366.

These poems possess great feeling, simplicity, and elegance. Miss Trefusis was a woman of taste, and of a polished mind. Her compositions will cause her name to be remembered with honour; but she herself is now deaf to the voice of praise; she did not long survive the publication of her volumes.

Lyric, and other Poems. By Laura Sophia Temple, Small 8vo. pp. 145.

Such of our readers as have not seen Miss Temple's volume, may, nevertheless, form some judgment of her talents from the pieces which have been printed among our Fugitive Poetry; and that judgment, will assuredly, not be an unfavourable one. To those who have no knowledge of her compositions, we shall say, that Miss Temple is a writer much above mediocrity. She has a cultivated taste, a vivid fancy, and a correct ear.

The Fisher Boy, a Poem; comprising his several Avocations during the four Seasons of the Year. By H. C, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 116.

We believe that it would be difficult to find a poem of equal length with a greater number of lame lines

awkward expressions, and ridiculous ideas, than the "Fisher Boy, by H. C. Esq." How does the reader like such lines as, "For ye the liquid drops mine eyes ensteep;" "His nimble fingers straight the twine doth glide;" "Fortune will cross us though we strive to do;" "The little snaky living æmone;" "Whose flesh of pinkish hue in sauce eats well;" "Gin, rum, and brandy, with the vin de port;" "Three hundred yards of vacuum 'neath his feet;" "Splices the same incontinent thereto;" "War brigs and officers of the excise;" "And for his parent's eating dab supplies." We cannot resist the temptation to gratify our readers with a specimen of the Author's talents for description.

> "Still onward stride the clouds of leaden tinge,
> While others, copp'rous like, hang on as fringe."

The following is a delightful specimen of alliteration and imitative harmony. Speaking of the crow, the author says,

> "Its wings slow flapping in the airy height,
> Lounging lag lazily a ling'ring weight."

One discovery which Mr. H. C. has made, we think ourselves bound to communicate to the public. To poets, in particular, it may be of service. It is that "pity makes the empty stomach full." Bad, however, as the poem is, we must in justice own that Little Ned, the subject of it, excites considerable interest, and that the writer appears to be a thoroughly good natured person, and a hater of cruelty, whether exercised on man or on inferior animals.

Home. A Poem. The second Edition, corrected and enlarged. Small 8vo. pp. 175.

THIS volume ought to find a place in the library of every lover of Home and of Poetry. Never were the delights of Home celebrated in more delightful strains. The descriptive parts of the poem are animated and picturesque, the language is glowing, the sentiments are elevated, and the versification has a sweetness which cannot easily be surpassed.

The Minor Minstrel; or Poetical Pieces, chiefly familiar and descriptive. By W. Holloway. Small 8vo. pp. 182.

MR. HOLLOWAY'S title page and preface warn us against expecting in his volume any poetical effusions of a higher order. Most of the pieces in his Minor Minstrel were written, he says, for the amusement and instruction of younger minds. They are well calculated for their intended purpose. The morality is, throughout, unexceptionable, the style is simple and neat, and the versification is flowing.

Original Poems, intended for the use of Young Persons. On a plan recommended by the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts. By Mrs. Richardson, widow of the late Joseph Richardson, Esq. M. P. Small 8vo. pp. 144.

THESE poems may, as far as their morality is concerned, be safely put into the hands of young persons. It is, however, to be regretted that Mrs. Richardson did not polish them with greater care. The versification of them is frequently careless, and the language inelegant.

The Burniad; an Epistle to a Lady, in the Manner of Burns. With poetic Miscellanies, original and imitative. By John Henry Kenney. Small 8vo. pp. 148.

"THE BURNIAD," we are sorry to say, is not "in the manner of Burns," except as far as regards the arrangement of syllables and rhymes. The Author has not done wisely to put his readers in mind of Burns. His smaller poems are but so so productions. They do more credit to his heart than his head.

The Siller Gun. A Poem, in four Cantos: with Notes, and a Glossary. By John Mayne, Author of the Poem of "Glasgow." Small 8vo. pp. 153.

THE Siller Gun, from which this poem derives its name, is a small silver tube, like the barrel of a pistol, which James the Sixth ordained to be given as a prize to the best marksman among the corporations of Dumfries. The shooting for this prize is the subject of the poem; and Mr. Mayne has described, with great spirit and humour, the persons and characters of the competitors, and the variety of pleasant and ludicrous incidents to which the contest, and its consequent festivities, naturally give rise. Mr. Mayne appears to have considerable talents for this sort of composition.

The Pastoral Care. A didactic Poem, in three Parts. Addressed to the Junior Clergy. Small 8vo. pp. 174.

IF we were desired to recommend a work as a manual for young ministers, the volume now before us is that which we should name. The minister who acts up to its precepts will perform his duty to God and to

man, and will render himself at once respected and beloved by his flock. As a poem, too, it possesses high merit. It is, generally, both elegant and animated. Few readers, we believe and hope, could peruse it without receiving pleasure and benefit. A few languid or harsh lines may, nevertheless, be found; which the Author, we trust, will have an opportunity of correcting in another edition.

The Church Yard; and other Poems. By George Woodley. Small 8vo. pp. 155.

THE principal Poem in this collection is written in respectable blank verse, and contains many good passages. Its moral tendency cannot be too highly praised. The smaller poems are chaste and pleasing.

The Fisherman's Hut, in the Highlands of Scotland. With other Poems. By Alexander Yeman, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 132.

THE Highlands of Scotland are cold, dreary, and sterile; and so far they resemble Mr. Yeman's poems. They are, however, frequently picturesque and sublime; and in this they are entirely different from his poems. With singular infelicity, he has written a volume which does not contain a single good line. To grammar, reason, and even rhyme, he indulges a most unwarrantable hostility. We will treat our readers with a specimen of his prose, and another of his verse. "With respect," says he, in his preface, "to the mechanism and versification of it, (the poem) I shall beg leave to wave aside, for the better investigation, good sense, and judgment of the candid and favourable inclined part of the public, (if ever I have

the honour of meeting the public eye.)"! Now for a spice of his verse. After describing the materials of which the Fisherman's Hut is built, he grammatically, melodiously, and sublimely, proceeds to tell us, that,

> "Compos'd of these the humble mansion rose,
> Whose mean exterior told the inward woes;
> Unknown to neighbours, with their sport and tale,
> Regales this hut, in yonder dreary vale.
> At home sometimes the sire would labour hard,
> Or toils and danger call him now abroad,
> To plough the seas in some lone trackless place,
> Circling around, he seeks the finny race," &c. &c.

If the reader like this, he may buy the volume for five shillings, and gratify his taste with 152 pages of equal merit!

Eccentric Tales, in Verse. By Cornelius Crambo, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 151.

Cornelius Crambo, Esquire, is indisputably a fellow of infinite jest and humour, and we hope that these are not the last eccentric tales which he will give to the Public. Those who love laughter will do well to read his volume. We advise him, however, to be rather more attentive to decorum, when he next appears in print. He has sometimes a larger share of wit than of delicacy.

The Poor Man's Sabbath, with other Poems. By John Struthers. Third Edition, corrected and enlarged. Small 8vo. pp. 127.

In this volume a large portion of piety is happily blended with a very respectable portion of poetry.

Mr. Struthers is an accurate observer of man and of nature, and has the talent of giving spirit and picturesque effect to his description of what he sees and feels. To his religious sentiments too much praise cannot be given.

Pathetic Tales, Poems, &c. By J. B. Fisher, Author of the Hermitage, Mort Castle, &c. &c. Crown 8vo. pp. 155.

By the composition of these poems the author, in his preface, assures us that he has beguiled some hours of sorrow; and he now publishes them, by subscription, with the hope of bettering his pecuniary circumstances. We wish that he may have succeeded as well in the latter purpose as in the former. His verses are incorrect, but they are not wholly without merit. We do not, however, advise him to leave any calling for the "idle trade" of poetry. There is in his volume one poem of a very superior kind, which he states to have been furnished by an unknown friend. It is an Elegy on returning from the funeral of Mr. Fox.

Poems, upon several Subjects. By Mrs. Iliff. Small 8vo. pp. 147.

Mrs. Iliff lays no claim to the rank of poetess. She declares that she has published her verses merely to obtain some assistance towards "educating her children, during the anxious period of a Father's absence." We are happy to see that she has procured

subscriptions for eleven hundred copies, and has thus accomplished her laudable object. Some of her verses are pretty; none of them are offensive.

Gilbert; or the Young Carrier, an Amatory Rural Poem. In four Books, ornamented with Plates. Small 8vo. pp. 143.

THERE are some tolerable passages in this poem, but they are not sufficiently numerous to preserve it from a speedy oblivion. The language and versification are far below mediocrity. Those friends whose "flattering encomiums" induced the author to publish, did not do him a service, when they bestowed their flattery.

Poems, by Miss S. Evance, selected from her earliest Productions, to those of the Present Year. Small 8vo. pp. 131.

THE Editor of these poems has not stated the age of Miss Evance, but we suppose that she is young. Her compositions display poetical talent, which deserves to be cultivated. The style is unaffected, and the versification indicates that her ear is correct.

Sorrows of Memory, and other Poems. By Henry Melmoth. Small 8vo. pp. 122.

MR. MELMOTH is, we imagine, a young author. If he be so, great hopes may be entertained of him. His versification is musical and spirited, and his style is flowing and poetical. Many of his amatory pieces are

extremely elegant. His tales, too, are interesting. It is to be regretted that the first lines of his opening poem are spoiled by two grammatical errors, which are almost the only errors of the sort to be found in his volume.

The Rural Enthusiast, and other Poems. By Mrs. M. H. Hay. Small 8vo. pp. 168.

Never was a good subject more wretchedly murdered than in the leading poem of this volume. The character and enjoyments of the Rural Enthusiast would afford ample room for poetry; but, unfortunately, Mrs. Hay and the Muses are not upon terms of friendship; nor, indeed, has she even the slightest acquaintance with them. It is, therefore, almost unnecessary for us to say, that her short poems are as dull as her long one is.

Fowling; a Poem, (in five Books,) descriptive of Grouse, Partridge, Pheasant, Woodcock, Duck, and Snipe Shooting. Small 8vo. pp. 150.

If the author of this volume be as good a sportsman as he is a writer, he must be a tolerable shot. His poem is a pleasing composition, and will gratify even those who never have any thing to do with dogs and guns. His delineations of picturesque scenery are drawn with correctness and spirit.

Poems by Matilda Betham. Small 8vo. pp. 116.

In this volume there are no faults of great magnitude. The authoress is sometimes negli-

gent, and this is the worst we have to say. Her style is unvitiated by any meretricious ornament, and her versification is flowing without being tame. We have been particularly pleased with the poem which is entitled "L'Homme de l'Ennui." Several others also have nearly equal merit.

The Sweets of Solitude, and other Poems. By Thomas Burnet. Small 8vo. pp. 88.

MR. BURNET has tried his hand at many kinds of composition, and has completely failed in all. It would, indeed, be difficult to decide in what style he writes worst. We shall not attempt to solve such a knotty point. It is but justice to say that, in one part of his book, he appears quite conscious that his Muse is not "a Muse of fire;" for he piteously exclaims,

> "O wretched Bard! thy fate is hard indeed,
> To tug a Muse of such a mulish breed!"

The Family Picture, or Domestic Education: a Poetic Epistle from a Country Gentleman, to his College Friend the Bishop of *******. 12mo. pp. 67.

THIS country gentleman is certainly not a mean Poet. His faults chiefly consist in an occasional negligence of style, and a want of clearness and connection. These faults, however, are more than counterbalanced by his merits. He is often elegant and vigorous, and displays great powers of description. The picture of Aspasia is drawn with the pencil of a master.

Poetical Tales, founded on Facts. By M. Savory. Small 8vo. pp. 148.

THERE is much incorrectness in these tales, and they have likewise many prosaic and hobbling lines, but still we think the author, (who pleads youth and defective education,) is not wholly devoid of talents for poetry. Some of the tales contain pleasing passages, and are not uninteresting.

England and Spain; or Valour and Patriotism. By Felicia Dorothea Browne. 4to. pp. 28.

ON comparing this poem with the poems in Miss Browne's volume, we find that she has considerably improved. Her versification is polished, and her language is generally poetical. If she should continue to improve as much as she has done, we may expect works from her, which will deserve to be remembered.

The Book of Fate! an Ode; with Notes, critical and Political. By Philo Britannicus. 4to. pp. 24.

IN this Book of Fate we can plainly read one thing, which is, that the Author is a pitiful scribbler; and we will venture so far to pry into another Book of Fate, as to predict that Philo Britannicus's production will inevitably be consigned to the Trunk maker, or the Cheesemonger, or perhaps be disposed of in a still more disgraceful manner. It has no reason, and not always rhyme.

The Shipwreck of St. Paul. A Seatonian Prize Poem. By the Rev. Charles James Hoare, A. M. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Blandford Forum, in the County of Dorset. 4to. pp. 18.

THIS is one of the most spirited poems to which, for many years, the Seatonian prize has given birth. The language is poetical, and the descriptions are frequently picturesque and animated. The versification is smooth, and, at times, vigorous: but it wants variety. The cæsural pause frequently falls on the same syllable for several succeeding lines, which occasions an unpleasant monotony.

The Senses: an Ode; in the Manner of Collins's Ode on the Passions. 4to. pp. 15.

THOUGH the Author of The Senses follows Collins at a great distance, he is by no means a writer of contemptible abilities. There is spirit, and animated description, and good versification, in his Ode; and this is more than we can say of a large majority of the poems which we are compelled to read.

Kathleen; a Ballad: from an ancient Irish Tradition in the Valley of Glandilough, County of Wicklow. By John Edwards, Esq. of Oldcourt, in the same County. 4to. pp. 20.

THIS is a simple but interesting story, told in verse, which is generally smooth. The words are adapted to an old Irish air, known by the English name of "Past One o'Clock." The notes of the air are prefixed to the ballad.

SATIRE.

Corruption and Intolerance: two Poems. With Notes. Addressed to an Englishman by an Irishman. 8vo. pp. 74.

THESE poems are well calculated to make the critic exclaim, in the words of Milton, "That strain I heard was of a *higher* mood." They are the productions of a writer hitherto known only as one of the most elegant of our amatory poets. Their author is Thomas Moore; and they give convincing proof of his talents for satirical composition. They are, in no common degree, severe and animated. The notes abound with wit.

The Simpliciad; a Satirico-Didactic Poem. Containing Hints for the Scholars of the New School, suggested by Horace's Art of Poetry, and improved by a Contemplation of the Works of the first Masters. Small 8vo. pp. 51.

WHOEVER is the author of this poem, he is certainly a poet. If this be his first production we are much mistaken. He writes with wit, and ease, and grace, and spirit. To the rare virtue of candour he has likewise an indisputable claim. His satire, though keen, is free from the slightest tincture of abuse or virulence, and he pays a liberal testimony to the genius of those poets whose offensive peculiarities he is compelled to censure.

Pursuits of Agriculture; a Satirical Poem, in three Cantos. With Notes. 8vo. Cantos I. and II. pp. 124.

THE author of this poem is a man of wit and poetical talent. He lashes several agricultural follies with equal severity and justice. Like most satirists, however, he sometimes (though it must be owned not often,) carries his severity too far, and lashes indiscriminately the good and the bad. We heartily recommend his poem to the perusal of our readers; being perfectly sure that they will be amply repaid for their trouble.

An Heroic Epistle to Mr. Winsor, the Patentee of the Hydro-Carbonic Gas Lights, and Founder of the National Light and Heat Company. 4to. pp. 19.

WHATEVER justice there may be in this attack upon Mr. Winsor, there is, at least, an abundance of wit. Among Heroic Epistles this deserves to hold an eminent place. We have not, for a long time, seen any thing more animated and witty; and we believe there are few persons, except the object of its satire, who will not be gratified by the perusal of it.

Little Odes to Great Folks; with a Dedicatory Dithyrambic to Sir R-ch-rd Ph-ll-ps, Knight. By Pindar Minimus. With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by Sextus Scriblerus. With a Frontispiece. 8vo. pp. 107.

THERE is some humour in these little odes, and in the notes annexed to them, and those who wish to

enjoy a laugh, without caring much about the goodness of the poetry, may find entertainment in them. They are squibs, and nothing more.

The Congress of Crowned Heads; or the Flea's Turtle-Feast, and the Louse's Dress-Ball. A Satirical Poem. 8vo. pp. 22.

This poem is what the author describes it to be, a mere trifle. It is, however, a pleasant trifle enough. There is some humour in it, and the versification is tolerably flowing. Napoleon and his numerous relatives are the objects of the satire.

REPUBLICATIONS OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

The Battle of Flodden Field; a Poem of the sixteenth Century. With the various Readings of the different Copies; historical Notes; a Glossary, and an Appendix, containing ancient Poems, and historical Matter, relating to the same Event, By Henry Weber. 8vo. pp. 389.

This poem was published, almost forty years ago, by the Rev. R. Lambe, from an incorrect and comparatively modern MS. It is now reprinted from an old edition. As poetry, it can boast of little merit. It is curious, however, as preserving many facts which are not elsewhere to be found. Mr. Weber has performed the task of Editor in a satisfactory manner.

Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, chiefly Ancient; with explanatory Notes, and a Glossary. To which are prefixed, Some Remarks on the early State of Romantic Composition in Scotland. By John Finlay. Crown 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 419.

THE majority of the ballads contained in these volumes had been previously published. They are now, however, printed with greater correctness than in any former work. Much care has been bestowed by the Editor in procuring and collating different copies of the same composition. The prefixed remarks display taste, and knowledge of the subject.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare: with Notes. By Charles Lamb. Crown 8vo. pp. 484.

To form a collection of the works of our ancient dramatic writers is at once a difficult and an expensive task, for which comparatively few persons have either money or patience. To those who are deficient in either of these articles, Mr. Lamb's volume will be an acceptable work. He has made his selection with much taste and judgment. As to his notes we are concerned to say that, though they are frequently pertinent, they are written in a stiff and unpleasant style.

TRANSLATIONS.

A New Version of the Psalms, in Blank Verse. With a Latin Version of the Eighth Psalm in Alcaic Verse.

By the Rev. Thomas Dennis, Curate of Haslemere, Surry. 12mo. pp. 269.

To this translation we cannot give any share of praise, consistently with our duty. It is in blank verse what the version of Sternhold and Hopkins is in rhyme. Having said this we need say nothing more. We regret that Mr. Dennis did not chuse rhyme instead of blank verse, as two small rhymed poems at the end of the volume, which are not without merit, induce us to believe that he would have succeeded much better in the Psalms, had he not adopted blank verse.

Specimen of an English Homer, in Blank Verse. 8vo. pp. 30.

There is no reason for regret, that the present translator does not intend to proceed with his translation of Homer. We have found his specimen quite enough. It is more than commonly rugged and unpoetical. To read the whole of Homer in such a translation would be a task indeed.

The Georgics of Publius Virgilius Maro, translated into English Blank Verse, by James R. Deare, LL.B. Vicar of Bures in the County of Suffolk, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty. 8vo. pp. 157.

This translation does not appear likely to supersede any of its predecessors. It generally gives the sense, but seldom, if ever, the grace and spirit of the original. Nothing, indeed, can be more harsh, forced, and unpoetical, than Mr. Deare's style. The versifica-

tion also, is singularly unmusical. What ear can tolerate such ten syllable lines as "To use thyself to invocation;" "The balmy stream of vegetation;" and others of the same sort, where the unfortunate last word is stretched on the rack to make it furnish the needful number of syllables? This reminds us of Dr. Case's celebrated distich,

> "Here's fourteen pills, for thirteen pence!
> Enough in any man's con-sci-ence."

In other instances, Mr. Deare errs on the side of redundancy; and gives us eleven syllable verses of which it is impossible to make metre. He sometimes even uses Alexandrines, which, as he ought to know, are not admissible in blank verse.

A Translation of The Georgics of Publius Virgilius Maro, with the Original Text; and Notes critical, and illustrative of Ancient and Modern Husbandry. By William Stawell, A. M. Rector of Kilmalooda, in the Diocese of Cork. Crown 8vo. pp. 503.

THIS translation is in rhyme. The translator modestly declares that his version should never have seen the light, if Mr. Sotheby's version had been accompanied by notes. Though not equal to Mr. Sotheby's, it is, however, a production which does credit to Mr. Stawell. Many passages are rendered with ease, spirit, and fidelity. The notes occupy nearly half the volume, and are both amusing and instructive.

The two First Books of Ovid's Metamorphoses; attempted in English Verse. By W. Mills, late a Scholar, now

an Assistant, in Buntingford Grammar School. Crown 8vo. pp, 115.

If this were the production of a full grown author, we should advise him not to publish again. But it is, on the contrary, the work of a youth only twenty, was completed in a short period, and under some disadvantageous circumstances, and is published with the motive of ascertaining "whether the translator may be likely to employ himself usefully and successfully, as he advances in age and experience, on the Latin and Greek poets." We, therefore, say "Go on." There is quite merit enough in the version to authorize our hoping that Mr. Mills will, in time, translate with more spirit and grace.

The Satires of Juvenal: translated and illustrated. By Francis Hodgson, A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 4to. pp. 611.

That two excellent translations of Juvenal should be published within five years was more than could reasonably be expected. Such has, however, been the case. Mr. Hodgson has entered the lists of translation with Mr. Gifford, and has proved himself fairly entitled to divide the prize with his formidable rival. His version is faithful, elegant, and highly spirited, and will, doubtless, be always considered as one of the best versions of the Roman satirist.

Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English Verse; and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost. By the late William Cowper, Esq.

With a Preface by the Editor; and Notes of various Authors. 4to. pp. 355.

To say that Cowper has done justice to his great original is no weak praise; but to that praise he is undoubtedly entitled. He has translated both the Latin and the Italian poems with a grace, and spirit, and fidelity, such as are not often found in translations. The fragment of a commentary compels us to regret that it is nothing more than a fragment.

Petrarch Translated; in a Selection of his Sonnets, and Odes; accompanied with Notes, and the original Italian; also with the Head of Petrarch from an antique Bronze; by the Translator of Catullus. 8vo. pp. 268.

This volume is the production of a writer of taste and talent. The translation is, in general, well executed, and the notes are not, as is often the case, mere appendages to increase the size of the book.

Partenopex de Blois, a Romance, in four Cantos. Freely translated from the French of M. le Grand; with Notes. By William Stewart Rose. 4to. pp. 225.

A more pleasing romance than Partenopex de Blois was never listened to, by knight or dame, in bower or hall Mr. Stewart has done more than justice to his original. The story excites, and keeps up, a strong interest; the descriptive parts are eminently beautiful; and the versification has a freedom and melody which prove Mr. Stewart to possess a musical ear, and a high degree of skill.

The Satires of Boileau, translated; with some Account of that Poet's Life and Writings. 8vo. pp. 231.

MANY passages of this translation are executed both with fidelity and spirit. Others are so miserably done that they will not bear reading. There is still abundant room for another translator of Boileau. It is astonishing that a translator, like the one under review, who can write good verse, should have been so inattentive to metre, as he has often been.

DRAMA.

UNACTED PLAYS.

The Test of Guilt; or Traits of Antient Superstition. A Dramatic Tale. By the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, Author of the Royal and Ecclesiastical History of England; Horda Angel-Cynnan, or Manners and Customs of the English; &c. &c. &c. &c. 4to. pp. 119. *In the same Volume, The Bumpkin's Disaster; or a Journey to London: containing the Whimsical Adventures of Ploughshare and Clodpoll; incidental to which are described, a Consultation of the Fairies; including also the Legendary History of Waltham Cross. A Collection of Fragments. By the late Mr. Joseph Strutt,* pp. 55.

THE Test of Guilt is a composition which scarcely rises to mediocrity. The same may be said of the Fragments. They show their author to have been

a man of an elegant mind, and consequently not a mere dry antiquary; but they do not entitle him to a place among the poetical brotherhood.

Musical Dramas, with Select Poems, and Ballads. By John Rannie. Crown 8vo. pp. 291.

These dramas possess a respectable share of merit, and are not, we think, unworthy of being introduced upon the stage. We are sure that worse musical pieces have not only been tolerated, but applauded. The songs scattered through them are often elegant and poetical, which is more than truth will allow us to say of the majority of modern songs. The poems, which fill the remainder of the volume, are above mediocrity.

The Dramatic Appellant, No. I. Containing The Baron of Elbenbergh: a Tragedy, in five Acts: by Ferdinand Fullarton Weston, Esq. Albert and Rosalie, or the Fire King: a Grand Melo-Drama, in three Acts. The Wager: a Musical Entertainment, in two Acts. William Tell: a Tragedy, in five Acts. By Eugenius Roche, Esq. 8vo. pp. 243.

This work may be entitled an Asylum for rejected Dramas. The two tragedies contain some good passages, and striking situations, but are certainly not calculated for the stage. The Melo Drama is an indifferent composition, and the Musical entertainment has no merit of any kind to recommend it to notice.

Solyman. A Tragedy. In five Acts. 8vo. pp. 99.

There are many worse tragedies than Solyman which have been well received by the public. The

plot is well contrived, the characters are drawn with tolerable spirit, and the language is not unpoetical.

Abradatas and Panthea; a Tragedy, in five Acts: from the Cyropædia of Xenophon. By John Edwards, of Old Court in the County of Wicklow, Esq. 8vo. pp. 87.

THIS piece was written nineteen years ago, printed in the year 1802, and withheld from publication till the present year. It has few gross faults, and few striking beauties. Some passages, however, justify a belief that the Author is not without poetical talent.

The Fall of Portugal; or, The Royal Exiles. A Tragedy, in five Acts. 8vo. pp. 69.

THIS tragedy is a truly miserable composition. It has neither plot, character, sentiment, nor language, to recommend it. We have not been able to find a single line, which is worthy of praise.

The Guardians; or the Man of my Choice. A Comedy, in five Acts. 8vo. pp. 100.

THE writer of this play seems to have been desirous to emulate the celebrated Lope de Vega in rapidity of composition. He tells us in his preface, that the Guardians was written "in five days." The comedy is such as might be expected from such unwise haste. It is, in all respects, a very imperfect piece. We think, however, that the author is not without talent; but we seriously advise him never to write another drama in so short a time as five days.

Antiquity, a Farce, in two Acts. 8vo. pp. 43.

This farce is written by a very young man, and there is, therefore, some allowance to be made for its defects. Though it is certainly not calculated for the stage, and is not very amusing in the perusal, yet it has good points enough to induce us to hope that its author will do better in time.

ACTED PLAYS.

The World! a Comedy, in five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By James Kenney, Esq. 8vo. pp. 94.

This is a legitimate comedy; not one of those five act farces, which modern courtesy allows to assume the name of comedy. It has no whining sentiment, no contemptible clap-traps, to catch a contemptible applause. The plot is simple, but well imagined; the dialogue is chaste and pointed; and the characters, particularly those of Cheviot and Echo, are drawn with the spirit and discrimination of a master.

Begone Dull Care; a Comedy, in five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Frederick Reynolds. 8vo pp. 65.

"Begone dull Care," though not one of the best of modern comedies, is by no means one of the worst. It is full of incident, and keeps attention alive. Perhaps some alteration for the better might be made in the manner of winding up the piece. The dialogue is, in general, sprightly and pleasant.

The School for Authors: a Comedy, in three Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, by their Majesty's Servants, from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By the late John Tobin, Esq. Author of the Honey Moon, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 45.

In this comedy, as in Mr. Tobin's other pieces, there is much that is borrowed. Such, however, was the genius of Tobin that whatever he borrowed he made his own, by the manner in which he applied it. The School for Authors reminds us of two or three dramas by writers of note. But, at the same time, it contains a very large portion of original matter. It is, indeed, a drama of high merit. The dialogue is elegant, and spirited, and abounds with flashes of genuine wit. If the School for Authors do not become a stock piece, we shall be tempted to think very badly of the taste of the Managers and the Public.

The Wanderer; or, the Rights of Hospitality; a Drama, in three Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Altered from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue, by Charles Kemble. 8vo. pp. 64.

The literary merits of this drama are but trifling. The style of it is flat, and the sentiments are common place. Of character it has little or nothing to boast. Yet it is not uninteresting. The critical situation in which the hero is placed excites a powerful interest, and the author has shewn considerable skill in producing stage effect.

Kais: or Love in the Deserts, An Opera, in four Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. With

a few Words by Way of Preface. By J. Brandon, Esq. Author of Fragments in the Manner of Sterne, &c. 8vo. pp. 83.

WHETHER, in a pecuniary point of view, Kais answered Mr. Brandon's expectations, we know not. It is to be hoped that it did; for he has nothing to expect from it on the score of reputation. We never perused a more unattractive drama. It has neither character, nor contrivance, nor wit, nor elegance of dialogue. In his "few Words by Way of Preface," Mr. Brandon has poured forth a torrent of abuse against the critics who dared to dislike his production. He will do well, in future, to repress his anger, which can have no other effect than to make him ridiculous. If he mean to quarrel with all those who think his play a bad one, we suspect that he will have quite work enough on his hands.

The Jew of Mogadore, a Comic Opera, in three Acts. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. 8vo. pp. 76.

THERE is not much of novelty in the characters or incidents of this opera. It is, however, not an unpleasing piece. The dialogue is neatly written, and the songs are elegant.

Two Faces under a Hood: a Comic Opera, in three Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Written by T. Dibdin, Author of Five Miles Off; Jew and Doctor; Birth Day; &c. &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 80.

"Two Faces under a Hood," we consider as one of the best of Mr. Dibdin's minor pieces. The plot is well

contrived, many good situations occur, there is much bustle and liveliness, the dialogue is tolerably smart, and the songs are at least equal to the general run of opera songs.

Plot and Counterplot, or the Portrait of Michael Cervantes; a Farce in two Acts. By Charles Kemble. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. 8vo. pp. 41.

THOUGH there is no great wit or elegance in this piece, it seems well calculated for stage effect. It is full of bustle and ludicrous incident, and keeps the attention alive.

Ella Rosenberg: a Melo Drama. In two Acts. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By James Kenney, Esq. 8vo. pp. 41.

THIS is one of the best Melo Dramas which we have read. The characters are well marked, the dialogue is neat, and the story excites a powerful interest, which is sustained to the very conclusion of the piece.

The Blind Boy: a Melo Drama, in two Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. 8vo. pp. 36.

IN a Melo Drama we are not, perhaps, to look for much delineation of character, or much elegance of dialogue. The Blind Boy does not contain a large portion of either. It is, however, by no means a contemptible production. In the great requisites of

rivetting the attention, and exciting sympathy for its hero, it is not surpassed by many pieces of the same kind.

Bonifacio and Bridgetina; or, the Knight of the Hermitage; or the Windmill Turret; or the Spectre of the North East Gallery; a new grand Comick, Tragick, Operatick, Pantomimical, Melo-dramatick, Extravaganza; with a Prelude. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; altered from the French of M. Martainville, and adapted to the English Stage, by T. Dibdin, Author of the Jew and the Doctor, Cabinet, &c. &c. &c &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 49.

To excite a laugh was, we suppose, the sole aim of Mr. Dibdin, in writing this burlesque Melo-Drama, which, though it may, perhaps, be tolerated on the stage, is intolerable in the closet. We fear that the laugh will sometimes be at the expence of the Author. The Prelude is somewhat better than the piece itself.

Music Mad. A Dramatic Sketch; as performed, with the greatest Applause, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Esq. 8vo. pp. 33.

"Music Mad" is, what it professes to be, merely a dramatic sketch, and its author claims for it little or no merit. It is, however, a lively and laughable trifle.

Criticisms.

1809.

POETRY.

EPIC POEMS AND ROMANCES.

Washington, or Liberty Restored: A Poem, in Ten Books, by Thomas Northmore. 12mo. pp. 253.

"WASHINGTON," gentle reader, is nothing less than an epic poem, and such an epic poem, as not Homer, Virgil and Milton, were they all alive now, could possibly write! The author has composed it in a curious way. For the facts, he has versified the Gazettes, the Parliamentary Debates, and Salmon's Modern History, and has thus spoiled decent prose, by turning it into limping verse. His machinery consists of the Genius of Liberty and half a dozen devils; and the devil to pay there is with them! The style is deplorably mean and ludicrous, and the blank verse is not exactly like Milton's. In his description of Satan's shield, the author has tried his strength with Homer, and has fabricated a shield, which is fit only for a foul fiend with horns, a tail and cloven feet. There is but one thing we like in Mr. Northmore's poem; it is the hatred which he manifests against arbitrary power.

The Four Slaves of Cythera, a Romance, in ten Cantos. By the Rev. Robert Bland, Author of Edwy and Elgiva, and Sir Everard. 8vo. pp. 279.

WERE we invested with despotic authority over Mr. Bland, though we should not impose on him such a task as Mr. Shandy wished to impose upon My Uncle Toby, we should be tempted to infringe so far upon his liberty, as to command him to give existence to a numerous poetical progeny. An interesting story, exquisite description, glowing diction, and a free and highly musical versification, distinguish the romance of the Four Slaves of Cythera. When such is the case, no person can wonder that we are eager to have more poems from the pen of the same author.

Spanish Heroism; or, the Battle of Roncesvalles. A Metrical Romance. By John Belfour, Esq. Author of "Music," a didactic Poem, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 277.

A POET could not desire a better subject than the deeds of that eventful day

> "When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabbia."

Mr. Belfour, however, has failed to reach the "height of his great argument." There is a languidness in some parts of his poem, and an abruptness and want of clearness in others, which detract heavily from the merits of the work. Of mere common place description there is infinitely too much. Yet, we do not mean to say, that the poem does any discredit to its author. On the contrary, it proves him to possess considerable poetical

talent, and we doubt not, that his next effort will entitle him to a larger share of praise, than can be awarded to him for this.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

Gertrude of Wyoming; a Pensylvanian Tale. And other Poems. By Thomas Campbell, Author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. 4to. pp. 134.

It is with sorrow that we see Mr. Campbell giving immortality to a tale, which reflects disgrace on his country. But there is nothing which we dislike in Gertrude of Wyoming except the choice of the subject. The author of the Pleasures of Hope has added to his fame by this new work. Censure must be silent, after it has mentioned a very few passages, where extreme compression of meaning has produced obscurity. The rest of the poem is either tender, or picturesque, or sublime. The smaller poems are chiefly lyrical, and are written with a truly lyrical enthusiasm.

British Georgics. By James Grahame. 4to. pp. 342.

All the agricultural part of this poem we dislike; all the poetical part of it we admire. No offence to Virgil, but we deem it impossible for any skill to give a pleasing effect to farming precepts in verse. The Farmer's Calendar in metre, must, of necessity, be

wearisome. When Mr. Grahame quits the plough and the harrow, and sings of man and the beauties of nature, he is a delightful poet. There is a sweetness, a simplicity, and a truth of colouring, in his descriptions, and a fine moral tone in his sentiments, which cannot fail to give pleasure to every reader who possesses feeling, and true poetical taste.

The Goblin Groom: a Tale of Dunse. By R. O. Fenwick, Esq. 4to. pp. 125.

THIS lively and laughable poem is a good humoured burlesque upon some parts of the Lay of the Last Minstrel and Marmion. The story of the Goblin Groom is well told, and in flowing verse. The author's aim appears to have been merely to excite a smile, not to depreciate or deny the talents of the author whose works he parodies.

Lady Jane Gray, a Tale, in two books; with Miscellaneous Poems, in English and Latin. By Francis Hodgson, A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Author of the Translation of Juvenal. 8vo. pp. 352.

SPEAKING of a Critic, Mr Hodgson says,

> "Thou snarling elf! I care not for thy rage,
> While gentler souls endure my varied page,
> And sometimes smile, and sometimes fancy here
> Not ill bestow'd the momentary tear."

The critic must be an ungentle soul indeed, who merely *endures* the pages of Mr. Hodgson. For our parts we look on them with much warmer feelings, and

own that they are well calculated to excite both the smile and the tear. Among the numerous poems which his volume contains, both the gay and the pensive may find ample gratification. Mr. Hodgson has tried the light, the witty, the satirical, the pathetic, and the tender styles, and in all of them he has been successful. We assure the lovers of poetry, that his volume will afford them a rich treat.

Reliques of Robert Burns; consisting chiefly of original Letters, Poems, and critical Observations on Scottish Songs. Collected and published by R. H. Cromek. 8vo. pp. 453.

MUCH the largest part of this volume is occupied by prose compositions, which, of course, do not come under our cognizance. The poems bear the stamp of the genius of Burns. The volume forms a necessary and valuable supplement to the edition of Burns's works, which was published by Dr. Currie. Mr. Cromek is entitled to the thanks of the Public, for his laudable industry, in collecting and preserving these Reliques.

Elements of Art, a Poem; in Six Cantos; with Notes, and a Preface; including Strictures on the State of the Arts, Criticism, Patronage, and Public Taste. By Martin Archer Shee, R. A. 8vo. pp. 428.

THIS book, as a preceptive work, deserves to be considered as "the Artist's Guide;" and as a Poem it ensures for its author a distinguished place among contemporary poets. Mr. Shee delivers his precepts with

an animation and grace which every reader must admire. There is an abundance of point in his lines, and the characters which he brings forward are drawn with a nice and discriminating hand. A considerable portion of his volume is occupied by the notes, many of which are, in reality, Essays, of sterling merit.

Poems, by Sir John Carr. 8vo. pp. 228.

We cannot honestly advise Sir John Carr to continue his courtship of the Muses. They do not seem disposed to listen to his suit. We fear that he will always be a Stranger upon Parnassus. Some of his verses are pretty, and this is the utmost which we can venture to say in their praise.

Horæ Ionicæ: a Poem, descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and part of the adjacent Coast of Greece. By Walter Rodwell Wright, Esq. sometime his Britannic Majesty's Consul General for the Republic of the Seven Islands. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 67.

If the sale of books were in proportion to their merit, this poem would, before now, have passed through many more than two editions. Mr. Wright's poetry breathes a classical spirit, which is worthy of the subject. His volume displays a style at once chaste and glowing, a command of poetical language, a power of description, and a musical and animated versification. We hope that the loss which Mr. Wright mentions in his preface, will not prevent him from undertaking the larger work to which he alludes.

Marmion Travestied; a Tale of Modern Times. By Peter Pry, Esq. 8vo. pp. 353.

We think that it would really be a good thing, if the parliament were to pass a law, making it at least a transportable offence to publish such wretched doggrel as Peter Pry's. In that case Peter Pry would be transported for life. He has contrived to fill 353 pages with the most wretched of all wretched trash. Had he possessed even a grain of wit, he might have made something laughable out of the amours and wars of the Duke and the Darling, which is the subject he has chosen. But he never blunders upon a witty expression. Yet he has the audacity, in the grossest manner, to abuse Walter Scott, one of whose worst lines is worth a hundred volumes such as Marmion travestied.

Poems, (never before published) written chiefly at Bremhill, in Wiltshire. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. Vol. IV. Small 8vo. pp. 197.

Did we not know that poet's resolutions, like lover's vows, are seldom kept, we should be rather alarmed by a hint, which Mr. Bowles has thrown out, that he has bidden adieu to the Muse. We know, too, that, though a man may bid adieu to the Muse, she will come again, in spite of him. "She will come when she *will* come." So we do not despair of seeing a fifth volume of poems by Mr. Bowles. The merit of Mr. Bowles has long been known, and we shall, there-

fore, say quite enough when we say that his fourth volume is in no respect inferior to those which preceded it. The lyre still yields to his touch as pathetic and as harmonious tones as ever it did at any former period.

Poems, by Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq. The fourth Edition, with many Additions. Small 8vo. pp. 224.

THE largest part of this volume has been five and twenty years before the Public, and has justly received abundant applause from every person of feeling and poetical taste. Of the additions many have appeared in the Poetical Register. Can it, then, be necessary for us to say, that Mr. Bridges has formed his style on the purest models, and that his compositions are such as will hand down with honour his name to posterity?

Philemon; or, the Progress of Virtue; a Poem. In two Volumes. By William Laurence Browne, D. D. Principal of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, etc. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 520.

THIS is a sort of metrical biography. It traces the progress of Philemon, the virtuous man, from his birth to his death. Dr. Brown has, we think, been somewhat too diffuse, and has thus rendered his poem rather heavy. Nor do we consider the celestial agency as happily introduced. The poem, nevertheless, is evidently the work of a man of talent. Many parts of it are written with a poetical spirit.

Sonnets, and other Poems. By Martha Hanson. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 348.

In these two volumes there is much to praise, and little to condemn. We sometimes, it is true, meet with feeble lines, and awkward expressions; but not so often as to excite disgust. These faults, too, are redeemed by many beauties. Miss Hanson generally writes with taste, simplicity, and feeling, and her verse is polished and musical.

The Mother; a Poem, in five Books. By Mrs. West, Author of "Letters to a Young Man," &c. &c. Small 8vo. pp. 242.

In "the Mother" morality and poetry are happily united. We do not say that it is equally poetical throughout. The author certainly flags in some parts; but a very large proportion of the work will give pleasure to every reader of taste. The poem is written in spirited and well constructed blank verse. We recommend this volume strongly to all who are mothers.

The Lion and the Water-Wagtail: a Mock Heroic Poem, in three Cantos. By Castigator. 12mo. pp. 174.

We have read through this long poem, of more than three thousand lines, with no other feelings than those of weariness and disgust. The author is not witty, but, poor fellow, he labours hard to be so. He has all the will in the world, and only wants the power. The Duke of York, who is the hero of the poem, and who

is represented as a paragon of military merit, may well exclaim, "Heaven defend me from my friends!"

The Peacock at Home; and other Poems. By Mrs. Dorset. Small 8vo. pp. 126.

Among the numerous imitations to which "the Butterfly's Ball" has given rise, "the Peacock at Home" is indisputably by far the best. It is not merely a production for little children, but may be read with pleasure by "children of a larger growth." Mrs. Dorset's other poems are elegant compositions. The style is uniformly graceful and unaffected, and the versification flowing and vigorous.

The Farm House, a Tale: with Amatory, Pastoral, Elegiac, and Miscellaneous Poems, Sonnets, &c. By James Murray Lacey. Small 8vo. pp. 220.

Mr. Lacey has evidently not yet learned the necessary art of blotting; nor the sound though paradoxical truth, that half is better than the whole. He has too parental an affection for all his literary progeny. Had he excluded from his volume one third of the pieces, and carefully corrected the remainder, his volume would have been more valuable. Poetical talent he undoubtedly possesses. Some of his poems, particularly of his amatory poems, are above mediocrity. We seriously recommend to him not to be seduced into a slovenly style, by the facility of composition, which, as he tells us, he possesses.

A Poetical Picture of America, being Observations, made during a Residence of several Years, at Alexandria and

Norfolk, in Virginia; illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants; and interspersed with Anecdotes, arising from a general Intercourse with Society in that Country, from the Year 1799 *to* 1807. *By a Lady.* Small 8vo. pp. 177.

THE Authoress of this "Poetical Picture" would, we think, have acted more wisely, had she written her observations in humble prose. Her work might then, perhaps, as she seems an intelligent woman, have been read with pleasure. In its present shape it does not give any thing like pleasure. The Picture is *not* a Poetical one; it has nothing of poetry in its composition.

Camilla de Florian, and other Poems. By an Officer's Wife. Small 8vo. pp. 159.

THIS little volume is prefaced by some lines, of pathetic sweetness, addressed to the reviewers. Hard must be the heart which is not softened by them, and inspired with the kindest wishes for the welfare of the writer. Her sole object in publishing, she states to be, to enable her

"To bear to healing springs
"The faded wounded Husband of her heart."

We hope that her volume has fully answered its laudable purpose. Her poems do not stand in need of any introductory apology. Though now and then incorrect, they are worthy of praise, for their elegance and simplicity. They prove the author to possess poetical powers, and a pure and cultivated mind.

The Sailor Boy, a Poem. In Four Cantos. Illustrative of the Navy of Great Britain. By H. C. Esq. Author of the Fisher Boy. Small 8vo. pp. 208.

THOUGH this poem is exceedingly incorrect, and contains a vast number of lame, inharmonious lines, it is far superior to the "Fisher Boy" by the same author. The character of the Sailor Boy is well supported, and his adventures are told with spirit, and in a natural manner. It is a pity that Mr. H. C. will not endeavour to acquire a better style, and to render his versification less offensively rugged.

The Hermitage, or Views of Life and Manners. A Poem, with Notes. Small 8vo. pp. 102.

IN the moral strain of this poem, and in the style of versification, there is much that reminds us of Cowper, and of Cowper too in his best parts. The author of the Hermitage is evidently an accurate observer, and he writes with great feeling and force. His prose is not inferior to his verse.

Poetic Amusement, consisting of a Sample of Sonnets, Epistolary Poems, Moral Tales, and Miscellaneous Pieces. By Thomas Beck, Author of The Age of Frivolity; The Passions taught by Truth; The Mission; and other Poems. Small 8vo. pp. 204.

INCORRECT and rugged as Mr. Beck's verses sometimes are, there is, nevertheless, much in his volume which may be read with satisfaction. Humorous composition seems to be the kind in which he is most successful.

Some of his serious pieces are, however, well written. His moral and religious principles are entitled to unqualified praise.

Sonnets of the Eighteenth Century, and other small Poems. Small 8vo. pp. 145.

THERE is considerable quaintness in some of these Sonnets, but they, nevertheless, abound with feeling and poetry. Among the small poems which conclude the volume, the imitations of Horace hold the first place in merit. We have seldom, if ever, seen imitations more playful and elegant.

Ronald, a Legendary Tale; with other Poems. Small 8vo. pp. 106.

THERE is nothing in this volume which can particularly offend the reader; nor is there any thing in it which can afford him much pleasure. It may serve to pass away an idle half hour, and will be forgotten in as short a time.

Brighton, a Poem; descriptive of the Place and Parts adjacent; and other Poems. By Mary Lloyd. Small 8vo. pp. 88.

THE writer of this volume will do well to revise with more care her next production. Her present work has many metrical and even grammatical faults. Brighton contains a few good descriptive passages, and the smaller poems are not without poetical ideas.

Miscellaneous Poetry, by Thomas Green, Jun. of Liverpool. 12mo. pp. 131.

THE verses contained in this volume are such as, to use the words of a celebrated author, might have been written "by many men, many women, and many children." There is no poetry in them; nor do they afford the slightest reason to hope that their writer will ever become a poet. It is an act of kindness in us to tell Mr. Green this unwelcome truth.

Rudigar the Dane. A Legendary Tale. By Eaglesfield Smith, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 47.

THIS is by far the best poem we have seen from the pen of Mr. Smith. Though it is occasionally rugged, feeble, and incorrect, it has, on the whole, considerable merit. The story is interesting and well told, and several passages are animated and poetical.

Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore. By M. G. Lewis. Recited at Drury Lane Theatre by Mrs. Powell, prohibited on the third Night by the Lord Chamberlain, and quoted by Mr. Tierney in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, May 9. Small 4to. pp. 15.

WERE Solomon himself now alive, it would puzzle him to find out any cause which could have induced the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit the recitation of these lines. We have not been able to discover a single word capable of giving offence. The Monody seems to be a hasty production, and is not equal to many of

Mr. Lewis's former compositions. It is, nevertheless, evidently the work of a man of genius.

An Elegiac Tribute to the Memory of Lieut. Gen. Sir John Moore. By Mrs. Cockle. 4to. pp. 14.

THIS Elegiac Tribute does credit to the feelings and talents of the Author. It contains several pleasing passages, and nothing which calls for any severity of censure.

A Monody on the Right Honourable William Pitt, dedicated by Permission to her Grace the Duchess of Richmond. By the Rev. Robert Dealtry, LL.D. 4to. pp. 18.

DR. DEALTRY has contrived, under the title of a Monody, to produce one of the most ludicrous compositions, which ever came from the press. He tells us of Melville, "poor Pitt's fast friend," of "grog, girl, fiddle, and postchaise and four;" and of many other things equally funny, and then calls out,

> "Hats off, my countrymen! for glory fit,
> And give three cheers,—'The memory of Pitt!'"

The Doctor is very fond of calling in "apt alliteration's artful aid." In his first page we have a beautifully alliterative line,

> "Peerless pre-eminence proud Pitt proclaim!"

In his eleventh page the Doctor treats us with some news. We fear, however, that, in two lines out of four, his reason is as defective as his rhyme. He describes Mr. Pitt as the man,

" Who bade the payment of our specie cease,
Yet made the credit of our bank increase;
And persevering in a sinking fund,
Of all our debt the liquidation found."

Elegy on Sir John Moore, K.B. dedicated, by Permission, to his Grace the Duke of Richmond. By the Rev. Robert Dealtry, LL.D. 4to. pp. 7.

Ecce iteram Crispinus! Behold the Doctor again! This poem, however, is not as bad as his Monody; for it is only a quarter the length of the Monody. It barely fills three pages. Take notice, reader, we do not complain of its shortness. One beautiful image from this goodly Elegy we must transplant into our pages.

" While Honour, wide awake, bade Terror sleep."

This, we suppose, will be quite enough for any of our readers.

The Bibliomania, an Epistle to Richard Heber, Esq. By John Ferriar, M.D. 4to. pp. 14.

The chief fault which we have to find with this epistle is, that it is too short. This is a fault which we seldom have occasion to find. " The Bibliomania" is a pleasant composition. The satire, which is justly deserved by the objects of it, is pointed, without being violent and scurrilous.

An Ode on the Death of Lieut. Col. George J. B. Tucker. 4to. pp. 13.

This Ode has an abundance of smoke, without a single spark of fire. It is all " double, double, toil

and trouble," to no purpose. The Author mistakes the darkest obscurity for sublimity, and harsh inversion, and a clutter of sounding words, for poetic spirit and diction. Yet he rates his powers highly, and talks of his "splendid verse," and his hopes of making known to the furthest ends of the earth, the virtues of his hero. Good things should not be too cheap, and he, therefore, values at half a crown his hundred and thirty lines.

A Solemn, Sentimental, and Reprobatory Epistle to Mrs. Clarke. By Peter Pindar, Esq. A new Edition, with Corrections and Additions. 4to. pp. 13.

THE subject chosen by Peter is a good one, (we mean for wit and satire,) but he has made very little of it. His epistle is, in truth, a lame production, which, unless we are woefully mistaken, will never be read twice, and which it is a work of labour to read even once.

An Heroic Epistle, addressed to G. L. Wardle, Esq. M. P. On the Charges preferred by him, against his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the Foundation of those Charges. By Mentor Britannicus. 4to. pp. 26.

MR. MENTOR BRITANNICUS is one of the worst writers, that ever put pen to paper. He has not given us a single good line. He would fain be witty and severe, but he does not know how. "The Muse," he says, "is perhaps his best and dearest friend." If that be the case, we really pity him. Poor fellow! what a friendless creature he must be!

Europe: Lines on the Present War. By Reginald Heber, A. M. 8vo. pp. 40.

THOSE who have read the poem of "Palestine," in the second volume of the Poetical Register, will sit down to the perusal of Mr. Heber's present poem, with the expectation of being highly gratified. Nor will their expectations be disappointed: His lines, as he modestly calls them, are worthy the importance of the subject. The thoughts, the diction, and the versification are truly poetical.

Iberia's Crisis, a Fragment of an Epic Poem, in three Parts. First Part, Usurpation's corrupt Agents, foul Stratagems, and diabolical Progress. Second Part, the Discomfiture of Usurpation from the Valour of Patriotism. Third Part, the base temporary Exultation of Usurpation. 8vo. pp. 66.

WHAT, in the name of wonder! could induce the author of this fragment to think of writing poetry? He is just as fit to be a poet, as a man born deaf is to be a judge of music. An Epic, too! Lord have mercy upon us! It is a happy circumstance for *us* that he left the "second and third parts in an unfinished state at Madrid." The following is a fair specimen.

> "The feigned friends advanced tow'rds Madrid,
> In Saint Sebastian leaving garrisons,
> Pamp'lona, Figueras, Barcelona,
> When half the mask for deep intent was stript."

The notes are amusing. The author seems capable of giving information relative to Spain. We advise him, however, always to print his prose in the usual way.

He will find it much better to do so, than to cut it into lengths, under the mistaken idea that he is making verse.

The Thespiad. 8vo. pp. 50.

THE author of the Thespiad is a man of taste and judgment. His characters of living actors are always spirited and poetical, and, for the most part, just and candid. We hope that this is not the last time he will act as the censor of actors and authors.

Kenneth and Fenella. A Legendary Tale. By the Rev. T. S. Whalley, D.D. 8vo. pp. 55.

THIS is an interesting tale; though not quite as interesting as the author might, with a little more care, have made it. He himself modestly speaks of it as an unfinished sketch, and laments that his "imagination is clouded, and his ardour cooled by old age and infirmities." One fault of his composition is, the form of his stanza, which is not calculated for a long poem.

Faction, a Poem. 8vo. pp. 85.

THIS poem contains 1051 lines, with numerous and voluminous notes. If we were invested with despotic power, and had a spite against any man of poetical taste, we do not know how we could gratify our revenge more completely, than by compelling him to read this thing, denominated "Faction." We think that such a punishment would make him very careful not to give us fresh offence. The author of "Faction" would fain be witty; but he who threshes mere straw will never get

out any wheat. In the opening of his poem he desires to be taught, "to strike the jarring lyre." He certainly has had an able preceptor; never did a lyre yield more dissonant notes than that which he strikes with such a clumsy hand.

Courtship at Oxford. With other Poems. 8vo. pp. 30.

THESE are pleasant and well-written political trifles. The author is a man of wit and poetical talent. He does not, however, combine the character of the prophet with that of the poet. The prediction in his "Courtship at Oxford" has been falsified by the event; the old lady of whom he writes, having chosen the suitor whose rejection he predicted.

The Bellum Catilinarium of Sallust travestied. Inscribed to the Right Hon. George Canning, M. P. one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 16.

THIS travesty has no more to do with Sallust's war of Catiline, than it has with the History of Jack the Giant Killer. It is a lampoon upon the administration of "All the Talents;" and is a so-so production, not offending by any gross nonsense, nor deserving any praise for wit or pointed satire. A newspaper would have been the best vehicle for giving it to the public.

Sonnets for the Year 1809: *consisting of Mrs. Clarke's Garland, Miss Taylor's Wreath; and others. By Cosmo Triplet, Esq. A.S.R.I.* 8vo. pp. 48.

THIS is a curious production, and must have cost the author some trouble. It consists of forty-one sonnets,

on the legitimate model. The author is evidently accustomed to the composition of the regular sonnet. His verses, too, are more humorous than the generality of political pasquinades.

The Council of Hogs, a descriptive Poem; containing a patriotic Oration to the Swinish Multitude. 8vo. pp. 15.

THE author of this poem has not talent enough to fill the office of Poet Laureat to the Hogs. The learned pig had certainly a larger share of intellect than he has. One of his highest flights of wit consists in calling a person a "Great Boar," and then asking, in a note, if "Bore" would not be a better reading. This piece of wit is such a favourite with him, that he uses it twice within four pages!

Mercy. A Poem. 8vo. pp. 15.

THE bill for the protection of animals, which was brought into the House of Peers, by Lord Erskine, gave rise to this poem. The author of Mercy is a benevolent man, and many of his verses are good; but he has not quite done justice to his subject.

SATIRE.

English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers; a Satire. By Lord Byron. Second Edition, with considerable Additions and Alterations. Crown 8vo. pp. 92.

THE luckless wights who have brought down upon themselves the hostility of Lord Byron have ample

cause to regret their rashness. He wields the scourge of satire with a vigorous and unrelenting hand. We do not recollect that any thing half so severe as this poem has appeared since the days of the Baviad and the Mæviad. Though in some instances we must dissent from the judgment passed by his Lordship, we think that the censure which he bestows is generally well merited by the objects of it, and that he has done a considerable service to the cause of justice and of good taste.

The Age of Frivolity: a Poem. Addressed to the Fashionable, the Busy, and the Religious World. By Thomas Beck. Author of "Poetic Amusement;" "The Passions taught by Truth;" and other Poems. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Small 8vo. pp. 156.

This poem is divided into three parts: Amusement, Occupation, Religion. Under these heads Mr. Beck attacks the reigning foibles and vices of the age. His weapon is rather of the flail kind, and he lays about him with it unmercifully. In plain English, he is often coarse, and he sometimes misdirects his satire. At the same time it must be owned that he possesses strong satirical powers; that numerous passages of his poem are spirited and epigrammatic; and that, in most instances, the censure which he bestows is well deserved by those who are its objects.

The Popish Divan, or, Political Sanhedrim. A Satirical Poem. By Erinaceus. 8vo. pp. 60.

In point of style and versification, Erinaceus is superior to the common run of political verse writers,

and in throwing out virulent abuse, and making base and groundless charges, he will not find many who can rival him. Amongst violent and libellous productions, his poem is one of the most libellous and violent. He cannot be ignorant that had a writer belonging to the party which he attacks, indulged himself in less than half of the scurrility of "The Popish Divan," the mild and benevolent Sir Vicary would have been instantly set to work, to silence and punish the offender. How true is the vulgar adage, which says, that "one man may steal a horse, when another must not look over the hedge!"

The Scotiad, or Wise Men of the North!!! A serio-comic and Satiric Poem. In three Cantos. By Macro. 8vo. pp. 62.

We know not in what country Macro was born, but we are sure that, as an author, he does it no honour. He is not one of the wise men. His three cantos of doggrel, with their numerous notes, do not contain a gleam of wit or humour, nor a grain of common sense. He is inveterately, radically, incurably dull!

Sir Frantic, the Reformer; or the Humours of the Crown and Anchor: a Poem, in two Cantos. By &c. &c. Esquire, Author of —Nothing. 8vo. pp. 88.

With a want of justice and candor, Esquire Et cetera may, perhaps, justly be charged; with a want of wit he certainly cannot. There is an abundance of spirit and drollery in his poem. He is, indeed, no contempti-

ble imitator of Butler. This praise even his enemies will not, we think, be disposed to deny him.

One more Peep at the Royal Academy; or Odes to Royal Academicians, &c. &c. By Peter Pindar, Esq. 4to. pp. 40.

When Peter Pindar gets hold of the R. A.'s he seems to revive, like Antæus who gained fresh vigour by touching the ground. In these odes he has made some good hits, and manifested a portion of that humourous spirit which we were almost disposed to believe had entirely forsaken him.

REPUBLICATIONS OF ANCIENT POETRY.

An exact History of the Battle of Flodden: in Verse. Written about the Time of Queen Elizabeth. In which are related many Facts not to be found in the English History. Published from a curious MS. in the Library of John Askew, Esq. of Palinsburn, Northumberland; with Notes, by Robert Lambe, Vicar of Norham. Small 8vo. pp. 227.

This is a republication, without any amendments, from the edition published forty years since by Mr. Lambe. Those who wish for a correct edition must consult Mr. Weber's. Some of Mr. Lambe's critical suggestions, in the notes, are worthy of notice.

TRANSLATIONS.

The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Blank Verse. By the Rev. James Morrice, A. M. late Student of Christ Church, Oxford, Rector of Betshanger, in the County of Kent, and Vicar of Flower, Northamptonshire. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 679.

COWPER'S blank verse translation of the Iliad will not, we think, be superseded by Mr. Morrice's translation, which is frequently deficient both in dignity and grace. We must, nevertheless, own that, in some parts, Mr. Morrice has displayed a respectable portion of poetical talent.

The Remains of Hesiod the Ascræan, translated from the Greek, into English Verse; with a preliminary Dissertation and Notes. By Charles Abraham Elton. Small 8vo. pp. 390.

THERE seems reason to believe that we shall, in time, possess standard translations of all the classical authors. Hesiod has hitherto been known to the English reader only by the feeble version of Cook. He has now had ample justice done to him by Mr. Elton. We do not, indeed, hesitate to say, that Mr. Elton has left nothing to hope from any future translator. The dissertation and notes manifest great critical knowledge, and are elegantly written.

Poems and Translations, from the Minor Greek Poets and others; written chiefly between the Ages of ten and six-

teen, by a Lady. Dedicated, by Permission, to Her R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales. Small 8vo. pp. 222.

THIS is a volume which it is not possible to read without astonishment. Some of the poems which it contains were written at the early ages of seven and eight. If, indeed, the volume were filled with mere verses, there would be nothing to wonder at. There are numbers who scribble at an early period. But the wonder is, that a person so young should write good poetry. The translations are from the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, and are executed with vigour and grace. The originals are animated, correct, and elegant, and the versification is exceedingly musical. In blank verse also, that most difficult species of verse, this lady writes as well as she does in rhyme.

Poems. Consisting of Translations from the Greek, Latin, and Italian. With some Originals. By Mrs. Ware, of Ware-hill, Herts. Small 8vo. pp. 230.

THIS volume does credit to the learning, taste, and talents of Mrs. Ware. The translations, which are from some of the best authors in the Greek, Latin, and Italian languages, are not merely *done* into English, but executed with spirit. The original pieces are elegant and pleasing.

The Satires of A. Persius Flaccus, translated, with Notes on the Original, by the Rev. F. Howes, A. M. 8vo. pp. 170.

THIS translation is paraphrastic, but is executed with spirit. It ought to find a place in every collection

of versions from the Latin poets. The notes, likewise, are numerous, and display great reading and critical knowledge.

Imitations and Translations from the Ancient and Modern Classics, together with Original Poems never before published. Collected by J. C. Hobhouse, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 255.

THE principal contributors to this elegant volume are the Editor and Lord Byron. The portion furnished by the Editor consists chiefly of translations. They are executed with taste and poetical spirit. Among the poems of Lord Byron are some, of an amatory kind, which possess exquisite sweetness and tenderness. All the poems in the volume are worthy of praise.

Fables and Satires, with a Preface on the Esopean Fable. By Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 488.

THE Fables contained in these two volumes are chiefly translated from Phædrus, Avienus, and several other ancient and modern writers; only a few are originals. Sir Brooke Boothby has done great justice in his translations, which are close, concise, and happily turned. The satires, four in number, are pleasant compositions.

Il Pastor Fido, or the Faithful Shepherd, a Pastoral Tragic Comedy, attempted in English Blank Verse, from the Italian of Signor Cavalier Giovanni Battista Guarini. 8vo. pp. 249.

THE present translator declares that he was induced to engage in his task by "a strong impression that,

notwithstanding the old translation in rhyme by Sir Richard Fanshaw, the English reader has still to be introduced to the beauty, the sublimity, and the exquisite tenderness of Guarini;" and he expresses his fears that "he has perhaps been too adventurous." That he felt such an impression we rejoice; that he has been too adventurous we deny. The success of his attempt proves that he was in the right to dare. His translation is elegant, faithful, and spirited; and is not likely, we think, to be speedily surpassed.

Select Idylls; or Pastoral Poems. Translated from the German of Solomon Gessner. By George Baker, A. M. Crown 8vo. pp. 256.

THIS is, we believe, the first attempt which has been made to translate, or at least to translate any number of, the Idylls of Gessner into English verse. Mr. Baker has been successful in his attempt. He has selected from his author, with judgment; his translation is elegant and poetical, and it will doubtless find a place in the library of every lover of poetry.

Solomon: a Sacred Drama. Translated from the German of Klopstock. By Robert Huish. 8vo. pp. 261.

THIS sacred drama is intolerably long and intolerably dull. We have read it through, because it was our duty to do so; but we seriously doubt whether any person, except a reviewer, and that, too, a very conscientious reviewer, will ever perform the same achievement. To render the task of reviewing his work more disagreeable, which was quite unnecessary, the translator has set at defiance all the laws of versifica-

tion. He threatens us with three more dramas, and an original poem of ten cantos; but we hope that he will relent, and not behave with such unmerciful severity.

DRAMA.

UNACTED PLAYS.

Panthea, Queen of Susia, a Tragedy, in five Acts. 8vo. pp. 89.

We do not know that this is the worst tragedy in the world; though we are much inclined to believe that it is. At all events we are quite sure that there cannot be a worse. It is one heavy mass of nonsense and dulness, unenlightened by a single ray of genius, or even of sense. To say a word more about it would be a shameful waste of time and paper.

The Abdication of Ferdinand; or, Napoleon at Bayonne; an Historical Play, in five Acts. 8vo. pp. 77.

If the author of this piece be not entirely divested of common sense, he will never again think of writing a play. He has not one of the qualities which a dramatic author should possess. His drama is, to say no worse, a tame, drawling performance, guiltless of any thing like poetry, and the metre in which it is written is such an up and down hobbling sort of metre, that to read it or listen to it, is a heavy penance to any person who has a tolerable ear.

ACTED PLAYS.

Man and Wife; or more Secrets than One: a Comedy, in five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By Samuel James Arnold Esq. 8vo. pp. 91.

This comedy is said to have been received with general applause, and we are glad that it was so received, as it is a comedy of sterling merit. The plot is well contrived and well carried on; the characters are naturally drawn; a powerful interest is excited; and the winding up of the piece is skilfully managed. The dialogue is neat and lively, and not without an occasional seasoning of wit and humour.

Grieving's a Folly: a Comedy, in five Acts. As performed by the Drury Lane Company, at the Lyceum Theatre, Strand. By Richard Leigh Esq. 8vo. pp. 72.

We do not know what reception this piece met with on the first night, but, had we been at the Theatre, we should most heartily have given our voices for a second representation. Grieving's a Folly is much above mediocrity. The plot is good, the incidents are well arranged, the characters are quite in nature, and kept up with spirit, and the dialogue is generally correct and spirited.

The Foundling of the Forest: a Play, in three Acts; now performing at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, with the most distinguished Success. By William Dimond, Esq.

Author of, 'Adrian and Orrila,' 'Hero of the North,' 'Hunter of the Alps,' &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 72.

If to keep up the attention of the auditor or reader, from the opening to the conclusion of a piece, be a merit in a dramatic production, that merit the Foundling of the Forest undoubtedly possesses. Nor is that its only merit. The characters are well supported. The dialogue, with the exception of some passages in which the author is too pompous or too flowery, is written with correctness and animation. We wish that Mr. Dimond would attempt a drama in the good old style of blank verse. There are circumstances which induce us to think that he would not be unsuccessful in the attempt.

Venoni, or the Novice of St. Marks: a Drama, in Three Acts. By M. G. Lewis. 8vo. pp. 103.

Venoni is in a great measure translated from a French play in four acts called "*Les Victimes Cloitrées.*" Mr. Lewis has very skilfully adapted the original drama to the English stage. Venoni is a piece which excites an interest so strong as to be painful. The dialogue is sometimes turgid, but, on the whole, is well written.

Safe and Sound; an Opera: in Three Acts, performed at the Lyceum Theatre, London. Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Esq. Author of "Killing no Murder;" "Tekeli," &c. &c. The Music by Mr. Hook, Sen. 8vo. pp. 70.

In his preface, Mr. Hook informs the reader that he seeks no reputation from this piece, and that he

hopes some allowance will be made for its defects, it having been written in less than a week, solely for the purpose of introducing the music from the pen of his father, of whom he speaks with a truly filial affection. For so hasty a composition it is really creditable to his pen. We hope, however, that he will not get into a habit of writing an opera in a week.

Not at Home: a Dramatic Entertainment, as performed, with general Approbation, by the Drury Lane Company, at the Lyceum Theatre. Written by R. C. Dallas, Esq. Author of Elements of Self-Knowledge, Percival, Aubrey, &c. 8vo. pp. 40.

Mr. Dallas has been so successful in this Dramatic Entertainment, that, it is to be hoped, he will give us more of the same sort. The plot is well contrived, the characters, especially those of Lovell and Spectre, are naturally and forcibly drawn, and the dialogue is neat and sprightly.

Killing no Murder: a Farce: in two Acts, as performed with great Applause at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket: together with a Preface, and the Scene suppressed by Order of the Lord Chamberlain. Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Esq. The Music by Mr. Hook, Sen. 8vo. pp. 64.

If this farce had no other merit than that of having occasioned Mr. Hook to write the preface to it, we should still be glad that it is published. The preface is a delicious morsel! We cannot sufficiently thank Mr. Hook, for the chastisement which he has inflicted upon the sleek, puritanical deputy of the Lord Chamberlain.

The Farce itself we consider as one of the best of Mr. Hook's productions. It is a bustling, well-constructed farce, and deserves the plaudits which it received.

Yes, or No? a Musical Farce, in two Acts. By J. Pocock, Esq. As performed with universal Applause at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. The Music composed by Mr. C. Smith. 8vo. pp. 38.

Mr. Pocock modestly declares that "conscious of inability and inexperience, his sole attempt was to contrive a few ludicrous incidents, a few comic situations, to display the peculiar powers of the performers," and, he adds, that his Farce is a "mere sketch," and "a trifle." We think that he has underrated his powers. His sketch proves that he has at least talents for farce writing. It is a lively, laughable piece. Let him proceed.

The Vintagers; a Musical Romance, in two Acts. By Edmund John Eyre, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane, and Haymarket; formerly of Pembroke College, Cambridge. As performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket. The Music composed by Mr. Bishop. 8vo. pp. 39.

"The Vintagers," though not remarkable for wit, or elegance of dialogue, is a very tolerable trifle, which, aided by music, scenery, and acting, may pass muster as well as nine tenths of its brethren.

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